HEAD. Faggot of French Sticks; or, Paris, in 1851. 12° cloth. New York. 1853

A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS;

OR,

PARIS IN 1851.

BY SIR FRANCIS HEAD,

AUTHOR OF

"BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN OF NASSAU."

"as I pursued my journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself."

GAY.

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TWO VOLUMES COMPLETE IN ONE.

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733
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NEW-YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM & COMPANY, 10 PARK PLACE.
1853.

PREFACE.

NEARLY forty years ago I happened to be in Paris for three or four months. Lately, on a very short notice, I had occasion to go to it again. Being detained there rather more than three weeks by an oculist, whose prescriptions confined me to the house several hours a day, I eked out the rest of my time by taking a few notes.

In passing through London I had hastily obtained eight or ten letters of introduction; but, as on reading Galignani's excellent guide-book, I found that every thing I could reasonably desire to see would, on application in writing, or on the production of my passport, be thrown open to me—with almost a single exception—I returned the whole of them, preferring to throw myself on the hospitality of the public authorities of Paris, rather than be indebted to, and probably embarrassed by, private favours.

During my brief residence in the French metropolis, excepting three days, I dined and breakfasted by myself. I never entered a theatre; only once a café. I neither paid nor received visits. In short, I totally abstained from any other society than that which I had the happiness to enjoy in the public streets.

My amusements solely consisted in collecting literary sticks, picked up exactly in the order and state in which I chanced to find them. They are thin, short, dry, sapless, crooked, headless, and pointless. In the depth of winter, however, a faggot of real French Sticks—although of little intrinsic value—may possibly enliven for a few moments an English Fireside. I therefore with great diffidence offer them to my readers, and, hoping the fuel I have collected for them may be deemed worth burning, I beg leave most cordially to wish them

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

N. B.—As the foot-notes in these volumes contain nothing but translations—for the assistance of those who do not understand French—of the sentences to which they refer, the general reader may ride over them without notice.

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A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.

THE START.

At eleven o'clock of the night of the 29th of April, A.D. 1851, the London train, after two or three rejoicing whistles, reached Dover, and, in a few minutes, I was on the threshold of one—I know not which—of that long list of "excellent hotels" whose names, the instant I stepped out of the train, had been simultaneously dinned into my ear by every description of voice, from squeaking treble, apparently just weaned, to a gruff hoarse double-bass, compounded in about equal parts of chronic cough, chronic cold, chronic sore throat, gin, rum, hollands, bitters, brandy, hot water, and filberts.

The narrow outline of the house-lad who, walking backwards, had been elastically alluring me onwards, and the bent head of the sturdy house-porter, who, with my portmanteau on his back and my blue writing-box pendant in his right hand, was following me, so clearly explained my predicament, that, on entering a large coffee-room full of square and oblong mahogany tables, an over-tired waiter, in a white neckcloth, dozing in an arm-chair, no sooner caught a glimpse of the approaching group, than with the alacrity with which Isaac Walton would have twitched at his rod the instant his colored goose-quill bobbed under water, whirling a white napkin under his left arm, he shuffled on his heels towards a large tawdry chandelier, twisted with his right hand three or four gaslights to their maximum flare, and then, with the

jabber of a monkey, repeating to me the surnames of a variety of joints of cold meat, he ended by asking me "What I would please to take?" In reply to his comprehensive question, I desired him to screw back all those lamps which were nearly blinding me, and, as soon as I had returned to the enjoyment of comparative darkness sufficient to be able to look calmly at his jaded face, in three words I withered all his hopes by quietly asking him for the very thing in creation which of all others he would have plucked from my mind—"a bedroom candle."

After turning on his heels and walking like a bankrupt towards the door, without the addition or subtraction of a single letter, he telegraphically repeated my words; and accordingly in less than a minute a very ordinary sort of a chambermaid, with a face and brass candlestick shining at each other, conducted me up two or three steps, then up about half a dozen more—of the exact number in both instances she carefully admonished me—then along a carpeted passage that sounded hollow as I trod upon it, then sharp to the left, and eventually, after all this magnificent peroration, into a very little room, almost entirely occupied by a large family four-post bed, the convex appearance of which corroborated what was verbally explained to me—that the feathers were uppermost. As soon as my conductress had deposited her candle on a little table, which, excepting a tiny washing-stand in the corner, was the only companion in the way of furniture the bed had in the room, she wished me good night; in reply to which I asked her to promise me most faithfully that I should be called in time to "cross" by the first packet. "I will go and put it down on the slate, Sir!" she replied; and as she seemed to have implicit confidence as to the result, I soon divested my mind and its body of all unnecessary incumbrances, and, in a few minutes, lost to the world and to myself, I sank into oblivion and feathers.

I had been dead and buried for an unknown period, when I was gradually and rather uncomfortably awaked by the repetition of an unpleasant noise, which, on opening my ears and eyes, I discovered to be the pronunciation at intervals, from the mouth of a short, thin, pale, wiry young man, on whose pensive face, jacket, and trowsers were various little spots of blacking, of the words "Four o'clock, Sir!"

As the packet was not to sail till five, I had plenty of time to prepare, and yet I should have preferred to have been more hurried. As long as I was employed in washing I got on very well; but when in my secluded little aerial chamber I sat down to whet my razor, soap my chin, brush it, turn it all white, and then look at it in a small swing-glass, I could not help feeling that the next time those serious operations were performed, I should be out of old England, vagabondizing in a foreign land!

It was as dull a morning as I ever remember to have beheld, and every thing seemed to be conspiring to make it so. From the chimneys of the diminutive houses that appeared before me—one, if possible, more insignificant-looking than the other—there exuded no smoke. At the Custom-house there was nothing to cheer or excite me; nothing in my baggage that elicited the smallest remark. The searcher looked as if he knew it would be perfectly uninteresting, and it was so. There was no sunshine, rain, hail, or sleet; only a very little wind, and that foul.

On stepping on board the packet, the deck of which having been just washed was shining with wet, I found it contained four passengers besides myself. There was no calling, hallooing, taking leave, or crying, but a few minutes past five the paddles began to move slowly; revolve; splash. Without any one to watch us, follow us, or even from a little window wave a handkerchief at us, we glided away from the little houses, through the little harbour, alongside of the little pier—at the end of which stood a little man with a large spy-glass under his arm—and thus, taking leave of Great Britain, in a few minutes we were in the Channel.

The water and the clouds were slate-colour; there were no waves, no white breakers, no sign of life in the sea except a sort of snoring heaving movement, as if, under the influence of chloroform, it were in a deep lethargic sleep. My fellow-passengers, I saw at a glance, were nothing in the whole world but two married couples; and as I paced up and down the deck, while, on the contrary, they took up positions from which during the passage they never moved, I vibrated between them. One young woman, apparently the wife of a London tradesman, sat on the wrong side of the vessel in the wrong place. Her little husband kept very kindly advising

her to move away from the sprinkling of the paddle-wheel. She would catch cold;—she would get her bonnet wet;—she would be more comfortable if she would sit anywhere else. She looked him full in the face, listened to every letter, every syllable, every word as he pronounced it: but no, there she sat, with red cheeks, bright eyes, and curly hair, as inanimate as a doll. My other compagnons de voyage were a pair of well-dressed young persons of rank, apparently but lately married. On all subjects they seemed to think exactly alike, and on none more so than in being both equally uncomfortably affected by some slight smells and movements which assailed them. For a short time the young bride sat up,—then reclined a little,—then a very little more,—then—with a carpet-bag as a pillow—lay almost flat on the bench; her well-formed features gradually losing colour until, shrouded by a large blue cloth cloak, for the rest of the passage they disappeared altogether from view. The husband in a mute silence sat sentinel over her; but, long before her face had been hid, not only had his mustachios assumed a very mournful look, but his face had become a mixture of pipe-clay and tallow.

As, without a human being to converse with, I continued walking backwards and forwards—a small circular space round the engine was the only dry spot on the deck—assailed sometimes by a hot puff, then by a cold one, then by a smoky one, and then by one rather warm and greasy, I observed, lying perfectly idle and close to the cabin stairs, a pile of about a dozen white washhand-basins, one placidly resting in the other. Pointing to them, I thought it but kind inquisitively to look at the young sentinel; and although with a slight bow he faintly and apparently rather gratefully shook his head, there was legibly imprinted on his countenance the answer which, in the Arabian Nights, the slave Morgiana gave to the question of the forty thieves,—"Not yet, but presently."

In the brief fleeting space of three quarters of an hour, diversified only by the few events I have recorded, we had quietly scuffled as nearly as possible half way across the defensive ditch on which Old England so insecurely rests for protection from invasion. Our course was here enlivened by small flights of wild fowl flying but a few inches above the water, with necks outstretched, as stiff as if they had been

spitted; indeed, so straight was their course and so regular was the flapping of their wings, that a tiny column of smoke from each would have given them the appearance of flying by steam.

The little low sand-hills which, in contradistinction to the chalky cliffs of Albion, form the maritime boundaries of France, were now clearly delineated. In about ten minutes the church and lighthouse of Calais became visible, and in a few more we approached the extreme point of the long pier. On entering the harbour we passed a few soldiers and pedestrians so rapidly that, as they dropped astern, they appeared, although evidently leaning forwards, to be in fact stepping backwards. The steep roofs and upper windows of houses were now to be seen peeping over the green ramparts that surrounded them; and I had hardly time to look at them, and at the picturesque costumes, strange uniforms, and foreign faces above us, when the words were given—"Ease her—stop her—back her;" a rope coiled in the hand of one of our sailors was heaved aloft, secured round a post, and thus in exactly one hour and forty-five minutes we made our passage from the pier of Dover, to that from whence a number of bearded and smooth-chinned faces were looking down upon us. Although some twenty feet beneath them, it is the property of an Englishman, as it is that of water, to find his own level, and, accordingly, no sooner was a long wooden staircase lowered from the pier to the deck, than I slowly ascended, until I found first one foot and then the other firmly planted on the continent of Europe and in the republic of France.

I was returning as well as I could the momentary glance of a great variety of eyes, and was trying to satiate my curiosity by looking at them all at once, when I observed approaching me a venerable-looking gentleman, as grey-headed as myself, who, in a confidential tone of voice, amounting almost to a whisper, delivered himself of a speech which, coming out of him with the utmost fluency, appeared to explain most clearly the innumerable little advantages I should derive by giving over to him immediately, all my English gold in exchange for French money.

The bold comprehensive view he took of the whole subject was quite unanswerable. There was, however, uppermost

in my mind, an antagonist idea, as vigorous, as self-interested, and, if possible, as incontrovertible, as that which had just given locomotion to his legs and movement to his lips. In answer, therefore, to his auriferous and argentine proposals, I eagerly, and I fear rather greedily, asked him in about half a dozen words, where I could get some breakfast. With great politeness he kindly pointed to the railway station close before us, and, with a continuation of the smile which had adorned his countenance from the first moment he had addressed me, he was resuming his speech on the currency question, when away I hurried on the scent on which he had laid me, and in about half a minute found myself in a room which evidently contained all the things in this world I most wanted.

As I had slightly interested myself in England on the subject of railway management, I should, I feel quite certain, if I had had time, have observed with considerable curiosity the interesting details of the scene before me. The wolf within me was, however, growling so fiercely, scratching with its fore paws so violently, biting and gnawing so voraciously, and behaving altogether so unmannerly, that with a faint glimmering of a kind excellent lady seated between an assortment of bottles as elegant if possible as herself, I have a distinct recollection of nothing but—I think I see them now—two very nice light rolls, a miserable insufficiency of exceedingly sweet butter, and a thick white china cup brim-full of café au lait.

I remember quite well, on the sudden ringing of a bell, throwing on the table two English shillings; then, as I was hurrying and munching along a platform, depositing in my coat-pocket half a handful of copper coin of odd-looking sizes; then the purchase of a ticket to Paris; then an assurance in French from several mouths all at once that I need not think about my baggage, that it had not even been at the Douane, that it would not be examined till I got to Paris, that I had better take my seat; and I had scarcely done so, when a bell took up the lecture, rang farewell,—bonjour,—adieu;—at last the engine finished it by exclaiming, by one very loud whistle in plain English, "Hold on, my lads, for we're off! . . . . blow me!"

The day, which had promised nothing, turned out most

beautiful. The sunshine gave to every object its most cheerful colours, and in many years of my life I do not remember to have had more placid enjoyment than I experienced in viewing and reviewing the objects that appeared to be successively flying past me, and which had a double attraction, first from their novelty, and then from the series of recollections they awakened from the grave of oblivion, in which for nearly forty years they had lain buried.

After quitting Calais, for many leagues the country was not only flat, but appeared as if in a few hours it could all be put under water; and as we flew along I observed, running at right angles to our course, and at intervals seldom exceeding 100 yards, a series of ditches from 4 to 10 and 12 feet broad, the water in each of which flashed in the sun as we crossed it.

At most of the towns and even villages we passed, ages ago I had either been quartered or for a night or two had been billeted. Some I had entirely forgotten, others I remembered more or less vividly. All of a sudden the innumerable windmills around Lille,—which on horseback I had often in vain endeavoured to count and which I had never since thought of—appeared before me grinding, revolving, and competing one against another, just as they used to do, and so they vanished. Next came flitting by the fortifications of Douay I had so often inspected. From the department of the Pas de Calais to Paris, excepting a few trees that appeared to encircle every town and village, the whole country is totally unenclosed, exactly as it was when I used to hunt and course over it without a single impediment for a horse even to look at, excepting now and then a few hollow roads, which I now beheld again meandering through the interminable landscape just as they used to do.

On the surface of the republic not an animal of any sort was to be seen at liberty. In the vicinity even of every cow that was grazing there was, if one would but take the trouble to look for it, somewhere or other to be discovered a dark-coloured lump on the ground—the little girl, woman, or boy that was not only guarding it, but sometimes tethered to it. On land on which there seemed nothing to eat, sheep, as in old times, were browsing close to rich crops of clover, &c., whose only boundary was a temporary fence composed of two

or three lean dogs that kept running backwards and forwards at right angles to each other. Herds of half-starved pigs were guarded in the same way. Indeed the only animal that had not at least one human or canine attendant was a goat, occasionally to be seen by itself—tethered.

As we proceeded, I was surprised to observe into what a series of very small fields the ocean of country through which the train was flying had, since I last beheld it, by the operation of the late laws of France against primogeniture, been subdivided. It appeared as if I was travelling through Lilliput, or through a region of charitable allotments for children; and when I considered that the legal security of these little properties has diminished with their dimensions, I could not help feeling that, if poor Goldsmith had been in the train, he would have admitted the fallacy of those beautiful lines—

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Excepting occasionally a slated high-roofed château, in bad repair, and now and then a picturesque cemetery, the whole population appeared to present one uniform character. Everybody—men, women, and children, whether riding, walking, ploughing, harrowing, digging, washing, or doing nothing—were all dressed in blue; and yet this single colour, representing human nature, was everywhere contrasted with bright yellow rape in blossom, beautiful greens of various shades, patches of glittering water, and here and there diminutive rectangular spaces of brown fallow land. It was a peaceful placid scene; nevertheless I could not help every now and then involuntarily recollecting the fair surface of France a battlefield, leaving around, before, behind it, and especially on both sides of the great pavés, broad furrows of desolation and of trampled crops, such as had marked the retreat of the French, and the advance of the allied army, from Waterloo to Paris.

After flying along for about 200 miles through a uniform but highly interesting picture, there began to appear in the fields, like brilliant flowers, women, young and old, dressed in pink or crimson bodices. They were weeding, and even digging; in fact, they were at what might truly be called

hard labor. The train, however, as it passed, seemed beneficently to emancipate them; and thus for many seconds, with scorched sunburnt faces, and with the implements of husbandry in their hands, they stood, for as long as we could see them, gazing at it, in various attitudes of repose.

At about ten leagues from Paris we rapidly passed the remains of a railway-station that had been burnt in the revolution of 1848; and again, in about four leagues more, the black charred ruins of the station at Pontoise. That the conflagration had not attained its object, namely, liberty, equality, fraternity, was strikingly illustrated to my mind, by the appearance, in the middle of a field, of a woman working hard with a pickaxe!

Throughout the region of little fields I had traversed, it was, however, but too evident that equality had very nearly been attained; or, in other words, that everybody had succeeded in preventing any one from possessing much more than was necessary for bare existence, thereby excluding those fine reaping-machines, ploughing-machines, and other economical mechanical powers which Science is gradually introducing, and which our Socialists, Red-Republicans, and ultra-levellers would do well to recollect can only be applied to farms covering a great breadth of land, and worked by considerable capital; and I was moreover reflecting on the intellectual poverty of such a state of rural existence, and, morally speaking, how true was the observation that "Paris is France," when a young man with mustachios, who had entered the carriage at the last station, politely offered me "Le National" newspaper of that morning. The important subject before my mind, and the real scene before my eyes, were so much more interesting than any thing I could read in print, that I would willingly have declined his offer. I, however, did not like to do so, and accordingly, still ruminating on the picture I had witnessed, of an agricultural population living from hand so mouth, with probably no better instructor than the village curé, I opened the newspaper, and read as follows:—

Translation.—"The vacation (Easter holidays) of the National Assembly terminates to-day. A great number of the representatives of the Majority have profited by the congé which has just expired to visit their

departments, where they have been able to consult the spirit (*l'esprit*) and the desire of the population."

The newspaper, of course, proceeded to state that "the desire of the population" was "in favor of universal suffrage, and the non-eligibility of the President."

With the newspaper in my hand, and with my hand resting on my knee, I was calmly reflecting on what I had just read, when a slight movement among my fellow travellers, who all at once began to take down their hats from the roof, and their sticks and umbrellas from a neat little dormitory in which they had been consigned, announced to me we were near our terminus; and accordingly, shaking off my reverie, I had scarcely followed their example when the speed of the train began evidently to relax, and in a few minutes, passing close to the Barrière St. Denis, we went slower, slower, slower still, and the delightful little paragraph of my journey had scarcely ended—as all paragraphs ought to do—by a full stop, when the noise of opening doors and of feet descending, and then hurriedly trampling along a wooden platform, joyfully informed me that although the sun, which had risen while I was fast asleep in a fourpost bed in Dover, was still three or four hours high above the western horizon, I was safe and sound in Paris!

The duty that majestically arose rather than rushed uppermost in my mind was to obtain my portmanteau; however, trusting—as in such cases I always like to do—implicitly to its honour, I felt confident it would find *me* out, and accordingly, banishing it entirely from my thoughts, and submitting myself to an apparently very well arranged little system of martial law, I with great pleasure marched here,—halted there,—turned to my left,—marched,—until halting again I found myself deployed into line with my fellow travellers, standing before a long table on which, sure enough, I beheld the pieces of red string I had tied round both handles of my property for the purpose of readily recognizing it.

On the production of my "billet de bagage," and of my key, it was, pro formâ, opened, re-locked, and finally carried by a porter into a square full of omnibuses and carriages of all descriptions. To what part of Paris it was to go, it of course did not know, nor did I; and as I bashfully felt rather unwilling to disclose this fact, I very readily nodded assent

to the conducteur of a neat looking omnibus on which was inscribed "Hôtel de Meurice."

"I know we shall be well off there," said I, partly to myself and partly to my portmanteau, "and at our leisure we can at any moment better ourselves if we should desire to do so." It appeared that a great many other people, and a great many other portmanteaus, and other articles of baggage, thought exactly as we did, for I and my property had scarcely taken our respective places inside and out, when various lumping sounds on the roof, and various ascending feet on the steps, continued to follow each other in quick succession, until in a few minutes the interior, and I believe exterior, of the carriage were stuffed as full as ever they could hold, and then away we all rolled and rumbled.

Between the hats, bonnets, and shoulders of the row of people who sat before me in mute silence, I occasionally caught a glimpse, sometimes of something yellow,—then of something green,—then of a pane of glass or two,—then of a portion of a shop window,—then of part of the head of a gentleman on horseback; but when, driving under an archway, we entered the little yard of the hôtel de Meurice, with becoming modesty I frankly acknowledged to myself, that although in a handsome carriage I had just driven through the noblest, the finest, the most magnificent, and, in ancient and modern history, the most celebrated streets, boulevards, and "places" of Paris, I was unable to impart, either verbally or in writing, much information on the subject.

"With the assistance of a little time and reflection I hope to do better!" and suiting my action to the words of my thoughts, I was just going, as I got out of the 'bus, to look once around me to observe what the yard might contain, when I found myself surrounded and addressed by two or three waiters, who, with some fine bows, informed me, in French, that the table d'hôte had just been served, and that if I would like to dine there I could at once take my place.

"Oh, Do!" whispered a well-known voice within me, and accordingly, influenced by it, following one of the "garçons" into a large, long, handsome room, I glided behind the backs, chairs, and bent heads of one row of people, and before the faces, glasses, tumblers, bottles of wine, knives, forks, and deep plates of another row of ladies and gentlemen, each of

whom was more or less intently occupied in sipping or supping out of a silver spoon—soup. At the further end of this hospital of patients, all obediently taking the same medicine, were a few vacant chairs, which, almost before I could sit down, were filled by my fellow travellers.

As soon as the well-arranged feast was over, several persons arose from their chairs, and, joyfully following their example, I recovered possession of my hat and stick, and then, escaping into the yard, and walking out of the Portecochère, I became in one moment what, during almost the whole of the repast, I had been yearning to be—an atom of the gay, thoughtless, happy crowd that in every direction were swarming along the streets of Paris.

It would, no doubt, have been correct and proper that, regardless of the vain occupations of man, or of the ephemeral fashions of the day, I should have commenced my observation of the city of Paris by a calm, philosophical comparison between its architectural formation six-and-thirty years ago, and its present structure. I had fully intended to do so; but my eyes would not allow my mind to reflect for a moment on any subject, and accordingly I had hardly proceeded ten yards before, I am ashamed to acknowledge, I found myself gaping into a shop-window at a large doll, with a white handkerchief in her hand, and on her lap, a paper, on which was written,—

"MA TETE EST EN PORCELAINE:
J'AI DES SŒURS DE TOUTES GRANDEURS." *

Within, seated at a table, were three young women, very well dressed, never looking towards the street, but talking to each other, and sewing for their very lives. Beside me stood gaping, like myself, an old woman holding in her hand a roll nearly three feet long, and a soldier with a parcel in the folded sleeve of his one-armed uniform coat.

On leaving the window, my attention was attracted by light green, dark green, light yellow, dark yellow, blue, and parti-coloured omnibuses, driven by coachmen sometimes in bright yellow, sometimes in pea-green hats, and in clothes of such brilliant colours that the equipages, as they successively

* My head is made of china:
I have sisters of all sizes.

passed, reminded me of the plumages of various descriptions of gaudy parrots, which in southern latitudes I had seen flying from tree to tree. Then there passed a paysanne on horseback, with her little daughter behind her, both wearing handkerchiefs round their heads, the miserable horse also carrying two panniers full of sticks and other purchases he was evidently taking back to the country; then came rumbling by, driven by two soldiers in undress uniform, a rattling, badly painted, small low waggon, on which was inscribed,—

"Trésor Public." *

Then passed, very slowly I thought, a "Hansom's cab," improved into a neat light chariot; then approached a waggon drawn by four horses, in light-coloured harness, with scarlet tufts hanging from each side of the brow-band of the bridles, also dotted along the crupper, their collars, as also the wooden wings affixed to them, being covered with a deep dark-blue shaggy rug. Close behind this vehicle I observed, on extraordinary high wheels, a one-horse cart, marked "Roulage," with shafts 25 feet long! then rolled by, as if from another world, a sort of devil-may-care old-fashioned diligence, having on its top, in charge of a rude, undigested, and undigestible mass of baggage, a sandy-coloured, cock-eared dog, stamping with its fore-feet, and barking most furiously at everybody and at everything that moved.

As I was advancing with one crowd, and at the same time meeting another, all, like myself, sauntering about for amusement, I saw in a shop a watchmaker earnestly looking through a magnifying glass, stuck before his right eye, at the glittering works of a watch, on which his black beard was resting like a brush. In another window were several double sets of pink gums, that by clockwork, kept slowly opening and shutting. In each, teeth, here and there moving from their sockets, went down the throats of their respective owners, leaving serrated gaps. In a short time up they slowly came again, resuming their places so accurately that it was impossible to see joint or crevice of any sort. To any gentleman or lady who had happened to lose a front tooth, the moral was of course self-evident.

* Public treasure.

Within a handsome shop, over which was inscribed "Café et Glaces," * I observed seated at an exalted bar—on which appeared a large basin full of lumps of ice, a quantity of lemons in silver-mounted stands, and a double row of bottles containing fluids of various colours,—two young ladies, who, according to the fashion of the day, were not attired alike. Both were intently sewing. Before them were about thirty little marble tables, round, square, and oblong. At one a man, and apparently his old wife, seated opposite to each other, were playing together, at dominoes, some of which were lying with their speckled faces uppermost, the rest on their white edges waiting to be played. Beside this happy couple sat, watching the game, an old gentleman with—for some reason or other—a toothpick sticking out of his mouth, and, for some other very good and glorious reason, a red ribbon in one of his button-holes.

In several windows were advertisements, addressed apparently to people of large appetites and small fortunes. For instance, in one I observed—

"DEJEUNES À 25 SOUS PAR TÊTE. ON A DEUX PLATS AUX CHOIX, UNE DEMI-BOUTEILLE DE VIN, UN DESSERT, ET PAIN À DISCRETION.†

In others were notices exclusively addressed to the British people, such as—in one

"L'OMBRELLES."‡

in another

"BOTTES CONFORTABLES."§

A little shop selling a few faded vegetables and seeds, had magnificently entitled itself—

"HERBORISTERIE."‖

On strolling to the Boulevards, which appeared to be a region of beards black, white, brown, sandy, foxy, red, long,

* Coffee and ices.

† Breakfasts at 25 sous a-head. Two dishes at choice, half a bottle of wine, a dessert, and as much bread as is desired.

‡ Umbrellas.

§ Comfortable Boots.

‖ An Herboristery.

short, sharp-pointed, round,—in short, it was evident that the beards of no two male members of the republic had been "born alike."—I came to a large "CAFÉ," before which were seated on chairs, twisted into various groups, a mass of men enjoying the inestimable luxury of placidly puffing away half an hour or so of their existence. Some were reading, or rather—half mesmerised—were pretending to read a newspaper, which, in a different attitude, each held before his eyes or prostrate on his knees, by a mahogany stick, in which the intelligence, &c., was securely affixed. Among all these indolent-looking men I observed very busily worming her way, a quietly-dressed, plump, pretty, modest-looking girl of about seventeen, supporting in her left arm a basketful of small bouquets, very tastefully arranged. Without the smallest attempt to extol her goods, and evidently without the slightest desire either to speak to or to be spoken to by any of the occupiers of the chairs, she quietly as she passed along put into the button-hole of the coat or waistcoat of each, a blooming flower, which, without application for payment, she left in the breast of man to vegetate and grow into a penny,—two pence,—three pence, or to fade into nothing at all, as it might think proper, or rather, according to the soil on which it fell For some time I thought her speculation a complete failure. At last an old gentleman slowly raised his hand, and, on her approaching it, I perceived that from a variety of fingers of all ages there dropped into her basket a copper harvest.

After wandering homewards for some little time, I read on the corner of a street into which I entered, "Rue du 29 Juillet,"* which I was pleased to find was, as I expected, close to the point from which I had started, and accordingly, entering Meurice's hotel, I ascended a staircase,—was conducted into the room that had been allotted for me,—and in a few minutes dropped off to sleep.

* 29th of July Street.

THE STROLL.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, and afterwards writing a few letters, I sallied forth from beneath my archway, to enjoy the harmless liberty of looking about me; but although the city had not yet awakened either to business or to pleasure, and although from its streets being comparatively empty, I had full opportunity for observation, and even for contemplation, —I must own that, had I not known I was in Paris, I should not have been informed of the fact by my memory. For the picture had not only, by the chemical process of Time, been dissolved, but, excepting the old sky,—which the artist probably felt he could not very much improve,—he had re-painted and re-covered the whole of the canvas with new objects. For instance, with infinite labour, he had everywhere rubbed out that picturesque line of large, frail, creaky, cranky, crazy-looking lanterns, which—suspended over the middle of every street, were lowered to be lighted—used always to be seen dangling over the roofs of the carriages that rolled beneath them; and in lieu thereof had substituted a double side series of beautiful gas lamps. Again, with great labour, he had not only scratched up and out that rude ill-constructed pavement of round stones for carriages, horses, and foot-passengers, which, inclining from the houses on each side, used—in the middle even of the gayest thoroughfares—to form a dirty gutter, which, in heavy rain, looked like a little trout stream; but instead of this concave surface he had substituted a beautiful convex road, bounded on each side by a white, clean foot-pavement. The frontage of the shops he had also completely altered; but the greatest liberty he had taken—and when a young enthusiastic artist has a brush in his hand, there is scarcely any liberty that he will *not* take—was, that he had actually filled up the foreground of his fine new picture of Paris, by crowding the streets with *French* people! whereas, all the time *I* saw the city, I can faithfully declare that the only human beings one ever looked at were Russians, Prussians, Austrians, Hanoverians, Belgians, British, and

wild-looking Cossacks, carrying, on starved little horses, lances so disproportionately long that they looked as if they had Quixotically come from an immense distance, and from an uncivilised region, to fight against the stars in the firmament of heaven; in short, a nation of brave men, who, single-handed, had conquered the armies of almost every nation in Europe, were, from the insatiable ambition of one man, overwhelmed by the just and well-arranged union of half-a-dozen powerful nations, united together to wage war, not against France, but against the unrelenting enemy of mankind!

I was enjoying this mixture of feelings, and, without having reflected where I would go, or what I would do with myself, I was looking at everything at once, and especially at the variety of moving objects around me, when there drove by a gaudy omnibus, on the back of which, among several other names, I observed inscribed the word "PASSY." It was the little village about a league off at which I had last been quartered; and although I had since scarcely ever thought of it, in one second I recollected the happy group among which I had lived an "enfant de famille." "The good old people will long ago have vanished; the young ones will probably be grandmothers; however (waving my stick), I will, at all events, once again beat up their quarters."

In compliance with my signal, the 'bus stopped; and as it happened to be one of the few that carry passengers outside, in a few seconds I found myself seated by the coachman. "C'est la maison du Président,"* said he to me, pointing with his whip to the trees of the Elysée; thus evidently showing that before I had opened my mouth he was aware I was a raw stranger. As we were driving up the avenue of the Champs Elysées I had an opportunity—in the preparations for the approaching fête of the republic—of witnessing the latest improved method of making great men. On the summit of each of a series of lofty plaster pedestals, of elegant form, distant about 80 yards from each other, there had been inserted a sort of telegraphic signal, composed sometimes of a single beam, placed vertically, sometimes of a huge representation of the letter A, terminating in the letter I, sometimes of the letter X, sometimes of the letter Y, sometimes of the

* That is the house of the President.

letter V. These pieces of stout timber were to form the legs, backbones, and occasionally extended arms of heroes or of statesmen; and as the artists had not all commenced together, and as some had evidently more assistance than others, the statues in different stages of progression, beautifully explained the secrets of their art. On one pedestal, excepting the wooden symbols I have described, appeared nothing but a pair of milk-white military jack-boots, about six inches higher than the top of the head of the workman who was making them. On the ground lay the gigantic head with mustachios, looking at his boots; in short, calmly watching all that was doing. On the summit of the wooden hieroglyphic on another pedestal I observed an orator's head, beneath which the artist was very cleverly arranging a quantity of straw to bolster out some ribs and a large stomach that lay on the earth beneath. On another pedestal the powerful head, arms, breast, covered with well-earned medals, crosses, &c., and back of a maréchal of France, suddenly ended in a sort of kilt of rushes, which the artist, with the assistance of ropes, cord, packthread, and large bags of white plaster, which hardened almost as fast as it was applied, was modelling with great success into the upper portion of a pair of magnificent pantaloons.

On all the statues, the drapery was very ingeniously and successfully created by swaddling the lofty statues in old pliable canvas, no sooner bent and tastefully adjusted into elegant folds, than it was saturated with liquid cement, which almost immediately gave not only solidity to the mass, but the appearance of having been sculptured out of stone.

Although in the fabrication of these various statues it was occasionally almost impossible to help smiling at the contrast between the work completed and in embryo, yet it may truly be said that the workmanship exceeded the materials. The attitudes of the several statues, as we passed them, appeared not only to be admirably devised, but to be executed with that fine taste and real talent which distinguish the French people, and which it is pleasing to observe all classes of their community are competent to appreciate. Indeed it was with gratification, astonishment, and profit, I often afterwards for a few moments listened to the criticisms and observations of men in blouses, who, although in

humble life, might, from their remarks have passed for brother artists of him who, unaware even of their presence, was intently modelling over their uplifted faces.

After receiving from my intelligent companion a few words of voluntary information on almost everything and everybody we passed, my attention was directed to the animals that were drawing us. They were a pair of small, powerful, short-legged, white entire horses, with thick crests and very small heads, somewhat resembling that of an Arab. They were as sleek in the coat, and as fleshy as moles; and although according to English notions they were altogether disproportioned to the long lofty carriage they were drawing up the inclined plain of the Champs Elysées, it appeared to follow them from goodwill almost of its own accord. In their harness they had plenty of room to work; could approach or recede sideways from the pole, as they felt disposed; and although, when necessary, they were guided with great precision, the reins, generally speaking, were dangling on their backs. Now and then, as we were jogging along, on the approach of another omnibus, carriage or cart, and occasionally for no apparent cause whatever, sometimes one and sometimes both of the little greys, would cock their ears, give a violent neigh, and in the same space of ground take about twice as many steps as before. Indeed, instead of being, as might be expected, tired to death of the Champs Elysées, they appeared as much pleased with everything that passed as I was. The coachman told me these horses belonged to a company, and that one of their principal stables was within a hundred yards of the Barrière de Neuilly we were then passing. He advised me to go and look at them; and accordingly, with many thanks bidding him adieu, I proceeded on foot along the boulevard on my left, for about a hundred yards, to a gate, at which I found a concierge in a white cap, of whom I inquired, as I had been directed by the coachman, for "le piqueur."*

"Entrez, monsieur!" she replied, "il est là en bas."†

Proceeding into a large barrack-square, I was looking at innumerable sets of harness hanging beneath a long shed out

* The foreman.

† Walk in, Sir! he is there below.

side a range of stables, when I was accosted by a well-dressed gentleman, with large mustachios, who asked me very civilly what was my business?

I at once told him my story, such as it was; to which he replied that no one could visit the establishment without an order, which, he added with a slight bow, "No doubt Monsieur would instantly obtain; and to assist me in doing so, he very kindly wrote in my memorandum book, "M. Moreau, Chastone, Administrateur-Général de l'Entreprise des Omnibus, Avenue des Champs Elysées, 68, de midi à quatre heures."*

As it was only seven o'clock, and as it appeared M. Moreau was to be invisible till twelve, I strolled to the grand Arc de Triomphe, ascended some steps, through a door, and then, proceeding upwards, walked round and round for a considerable time. When nearly at the top I entered a feebly-lighted, low-looking prison, with a groined roof supported by six arches, four of which were closed by strong iron bars.

At each of the two ends of this dismal chamber there appeared a stout barrier of iron railings, and I was fancying that by some mistake I had got into a sort of cul-de-sac, when beneath the sixth arch I perceived a passage, and then, ascending for some time in total darkness, I at last arrived in the fresh, warm, open air, upon an exalted platform 150 feet in length by 23 in breadth, from which there suddenly flashed upon my eyes, or rather upon my mind, one of the most magnificent views I have ever beheld, the characteristic of which was that, like that from the top of the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, it afforded a panorama of scenery of the most opposite description.

In front lay before me, towards the east, the broad, straight, macadamized road, boulevard, or, as it is more properly termed, "avenue," up which I had just been driven, terminating in the green trees of the gardens of the Tuileries. On each side of this great road there appeared expressly for foot passengers, a beautiful shaded space, in the middle of which was an asphalte path, broad enough for about six persons to walk abreast. The foot-roads were dotted with pedestrians, the carriage-road spotted with equestrians, military waggons, carts, public as well as

* General-Superintendant of the Company of Omnibuses, No. 68, Avenue of the Champs Elysées. From 12 to 4 o'clock.

private vehicles, and 'buses, increasing in size until they passed beneath like toys before the eyes.

This magnificent arterial thoroughfare, nearly five times the width of St. James's-street in London, nearly bisects Paris, the whole of which, as seen at a single glance, appeared composed of lofty houses of different shades of white (unlike the heads of human beings, the youngest are the whitest), light blue roofs of zinc or slate, and Venetian windows, bearing silent testimony to the heat of the climate in summer. But what attracted my attention more than the sight of all the objects in detail before me was the striking absence of what in England is invariably the characteristic of every large city or congregation of men—namely, smoke. Here and there a dark stream, slowly arising from the lofty minaret of a steam-engine, reminded me of the existence of commercial life, but with these few exceptions the beautiful clear city before me appeared to be either asleep or dead. During the few minutes I gazed upon the scene, I several times looked attentively at the large stacks of chimneys which rose out of the blue roofs, but with a few exceptions not a vestige of smoke was to be seen.

Of the two portions into which Paris by the triple road described is divided, that on the left—the largest—was bounded by the Hill of Montmartre, upon which, with great pleasure, I observed at work, apparently the very same four windmills which were always so busily grinding away when I last resided in their vicinity. They had ground wheat for Napoleon, for the Duke of Wellington, for the allied Sovereigns of Europe, for Louis XVIII., for Charles X., for Louis-Philippe, for the leaders of the Red Republicans, and now they were grinding away just as merrily as ever for Prince Louis Napoleon. In fact, whichever way the wind blew, they patriotically worked for the public good. Round the foot of Montmartre there had lately arisen a young city of new white houses.

In the half of Paris on the right of the great triple road, there appeared resting against the clear blue sky the magnificent domes of the Invalides, Pantheon, Val de Grace, and the Observatory. Beneath on each side I looked down upon a mixture of new buildings and of green trees which, in the advent of May, had just joyously burst into full leaf.

In contemplating the beauty of Paris from the summit of

the Arc de l'Etoile, it is impossible to refrain from remarking that, with the exception of the three domes I have mentioned, no one of which is for the purpose of worship, scarcely a church-looking building is to be seen.

The view from the opposite or west side of the summit of the arc forms a striking contrast to the picture of a city as just described. With the exception of the Fort-du-Mont Valérien, on an eminence 580 yards off, the horizon is composed of hills as blue, bleak, and houseless as the highlands of Scotland, which indeed they faintly resemble. Between the fort and the Arc lies prostrate the Bois de Boulogne. I had left it hacked to death by the sabres and hatchets of the troops with whom I had been bivouacked in it. But these unfriendly scars were, I rejoiced to see, all obliterated. A new generation of trees as of men had succeeded, and the large extensive dark-green but rather cheerless-looking mass was enlivened only by the old broad pavé, running—as it always has run—as straight as a sergeant's halbert to Neuilly, and at an angle to the left by an equally straight broad macadamized road—"the Avenue de St. Cloud."

From the south side of the platform I looked down upon, or rather into, the uncovered, gay, but tawdry Hippodrome, the exercises, amusements, and spectators of which can be almost as clearly seen as by a hawk hovering over them. Beyond it appeared a mixture of houses, including Passy, composed of about two-thirds white buildings, and one-third green trees.

From the foot of the north side of the Arc runs a short pavé of about 200 yards, bounded on each side by houses and trees, which, by a sort of dissolving process, change into green fields, across which were to be seen here and there little picturesque streams of the white steam of the Versailles and Northern Railways, bounded by blue distant hills.

I had changed from side to side more than once to enjoy the magnificent contrasts I have but very feebly described. I had returned to the northern side, and was watching the progress of a tiny column of steam—the blessed emblem of peace to all nations, and to none a greater blessing than to France and England, when a human being—the only other one in creation besides myself on the platform, and he had only a moment or two ago crawled up and out from beneath—said to me,—

"Wonderful fine view, Sir! Do you see that house down there, with four trees before it?"

On answering in the affirmative—indeed it would have been impossible for any one to have denied either the assertion or the question—he very good-humouredly added—

"What do you think of it?"

I was destitute of thoughts on the subject, and was going honestly to avow it, when he added—

"I came here from England last Tuesday, to put my daughter to school there. What do you say of it?"

I was not in a frame of mind all of a sudden and at such a height above the surface of the earth, to give away for nothing at all an opinion concerning a house five stories high, with six windows in front, or about an Englishman educating a young daughter in France; so, glancing at the beautiful steepleless city before me, and then whispering to myself, "I would as soon put a chicken's egg under a duck as do what you have done," I said—

"It seems a very substantial good house," which appeared to make him happy; and as we had both gained our object, we nodded farewell and parted.

I was about to bid adieu to the magnificent panorama I had been enjoying, and had approached the head of the pitch-dark staircase, when I heard beneath me the slow pacing of feet,—then a very little puffing,—then there gleamed upwards a feeble light,—and at last appeared the black hat, thin face, and lean figure of an old gentleman carrying a lantern, followed by a lusty, very well-dressed lady, equally stricken in years, with an extremely red face, and cheeks so healthy that they appeared considerably to embarrass her vision. Indeed, to speak plainly, she was so fat, and she had so many luxuriant curls of artificial hair, that she could hardly see out of her black little shining eyes. Leaving her, however, to make such use of them as she might think proper, I commenced my descent, and, in utter darkness, passed—or rather stood stock-still, with my back against the wall, while there passed me—a party of young people, whose loud merry laughter denoted that at all events they had outgrown the age at which they might have been afraid of being in the dark. But they were quite right to come without lanterns, and I would advise any one who wishes to enjoy to the utmost the splen-

did coup-d'œil I had just left, to burst upon it, as I had done, from pitch darkness.

On reaching the bottom I observed a board, on which was written in French and also in English—I rejoiced to see the two languages standing together in the world hand in hand—the following notice:—

"THE KEEPERS OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE RECEIVING NO SALARY FROM GOVERNMENT,
THE VISITORS ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE THEM A FEE, WHICH IS LEFT AT THEIR OWN DISCRETION."

As twelve o'clock had just struck, I walked down the beautiful avenue of the Champs Elysées to the house of M. Moreau, who, on my showing him my passport and explaining to him the favour I wished him to confer upon me, was good enough to desire his chief clerk to give me the following order, which I insert as an exemplification of the politeness of the French people to strangers:—

"A Mons. Denault, chef d'Etablissement l'Etoile.
"Entreprise Générale des Omnibus, 6, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre.
"Monsieur Denault est autorisé à laisser entrer dans son établissement, pour y examiner le mode d'attacher les chevaux dans les écuries, &c. . . . . porteur de la présente.
"Paris le 30 Avril, 1851. A. GRIVEAU."*

With this letter in my hand I reascended the Champs Elysées, and passing close beneath the triumphal arch, turned to my left along the street indicated until I once again entered the great barrack-looking square, in the middle of which, very nearly on the spot where I had left him about an hour and a half ago, I saw M. Denault and his dark mustachios.

On presenting to him my authority, his countenance assumed a grave, and I thought rather a serious, aspect; as

* To Mr. Denault, Chief of the Establishment at the Etoile
General Association of Omnibuses, No. 6, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre.
Mr. Denault is authorised to allow to enter into his establishment, for the purpose of examining the mode of attaching the horses in the stables, &c. . . . . , the bearer.
A. GRIVEAU.
Paris, April 30, 1851.

however his eyes glanced along line after line it rapidly relaxed, until, looking at me with a pleasing smile, he told me, with great politeness, that he should now be most happy to give me all the information in his power; and waving his hand in signal to me to advance, he was preparing to follow me to the range of stables before him, when I asked him to be kind enough to explain to me the strength of his establishment. He told me that the Company to which he belonged had, in six establishments in Paris, 1500 horses, of which 300 were under his charge. In several of these establishments all the horses were entire. He had, however, about half of that description, the remainder being about half mares and half horses, as in England.

The long building before us, which, as I have stated, very much resembled cavalry barracks, was divided into a series of 15 stables, each 80 feet long, containing 20 horses: 10 on each side, with a broad passage between them.

On entering No. 1, I was much struck with the total absence of the usual smell of a stable, and with the scene which unexpectedly presented itself. Of the 20 horses that belonged to it about one-third were out at work. Of the remainder, some were standing with their tails to their manger, looking at their comrades on the opposite side; some munching beautiful clean shiny wheat-straw; while others, on litters of great thickness and equally clean, were lying as if dead, in a variety of attitudes. One or two at full length, were reposing parallel to their mangers; some occasionally groaned, or rather grunted, as they slept; one gently raised his head to look at me, and then, as if I really was not worth a moment's more notice, laid it flat down again. Two more, lying face to face, as if in each other's arms, were partly under the feet of a neighbour feeding from his manger. All were sleek and fat.

In few stables in England have I ever seen litter in a cleaner state, horses in better health, or in a greater state of enjoyment. The reason was evident. The row of fifteen stables, instead of being, as in our cavalry barracks—or even as in our hunting-boxes—divided from each other by brick walls, were separted only by open wooden palings about eight feet high, which allowed the air to circulate throughout the whole length of the building, and escape through air-

chimneys constructed for the purpose. Besides this, in the upper portion of the front and rear walls of each stable there had been constructed air-shutters for regulating the temperature in each long compartment.

"Vous avez encore trois degrés de trop!"* said Monsieur Denault to a man in a blue jacket and blue trowsers, who, from the instant I had entered the stable, had not only fixed his eyes upon me, but had swallowed every observation I had made.

"Ah!" said this man, nodding his head, "il va donc tomber de l'eau."†

In stable No. 1, in which we stood, the horses—unseparated by partitions, but divided in couples by swinging bails—were all tied and fed together in pairs. To each couple there was given per day 5 "kilos" of hay, 4 of straw, 15 litres of grain. In summer an additional litre of grain, and in very hot weather bran twice a week.

I mentioned to M. Denault, that in England omnibus horses are almost invariably fed on a mixture of chopped hay, chopped straw, and corn. He replied he was of opinion that, according to the common principles of gastronomy, horses, like men, prefer a variety of dishes.

"They enjoy their hay; gain strength and sustenance from their corn; et puis après, Monsieur, ils mangent de la paille"—shrugging up his shoulders and showing me the palms of both his hands—"pour s'amuser: ça les occupe; ça leur distrait; ça les empêche de se battre!"‡

On my inquiring how many persons were employed to keep the stable as clean as I beheld it, he informed me that to every ten horses is attached one man, who feeds and takes care of them; there are consequently two such attendants in each stable. For every ten horses there is also a person appointed to clean their harness and the carriages they draw.

On entering stable No. 2, which in point of cleanliness and ventilation was the fac-simile of the one I had just left, I found it contained nothing but entire horses, who, unseparated even

* You are too hot by three degrees!

† Ah! we shall have rain then.

‡ And after that, Sir, they eat straw to amuse themselves: it occupies them—it distracts their attention—it prevents them from fighting.

by bails, fed, slept, worked, in short, lived together in pairs; each couple, however, were divided from the adjoining one on the right and left by swinging bars, suspended by a rope from the ceiling at a height a little above the hocks. The horses before me were not only in the enjoyment of stout robust health, but their coats were particularly short, sleek, and glossy. For the work they are required to perform they appeared almost perfect in form. They are low punchy creatures, with short, stout, active-looking legs and small heads, bought by the company between four and five years of age, principally in Normandy and Belgium, but the best come from the department des Ardennes. The price paid for them is from 500 to 600 francs, say about £22 sterling. As soon as they are received from the several sellers they are marked with what is called a "baptismal number," cut with scissors in the hair of the neck. After the period of trial has expired, if found to be sound, as warranted, the same number is branded with a hot iron on the hind thigh, just below the hip, and beneath it the last figure of the year in which they were purchased.

On receiving this information I expressed to M. Denault my surprise that his company should be honest enough indelibly to record that which ladies and horse-masters in England are always so very particularly desirous to conceal, namely, the exact *age;* but he replied, "When the Company have once purchased a horse they never sell him until he becomes useless."

"Then," said I, with my eyes fixed upon the branded marks of an extremely powerful well-made entire horse that was before me, "do you designate them only by their numbers?—have they no *names?*"

"No," he replied, "we only know them by their numbers; they have no names."

"Mais oui!" observed sharply and gruffly the stableman in blue, in charge of the horses, and who, like his comrade in the other stable, had been most attentively listening to every word that had come out of my mouth. "Mais oui," he repeated in broad patois; "je leur donne à chacun son nom! Celui-ci, par exemple," pointing to the powerful, thickset, sleek, lively grey horse whose brand I was still looking at, "j'appelle Jean-Battiste; c'lui-là *Fou.*"*

* Oh yes! I give each of them his name. This one, for instance, I call "Jean-Battiste;" that one "Fool."

The latter word was hardly out of his mouth, and most certainly could not have reached the roof of the stable, when all of a sudden, and for no apparent cause, John-Baptist, tossing his head in the air, and kicking violently, gave a most tremendous squeal, that really quite electrified me.

"Ah, sacré cochon!"* exclaimed his keeper, with raised and uplifted eyebrows, as with both hands he raised his long wooden-pronged pitchfork perpendicularly above his head, "qu'as tu donc, vieux coquin?"† John made no answer, but at once, whatever might have been the point in dispute, gave it up, and then, nestling like a lamb towards his comrade, shared with him in a mouthful of clean straw.

While I was ruminating at the hurricane which had so suddenly subsided, a bell rang, and at the same moment I observed that all the horses on one side of the stable began to prick their ears, move their feet, look behind them, and show little outward signs of inward satisfaction, such as occasionally may be seen very slightly to flit across the countenances of fine ladies and gentlemen when, after a dull, tedious, protracted period of waiting, their ears are suddenly refreshed by the sound I have just mentioned—the dinner-bell. In less than a minute the feeder entered, carrying on his shoulder a sack of corn, which he placed on the ground, and he had scarcely commenced to measure out three or four double handfuls into a large round sieve beside it, when all his ten horses began some to scream, some to bite at each other, and all more or less to stamp on the ground. I asked M. Denault why the ten animals before us remained perfectly quiet?

"Ah," muttered the keeper in blue, "c'est qu'ils connaissent bien que ce n'est pas pour *eux!*" ‡ In about five minutes, however, when in his turn he went away for his sack of oats, his own horses, Jean Battiste, Fou, and all, became so excited that a good many "sacrés," some long drawn and some sharp, were expended to subdue them; indeed, I never saw a set of animals feed with greater voracity.

While the twenty horses in profound silence, with their twenty mouths in the manger, with nothing about them moving but their jaws,—save occasionally an ear that very viciously

* Ah, abominable hog.
† What is the matter with you, you old rogue?
‡ Ah, because they know well enough it is not for *them*.

lay back whenever a comrade of the neghbouring couple ventured to look at what they were eating,—were thus busily occupied, I asked M. D'nault whether they did not fight at night? Pointing to a large lamp suspended from a rafter in the centre of the stall, he told me that the two men before us were always required to sleep in the stable.

"Voilà nos plumes là bas!" * said my blue satellite, pointing to some straw on a wooden frame at the end of the stable. "Ah, sacré!" † he exclaimed, through his teeth, to a fine, sturdy, brown horse, that a few seconds ago had begun to nibble the mane of his comrade, and was biting harder and harder every instant.

"En place!" ‡ said the opposite stableman to a pair of horses, warm and dirty, that had just entered from their work. "En place!" he repeated; the animals obeyed, and walked between a pair of vacant bails to their own two halters.

"Of the three descriptions of horses in your establishment, which," I said to Monsieur, "do you prefer?"

He answered that, although entire horses are the most liable to catch cold, and altogether are the most delicate, they are nevertheless the most enduring, and consequently the best adapted for long distances, "pour les diligences;" § in short, for "vitesse et vigueur." ‖ For 'bus work, where they are liable constantly to be stopped, the ordinary horse is only preferable on account of his being more calm and of his more docile temper: "ils se fatiguent moins, ils durent plus longtemps." ¶ He said that mares were considered worst of all; and when I told him that almost an opposite opinion existed in England, he explained to me that it is the habit in Belgium, and in the departement des Ardennes, to sell mares in foal, in order that they should appear stout: and that, on being deprived of their offspring, they are usually assailed by a milk fever, in consequence of which they become weak.

I asked him how he managed to persuade his entire horses to live close together in pairs, with nothing but a swinging bail between each couple? He told me, with considerable animation, that, when first put together in couples, "ils cherchent

* There are our feather beds! † Ah, holy!
‡ Into your place.
§ For stage work. ‖ For speed and vigour.
¶ They fatigue themselves less, and last longer.

dispute, ils se battent pour quelques jours."* With a great deal of very expressive action, which made him quite warm, he showed me how they bit, how they fought, how they pawed, and how they kicked out behind at each other. "Mais," he added, with great calmness, good sense, and good nature, "après que chacun a compris le caractère de son voisin ils deviennent bons camarades!"†

He added that as soon as a young horse lately purchased has been found to be sound, besides being branded as described, "On lui fait la toilette;"‡ that is to say, they cut off his beard, pull his mane, remove any long hairs about his fetlocks, and, by other little delicate attentions, smarten him up for Paris work. He told me, however, they never docked a horse's tail, as it was highly valuable, not only for flapping flies from himself, but from his comrade in harness; indeed, he said it was observed that horses at Paris which had no tails usually grow lean in summer. In the winter they adopt the English custom of singeing the roughest.

I asked M. Denault what was the meaning of sometimes a little bit of straw, and sometimes of hay, which I here and there observed to be plaited in a lock of the tail of several of the horses? He replied that the stablemen, in washing over the horses' feet, were directed every day very attentively to observe whether any of them wanted either shoeing or nailing; that in the former case they were required to insert in the tail a piece of straw; and in the latter a piece of hay; and thus, when the blacksmith made his daily visit, without being at the trouble to examine the feet of every one, he saw at a glance not only those that stood in need of him, but, by the bit of hay or straw, exactly what each wanted; under this ingenious arrangement the stableman, and not the blacksmith, is very properly held responsible for a horse casting a shoe at work.

On proceeding to the smith's shop, I found him engaged in shoeing a horse in the old French fashion of forty years ago; that is to say, his assistant was holding up the animal's foot while he was driving in the nails. I told him, as he was

* They look out for a quarrel, and fight for some days.

† But after each has comprehended the character of his neighbour, they become good comrades.

‡ They arrange his toilette for him.

hammering away, that in England both operations were performed by one man, upon which he looked at his assistant,—who looked at him—both grinned at each other—shook their black locks—and then proceeded with their work. The shoes he was putting on were very little heavier than those used in England, a set of four weighing six pounds. The nails, however, are in France not only driven into the foot at a different angle from that in which they are inserted in England, but the head of each is forced into a square hole, made exactly to fit it, by which arrangement, being flush with the shoe, they do not, it is urged, wear off; on the other hand, they of course cannot, as in England, prevent the horse from slipping. Above the bent bodies of the smith and his mate I observed, suspended to the forge, a quantity of artificial roses, mixed up with an assemblage of smart ribands, blue, white, and red, which, I was informed, had been placed there on the fête de St. Eloi, the patron of blacksmiths, and that according to custom they would remain until the annual return of the same fête, when they would be replaced by new ones.

"In England," thought I to myself, "the patron of a blacksmith is whoever has last given him a pot of beer."

There are two sorts of water in the establishment, one from pumps, used for washing the harness and carriages, the other from the Seine; the latter, every four-and-twenty hours, is turned into large open tanks, to which the horses are led to drink three times a day, it being a rule that no one is allowed to approach it until he has been in the stable two hours after his work.

On entering the infirmary I found a veterinary surgeon, with a pair of very long yellow mustachios, with his coat off, and with a sort of apron round his body, busily employed in drenching a sick horse with an enormous quantity of warm bran tea, his assistent being quite as vigorously occupied with the animal elsewhere. The poor thing's head was tied to a ring in the wall, and a noose having been passed round his upper jaw, it was, by a third assistant, hauled upwards towards another ring, inserted at a great height, by which means the doctor was enabled with perfect ease to pour wholesale down his throat the smoking draft; in fact, there was no resisting the double treatment to which he was simultaneously subjected; and as I could evidently do no more than earnestly hope it

might cure him of whatever were his afflictions, I walked away, and was conducted by my obliging attendant to an immense magazine, five stories high, in which, piled on each floor, four or five feet high, I found a stock of black, sweet, but light chaffy oats, sufficient to keep the whole establishment for more than a year; indeed, the building was so ingeniously and so admirably ventilated, that I was assured, with common precautions, corn could be kept in it for ten years. At some distance from this building was, also under cover, a very abundant supply of hay, tied up in bundles, "bottes," ready for use.

It is under the treatment I have described that the omnibus horses of the west end of Paris serve the public. The establishment reflects great credit upon the community in general, and upon M. Denault and M. Moreau in particular. By their unceasing care the horse's life is a wholesome, healthy, and happy mixture of enjoyment and work; indeed, sweet, clean, and comfortable as are their stables, their harness is so easy and loose, the Paris air is so fresh, everything is so gay, there is so much for them to look at, and, apparently, wherever they go, and especially wherever they stop, there are such innumerable subjects—all apparently of such vast importance—for them to neigh about, that I really believe they are, if possible, happier in the streets than at home. It is true they do not go as fast as the omnibus horses of London, and that at Paris a man is considered to estimate time at somewhat more than its real value who, to purchase a few minutes, would inflict pain and suffering upon a race of animals, especially created for his happiness and enjoyment. But, without checking fast driving in England, it is surely the duty of the public, if they determine to enjoy it, to obtain, by dint of a few moments' reflection, sweet air, pure water, and kind attentions for those noble creatures whose superior physical strength it is alike their duty and their interest to foster rather than exhaust.

With this moral in my mind, I very gratefully thanked M. Denault for the obliging attention he had shown me, to which he replied by insisting on giving me an introduction to the manufacturer of the company's omnibus carriages, as also a note to the principal superintendent of the company's largest establishment of horses at the opposite or east side of

Paris, beyond the limits of the city, and of the Barrière de Charenton.

ENTREPRISE GÉNÉRALE DES OMNIBUS.

After taking leave of M. Denault I was conducted by his piqueur to a large gate, over which was inscribed "Entreprise Générale des Omnibus."

On ringing the bell, a side door opening into a large court flew open, and almost at the same moment there stood right before me, in a white cap, an old withered concierge, with a face not very unlike that of Cerberus, who was evidently unwilling to admit me until she had been informed that I had come there by order of M. Denault, upon which, relieving her conscience by a very slight shrug, and then turning her bent back upon me, she hobbled into her lodge, and my conductor, seeing he had effected his object, with a friendly salute returned to his stables.

The chef of the establishment, a short intelligent-looking gentleman, with a bushy, brushy beard, walked towards me; and as, although he said nothing, his attitude was very clearly interrogatory of what I wanted, I very briefly explained that I wished to be permitted to walk over his workshops. He replied very kindly that I might go wherever I liked; and exactly as I desired, he then left me to speak to a workman who was evidently waiting for him.

In the yard before me there stood, with high poles, and rounded tires to the wheels, several new omnibuses, elegantly constructed and handsomely varnished, divided inside into seats for seventeen persons (the two next the door are not separated), with breadth of passage in the middle sufficient to allow passengers ample room to enter and depart without rubbing against the knee-pans of those who are seated. To the roof was affixed a brass rod or hand-rail, to ensure rickety old gentlemen against reeling sideways into ladies' laps, and *vice versâ*. For the purpose of entrance were two broad easy steps; and on the left-hand back panel shone a transparent tell-tale dial, the black fingers of which,—in obedience to a

string which, whenever any one enters, the conductor is obliged to pull, and which also strikes a bell "one,"—informs passengers inside, the public outside, and the proprietor at the end of the course or journey, how many fares have been received. In Paris omnibuses have no doors, or rather the door is formed by the conductor, who stands on the upper step of the entrance, leaning against a broad strap, which in an instant he can unhook, for the ingress or egress of the public.

In another part of the yard I observed near the wall three old, worn-out, dead, but not buried, "diligences," which in their day had been considered not only as vast improvements of the old form, but as imitations of the English mode of travelling. They were composed of four different sorts of carriages stuck together. The rear one, which was very low, held eight persons, four on each side, sitting with their shoulders towards the horses. The middle one six, sitting opposite to each other, three with their faces, and three with their backs, towards the horses. The front chariot three, above whose heads there grew out, like an immense fungus, a nondescript sort of cabriolet, with leather head and apron, for four more. Behind this rude thing was a frame-work to enable baggage to be piled up to a fearful height. As might reasonably be expected, the under part of these antiquated quadruple vehicles was as clumsily constructed as the superstructure I have just described. The wheels were low and heavy; the tires, in five separate pieces, flat, and of double the present breadth: the springs unelastic: the pole stuck out little above the horses' knees.

By the side of these old-fashioned travelling-machines were, in various stages of construction, several new carriages, with improved wheels, axles, and poles, handsomely stuffed and painted, but on the same principle—rather inconsistent, I thought, with that of a republic—of dividing the travelling community into four separate uncomfortable compartments or cages; thus creating much unnecessary weight and expense. The carriages were certainly handsomely varnished; but, as compared with the light omnibuses at the other end of the yard, were like heavy over-dressed dowagers sitting behind the rising generation, "tripping on the light fantastic toe."

I was looking at several workmen, who, cooped within one

of these heavy vehicles, were ornamenting its drab cloth lining with handsome broad lace, when I observed the concierge opening the great gate to admit what at the moment formed, I thought, rather an affecting picture, namely, a lame 'bus coming into hospital. In some chance-medley it had been severely wounded in its side, and was now dragged forward by a low, punchy, light-hearted, merry little horse, who, on depositing it in the yard, was no sooner tied by his halter to a ring in the wall than, suddenly looking behind him, first on one side and then on the other, he began to neigh, as if he was determined that every living being in the establishment should know exactly how the accident had happened—"quorum pars magna fui"—in short, what an amazing deal, in some way or other, he had had to do with it. Nobody, however, listened to or even looked at him but myself.

From the yard I proceeded into the workshops, in which, with the assistance of a powerful steam-engine, a number of artificers were at work. Several circular saws, with a whizzing noise, were cutting out the main-frames of omnibuses in embryo, while three or four turning-lathes were as busily employed in preparing useful and ornamental work of different descriptions, the whole of which was quietly but very neatly executed.

On entering the department of Vulcan, in which were several forges at work, I could not help being struck with the difference between French and English smiths, with the latter of whom I have had some little acquaintance. Both raise their sledge-hammers with equal vigour; but the effort of the French "striker" seems to die away before it reaches the anvil; whereas in England with the momentum it invariably quickens. The same difference was apparent to me in heavy filing. The French workman makes a great effort to get the file into its position, and afterwards half gives it up. The English smith prepares gently, and then works spitefully. In two words, the French smith appears to work very neatly indeed, but, as we should term it, to niggle.

On entering a large shop, warmed by a stove, in which a number of men were busily employed in painting and in lining omnibuses, I observed a fine, tall, ruddy-faced, goodhumoured-looking man, with white mustachios, in a blue linen smock-coat and trowsers, who had at his back, towering a couple of

feet above his head, a machine, covered with crimson velvet, upon which were suspended on hooks four silver cups, like bells. Beneath them on each side of the man's hips there projected from the apparatus he was carrying a short silver-plated pipe, ending in a similarly resplendent tap. As he proceeded he at intervals rang a merry bell, which appeared to create universal thirst, for without a single exception the workmen at every carriage he came to stopped for a moment to drink off, when it came to their turn, what he gave them, which I observed sometimes to be in a large cup and sometimes in a little one, the different doses bearing no relation whatever to the difference in size of those who received them. In due time the crimson-velveted cask was drained dry, and, as the man walked with it into retirement behind the body of an old 'bus, I followed him, and after conversing with him about the weather, the Great Exhibition in London, and a variety of other little introductory subjects, I asked him at last to explain to me what he was selling, and what he charged for it. The answer to the first question almost spoke for itself; or rather, the pump beside us, and two pots of stuff, one dreadfully sour and the other of a sweet citron taste, explained to me that the mixture he was concocting was an innocent description of weak lemonade, which, while he was making it, I tasted, and paid him for with a piece of silver, that seemed at once to unlock the most secret recesses of his heart, and he accordingly told me that every workman in the establishment contracted with him for a glass of lemonade, as oftentimes per day as he thought proper to administer it. He said that, ringing his bell to announce his approach, he usually paid them three or four visits a day.

"Mais quand il fait chaud, ma foi, Monsieur, bien souven c'est cinq fois!" *

His charges for this luxury were, he informed me, eight sous (four pence) a fortnight for those who were satisfied with a little cup, ten sous a fortnight for those who generously allowed their stomachs the large one.

As the crimson-velveted machine was now full again, and as I also was replete with the information I desired, we both, like country actors when the curtain draws up, again appeared before the public. Tinkling his bell, he walked straight

* But when it gets hot, faith, Sir, it is often five times!

to the window of a green 'bus full of men lining it. I strolled towards an artist emblazoning with sundry ornaments the panels of a yellow one. After admiring the execution of his work, which caused his brush, I thought, to work with, if possible, a little more alacrity than before, I asked him, after a variety of small questions, what he thought of the revolution?

"Monsieur," he replied, "I gained a little fortune from it in painting out coronets. I have since gained still more by painting them in again. Ma foi, Monsieur," suddenly ceasing to paint, and looking in my face with a pleasing smile,—"*I* don't care how often we have a revolution!"

CAFÉ DE PARIS.

As whatever is worth doing is always worth doing well, at about half past six in the evening of my first day in Paris, I inquired all of a sudden of a French gentleman who was passing with me across a street, where was the *best* place to dine? and as, after enumerating several which I forgot as fast as he mentioned them, he ended by advising me, on the whole, if I liked a good dinner, to go to the Café de Paris, on the Boulevart des Italiens, I enjoyed the walk, and the reflection it gave rise to, and, in due time reaching my goal, I found myself comfortably seated in a small octagonal room, chastely painted, brilliantly illuminated by gaslights, reflected in and multiplied by plate glass, behind, before, in fact all around me. In this little chamber of Adonis, which looked into a larger saloon, were negligently scattered a quantity of small tables.

On entering I had very carefully bowed to the two presiding ladies of the establishment. I had selected a seat, had deposited my hat and stick in perfect safety, and, pleased to think how admirably and almost intuitively I had done it all, I was going to take a long, placid, comfortable look at every body and every thing around me,—for in my little den there were evidently a great number of bodies and of things

worth looking at,—when as straight as a bull-dog rushes at a bull there advanced towards me, whisking the tail of a white napkin as if to intimidate me, a very respectable man of about thirty years of age, dressed in a white neck-cloth, a very well-made dark cloth jacket, but without any trowsers, breeches, or pantaloons,—at least I could not see any, because the region they inhabit was completely covered with a white apron.

As my object was to appear quite at my ease, I determined to receive him without—at all events showing—the slightest emotion; as soon, however, as he reached me, he laid down on the table before me, not only a long rigmarole written paper, but a very large book, and, submitting to me these data to compound an answer, he asked me in beautiful French, and with another whisk of his napkin, what I would desire for my dinner? Now, six-and-thirty years ago, it was, I recollected, considered as rather a dashing thing to answer a query of this nature by saying negligently, and apparently with unshaken reliance on the "honour" and good taste of the chef in a white nightcap below, "A cinq francs!" * I accordingly tried very hard not only to say but to look the words as youthfully as I had used to do. Instead, however, of receiving the grateful bow I had expected, the gentleman in waiting, with a shrug which I feared told everybody, everywhere, that I was making to him some very mean unconscientious proposal, replied he would rather I would name what I would desire to have. Of course I instantly consented, observing, with a wave of my hand for the purpose of getting rid of him, that I would let him know, upon which turning on his heel, and thereby averting from me his white apron, —which gave me an opportunity of observing that he wore black trowsers—he darted away to another table.

Now, although, when left completely to myself, I knew perfectly well that I wanted a good dinner,—indeed, that with malice prepense I had come on purpose for it,—yet, on looking into the encyclopædia of dishes he had laid before me, I really did not know, and I therefore felt I should have considerable difficulty in letting *him* know, "what I would desire to have." It was, however, a vast comfort to me to

* For five francs!

reflect, as I laid hold of the important volume, that I was about to draw tickets in a lottery composed of all prizes and no blanks, and so, without fretting on the subject, I tapped my table gently, and when my waiter, obeying the summons as readily as if it had been his own dinner-bell, stood erect before me, I pointed to some description of soup; "Bien, Monsieur!"* he replied;—to an odd-named fish; "bien, Monsieur!;"—to cutlets of apparently an extraordinary nature; "bien, Monsieur!;"—and lastly pointing to something I considered would be pastry, I then, looking as if I had been born in the room, closed the book.

"Tres bien, Monsieur!"† said my attendant, making me a slight bow, and then carrying off the volume to its temporary resting-place.

As I had now delivered my judgment, and had nothing to do but to await the execution of the delightful sentence I had passed upon myself, I enjoyed the luxury of quietly looking about me. Round a small table at my right sat three Frenchmen, with beards black, blacker, and blackest; on my left three smooth-chinned modest-looking English young ladies, with their husbands, or, with what among travellers is generally termed, their cousins. In the fore and back ground of the picture there continually crossed and recrossed, in various directions, and at various angles with the equator, a number of respectable, attentive, well-behaved waiters, of from twenty-five to forty-five years of age, with hair plastered by oil close to the head, in white neckcloths, and otherwise dressed as I have described. Among them there occasionally appeared a being of a higher order, distinguished by a *black* apron. This personage was altogether above bringing in books, dishes, changing plates, or wiping forks. His sole, serious, and important duty was to deliver to the occupier or occupiers of each table whatever wine, through the medium of the common white-aproned-waiter, had been required from him; and he not only brought it, but with great dignity uncorked it; and in the case of its being champagne, or wine that required to be cooled, I observed that, as carefully as a young mother lays her first infant in its cradle, he placed it on ice, almost horizontally, in a wooden frame resembling a ship gun-carriage,

* Good, Sir! † Very good, Sir!

the neck of the bottle being elevated, as nearly as I could guess, at an angle of about ten degrees.

As dishes upon dishes, with hurried steps, were brought to the numerous tables of the octagonal paradise in which I was seated, the buzz of conversation very sensibly increased, besides which the human mouth, like a regiment at review, went through all its most difficult movements. Sometimes it ate a good deal; then it drank a little; then it smiled; then it ate a little more; then it talked humorously; then it drank off a glass of champagne; then in a serious tone it called out "GARÇON!" * then it sipped; and then talked much more vehemently than before.

While my French companions, especially the three with black beards, which at every movement of their mouths kept irregularly vibrating, were munching, drinking, or expounding something which appeared almost invariably to end through the nose; shoulders, in all directions, began to shrug, hands began to act, and, as if in spite of ice, faces gradually became pinkish—pink,—red—redder,—hot and hotter. Indeed even the three young English ladies' lips looked, I thought, a very little warmer; and although for the life of me I could not perceive within the little octagonal room any additional cause for merriment, for some reason or other they certainly did giggle much oftener than at first. Indeed I was beginning to think whether the gentleman in the black apron ought not to have iced the wine-drinkers instead of the wine, when my reflections, all of a sudden, came to an end. My mind must surely have had a fit of apoplexy; for I remember nothing further that occurred, except that I found myself placidly, and in good fellowship with all men, lapping up with a spoon some very nice soup, which had scarcely vanished when I became the proprietor of some turbot, which, I rather believe, by some accident must have been ground to death in a mill. The composition, however, was most excellent. In due time I was nourished with cutlets luxuriously floating in the essence of asparagus; and at last came my "tart," which turned out to be a small pastry bandbox, with a handsome lid, full of cockscombs, beautifully serrated and plaited, with a variety of odd-looking things, of all sorts of shapes and consistency. In fact, there must have been a little of every delicacy in creation;

* Waiter!

and the dish would have been a complete and most excellent dinner. Not wishing to appear eccentric, I ordered a pint of champagne, and observing, when I had dismissed my tart, that when I took the little bottle from its icy bed, and tilted it up, it seemed—although to my knowledge I had really done nothing to offend it—rather disposed to decline to hold any further communication with the glass beneath it, I tapped my table, and as soon as the gentle sound brought, as it instantly did bring, a waiter's face close to my own, I asked for my bill. While it was preparing, I acknowledged to myself, without hesitation, that I had very much enjoyed all I had seen, all I had heard, all I had eaten, and all I had drunk. The room, however, was so over-lighted, the glare from the lamps and looking-glasses was so oppressive, the feat I had performed, and the feast I had enjoyed, were altogether so unsuited to the fixed regimen of my life, that, as I had now not only witnessed but had assisted in the process of dining at a restaurateur's at Paris, I determined I would not do so again; and accordingly, excepting three days on which I accepted invitations of ceremony I could not decline, seated at an open window, I dined quietly in my lodging by myself, during the whole period of my short residence in the bright, gay, and happy metropolis of France.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

On descending from an omnibus I found myself in a large, long, irregular, uncomfortable-looking open space, called the Place de la Bastille, formed by the junction of the Quai du Canal St. Martin, of the Boulevart Beaumarchais, of the Rue de la Roquette, Rue de St. Antoine, Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, Rue de Charenton, Rue de Lyon, and of the Boulevarts Bourdon and Contrescarpe, leading to the Pont d'Austerlitz.

At the point of concentration at which all these cross-roads met, I saw before me a lofty bronze column, surmounted by a perfectly naked, lengthy, thin, herring-stomached, long-backed,

flying-Mercury-looking mountebank, with a pair of wings on his shoulders, the whole newly gilt all over, as if it had just flown, and for a moment—merely to take in wind—had perched there from California.

On the outside of the column, from the bottom to the top, in three strata, each representing the result of one day's revolutionary havoc, were inscribed in letters of gold, so small that at a few feet elevation they were to my eyes utterly illegible, a variety of names. On the base was legibly engraved the following inscription, which briefly told me the whole story of the column:—

"Loi du 13 Décembre, 1830,
Art. 13.
Un monument sera consacré à la mémoire
Des événemens de Juillet.
Loi du 9 Mars, 1833,
Art. 2.
Ce monument sera érigé sur la Place
De la Bastille." *

On the other side was inscribed:—

"A la Gloire
Des Citoyens Français,
Qui s'armèrent et combattirent
Pour la Défense des Libertés Républiques
Dans les mémorables Journées
Des 27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830." †

The monument was surrounded on all four sides by massive iron railings, within which, at the foot of the column all

* Extract from the law of the 13th December, 1830,
Article 13.
A monument shall be consecrated to the memory
Of the events of July.
From the law of the 9th March, 1833,
Article 2.
This monument shall be erected on the Place
Of the Bastille.

† To the Glory
Of those French Citizens
Who armed themselves and fought
In Defence of Republican Liberty
During the memorable Days
Of the 27, 28, 29 July, 1830.

the way round, I observed a confused pile of faded wreaths (immortelles) and of branches of laurel, the leaves of which had become crisp and brown.

Just as I was about to enter the door, I heard some steps heavily descending, and, accordingly waiting for a few moments, there appeared, first the balustrade legs, then the protuberant waistcoat, and at last the warm, intelligent countenance of a brother Englishman—who, as he passed me, said, laying great emphasis on each of his nouns of number,

"There are *two hun*dred and *for*ty-three steps, Sir! I've just counted 'em!" And as it was exactly what I did not want to do, I put down the figures hot as I received them, and then, ascending a well-staircase, every bright brass step of which rang as I trod on it, I at last reached the summit, and for some time, absorbed in historical recollections, looked down upon the spot beneath, where the Bastille and all its included horrors had once existed.

On happening to cast my eyes upwards, I almost started at the appearance of the great gilt strip-stark-naked figure just above me. It was certainly beautifully balanced. His whole person, from the crown of his head to the extremity of his pointed toe, which almost alone rested on its pedestal, was of bright, glittering gold. His long, thin neck was extended; his wings appeared almost to flutter on his back; and as an equipoise to the leg extended behind, he held in one hand a broken chain, in the other a burning torch.

Who this high-flown, high-bred personage might be—for besides being an angel he was evidently a gentleman—I could not exactly divine; and for several minutes I had been thinking it over and over, or rather round and round, as I descended towards the earth, when, on reaching the bottom, I perceived before me—no doubt he had purposely placed himself in that position—the man in the handsome cocked hat, who had charge of the column. Taking off my humble round one to him, and at the same moment slipping something into his hand, I asked him what the magnificent statue "en or,"* which I had just been admiring, represented?

"Monsieur!" said he, with an extended hand and with a dignified smile, "c'est le Génie de la Liberté!"† which, I sup-

* In gold. † Sir, it is the genius of Liberty.

pose, said I to myself, as I very slowly walked away, must surely mean—"her Ladyship's present husband."

HORSE ESTABLISHMENT.

I was on the point of asking an idle man, who, like myself, was mooning about the Place de la Concorde, where I should be likely to find a fiacre, when I observed one instinctively driving towards me. It was one of those little rickety, loose-jointed quadrirotal or four-wheeled buggies,—with a head, apron, and small driving-box in front containing a coachman in a black glazed hat, and blue jacket ornamented with a bright silver plaquet,—which are obliged to go anywhere within the wide world of Paris for 22 sous.

"A la Barrière de Charenton!" said I to the driver, who, without making any other answer than a nod, leant backwards, and, putting into my hand a little card of the size and with the inscription as here given, we all jogged on at the rate of about four miles an hour. The horse, for fear of the whip, did not dare to walk, and would not trot any faster without breaking into a canter, which was contrary to law; it was evidently useless, therefore, to say a word on the subject. However, it was a beautiful day, and as all I wanted was to be permitted now and then to look about me, and now and then to think a little, the horse, vehicle, and driver suited me exactly. I was now in one of the worst parts of Paris, and it was impossible to help observing that almost every time the horse nodded his head, as if, by order of the police, he were counting the number of steps he took, the prospect on each side of me became a little more gloomy. The houses became frailer, the lime appeared gradually to be changing into mud, slates into tiles, iron

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Conserver ce numéro en cas de réclamation.*

* Keep this number in case of a complaint.

ornamental lamp-posts into plain wooden gibbets, with outstretched horizontal arms about four feet long, at the extremity of which, swinging in the wind, hung an inferior description of lamp. In looking at them I could hardly help shuddering, so clearly did they explain to me the horrid meaning of the cry, "À la lanterne!"* which had been the death-warrant of so many thousands of people. Indeed, if I had never heard of such a cry, it would have been impossible for me to have driven by all these gibbets without noticing their ghastly appearance.

As soon as we arrived within about fifty yards of the point I had mentioned, the driver pulled gently at his reins, the horse very readily stopped—in fact, we all stopped. Leaning towards the driver, I paid him 22 sous; but instead of two more "pour boire"†—the customary gratification—I gave him five, for which he expressed himself exceedingly grateful; and I was thinking how very little gratitude, friendship, or good fellowship one could buy in London for three halfpence, when I observed a douanier glance very scrupulously at my pockets, while at the same moment his companion, opening the lid, peeped into a small basket in the hands of a poor woman walking beside me. In short, we were passing the Barrière de Charenton, at which—as at all others around Paris—the officers of the octroi examine everything that enters or goes out of the metropolis.

On inquiry I found that the great stables of the omnibus company I had come to visit were within a hundred yards, and as soon as I reached them I delivered to the chief of the establishment the note of introduction in my favour which M. Denault, near the Barrière of the Etoile, had been so obliging as to give to me.

"Vous êtes Anglais, Monsieur?‡ said he, with a very friendly smile, as if an answer in the affirmative would be, as it evidently proved, pleasing to him. He then, with the utmost kindness, took me over every portion of his establishment: his stables, infirmary, forges, supplies of water, and storehouses of corn, hay and straw.

As it would be tedious to the generality of my readers

* Away with him to the lamp-post! † Drink-money.
‡ Are you an Englishman, Sir?

were I to repeat the details I witnessed, but which to me were highly interesting, I will briefly state that, of 263 horses under his care, 200 were males, there not being a single mare within the building; that the stables, instead of containing, as at the Barrière de l'Etoile, only 20 horses, held each from 40 to 50; that they were well ventilated; that the horses were separated in couples by swinging bails; that they were fed together in pairs with oats five times a-day; that at night they had as much hay as they could eat, with straw in the day "pour s'amuser;"* that each horse usually worked from 15 to 16 miles per day (the horses of the Paddington omnibuses, at greater speed, go only eleven miles per day); that one man was required to look after eight, and also to clean their harness; and that by other men the carriages were washed every day. Lastly, that the sums paid by each passenger are as follows:—between any points within the barriers of Paris, 6 sous, with four additional if taken to places beyond the barriers. On Sundays the latter charge of 4 is increased to 6, the former charge remaining the same.

The establishment at the Barrière de Charenton in all main points was very creditably kept. On the whole, however, the horses were inferior to those working at the west end; indeed, although their health and comforts were essentially attended to, the locality seemed to authorize less attention to outward appearances.

While I was looking at the stud, I asked the chief superintendent what became of the company's horses—as they did not sell them—when no longer capable of public service; and as he gave me the same answer I had received from M. Denault, namely, that they were usually sent to the horse-slaughterers, called "équarrisseurs," at a considerable distance in the Plaine des Vertus, I begged he would give me a note of introduction, that I might ascertain what was the real conclusion of their career. He readily complied with my request, and accordingly, after thanking him for his great kindness, I managed to find another four-wheeled carriage, in which I drove off.

* To amuse themselves with.

THE ÉQUARRISSEUR.

As we proceeded, the houses of the environs of Paris very soon began to turn into small habitations, dead walls, and at last altogether to die away. The road also appeared gradually to be losing its senses, and to stagger as if it had no idea at all where it was going to; and as I also was destitute of any knowledge on the subject, I remained passive, excepting now and then when, in going over lumps of loose stones, which appeared exceedingly disposed to upset us, I deemed it necessary with extended arms to hold on to each side of the carriage. In about half an hour we drove through a temporary passage in the masonry of the escarp of the line of fortifications which surrounds the metropolis; and here, for a few minutes, I descended from the carriage.

The fortified line of *enceinte* round Paris, which has caused so much observation and discussion, is composed of a rampart, ditch, covered berm (broad enough to be manned by skirmishers, or riflemen), and raised glacis, as accurately as I could measure them—which any person is allowed to do—of the following dimensions:—

	Feet.
Height of the masonry of the escarp, above which is an earthen parapet . .	33
Breadth of the ditch from 55 to . .	150
Height of crest of glacis above the bottom of the ditch	26

The masonry of the escarp is so well covered in front that it would evidently be impossible to breach it from a distance; and the enceinte, being a bastioned line, is in every part thoroughly well flanked; besides which its extent is so great that, practically speaking, it possesses almost the advantage of being a straight interminable front, which, of course, would prevent an enemy from enveloping its works for the purpose of enfilading them.

The counterscarp has not been riveted; and thus not only has a great expense been saved, but, as the army of defence

would always be on a very large scale, the slope upwards to the covered berm and crest of the glacis would enable columns of troops of 10,000 or 20,000 men to make sorties on extended fronts from the ditch, which would again afford them most easy and convenient shelter if repulsed. The passage through the enceinte for the highroads (similar to that in which my carriage was standing) would, of course, have proper gates, barriers, and loopholed defences applied whenever there appeared any probability of their being required, and at the same time the works would be armed.

The fortifying of Paris is generally acknowledged to have been a very judicious measure, and in this opinion I quite concur.

Wars will hereafter be more likely to be made by coalitions than formerly, and France more than any other country likely to be attacked by a powerful coalition. The armies of the Continent of Europe are much larger than they used to be; and from these facts combined it is undeniable that France may be assailed by 400,000 or 500,000 men at once. Under such circumstances the old lines of frontier-fortresses would not, as they were intended, afford the resource of checking the enemy at the threshold for months, because he would have forces enough to mask or watch them, as also his communications, and to make a dash at the capital with 100.000 or 150,000 troops, as was done in 1814, and again after Waterloo, and as, on similar principles of his own originating, Napoleon did in 1809 and 1812, &c.

Besides this, the frontiers of France, by the peace of 1815, have been left comparatively open, as regards the covering by fortresses, and thus all the studies and labours of Vauban, Louis XIV., and Bonaparte, have been completely annulled.

If Paris, therefore, *could* be made defensible, so as to afford time, before it were taken, to give to the government a chance of re-organising new armies, and of then acting upon the more extended lines of operations of the invader, it would more than replace the advantages of the frontier-fortresses, inasmuch as the movements against it would be much more difficult to support, and consequently much more dangerous to attempt.

The practicability of giving to Paris sufficient defensive powers depends upon two things:—

1st, On its fortifications being compact, and with ground around them favourable in form, and in freedom from buildings, enclosures, &c.

All which are peculiarly the case at Paris.

2nd, On the constant presence of a garrison sufficient in numbers and quality, without trenching upon the strength of the regular army for the field,—

Which is found in the hundreds of thousands of National Guards, who, under a certain military organization, are well armed, equipped, and accustomed to turn out and take ordinanary military duties; and although they would be very inferior as a manœuvring army in the field, yet backed by all the resources of Paris and the greater part of the population, including the *Ecole Polytechnique* and *élèves* of all sorts, who, for some unaccountable reason, in battles in Paris always seem to take the lead—they would form an excellent garrison in a fortress.

In France all military men seem to agree in the propriety of fortifying Paris, and the details of the execution of the "*enceinte continue*" are certainly extremely well adapted to the circumstances and object. The main foundation is laid, and seems to be carefully maintained; the filling up, by planting artillery, fixing a few barrier-gates and palisadings, and establishing some outworks in earth, would be readily added where most required, and the whole would b ethen most formidable.

The only discussion of any importance has been against the detached forts; and that has been raised by the ultra-republican party entirely on political grounds. They foresee that these forts would act as citadels to repress popular insurrections. This they would certainly help to do,—

1st, By securing arms, ammunition, and military means, &c., from the insurgents.

2ndly, By keeping the troops separated from the people.

3rdly, By placing small numbers i nsecurity to hold positions, containing prisons for safely guarding political offenders, &c. These advantages the Red Republicans, of course, deprecate; but, constitutionally speaking, ought the stability of even a Republican government to exist at the mercy of any sudden popular effort, founded, perhaps, on a delusion or fallacy, and always leading to absolute anarchy? And, again,

could these forts really impede any well-considered reform that the public generally desired?

The ultra party, in their efforts to gain their point, have endeavoured to show that the detached forts of Paris have been constructed on faulty principles, even as a means of defence against a foreign enemy; but I believe it is generally admitted they are decidedly wrong; for there cannot be a doubt but that, when considered only in a military point of view, they would afford a very important support to the lines of circumvallation around Paris, besides forcing an enemy to keep at a greater distance, and to extend to a greater degree his communications.

It would no doubt be necessary that these detached forts should be garrisoned by *good* troops; still they need not be all from the most efficient regulars; invalides, pensioners, gendarmes, and other *old soldiers*, who must always be in Paris, might form the bulk of them, the remainder being composed of the National Guard.

With respect to the continued lines—"enceinte continue"—around Paris, it may be said that even the large body of National Guards would not be sufficient fully to man their numerous bastions, &c., &c.; but it must be recollected that Paris could not in such a case by possibility be attacked, or *even threatened*, all round. It could only be attacked or seriously threatened by a very large force; and such a one could not be moved round by stealth, but would require *days* to be transported from one side to another, while the garrison would make counter-movements in *hours;* therefore at least two-thirds or three-fourths of the garrison would be on the sides liable to be attacked.

There exists, however, one consideration that would, of course, affect the whole question of the permanency of the organization of that National Guard on which the whole defence depends.

The army, and the ultra advocates for order and for a strong government, under the plea that the National Guard has been the pivot on which all the popular movements have turned, would be very desirous of disbanding and abolishing it, but it may be presumed they are little likely to succeed.

On passing through the cutting, the magnificent plain before me appeared not only admirably adapted for the purposes

of war but for the blessings of peace: a more perfect level of rich land can scarcely be beheld; indeed, the verdure was almost too luxuriant.

My enjoyment, however, of this scene was somewhat interrupted by the driver stopping the carriage at a point where the road on which we travelled branched into two crooked paths, first at one of which, and then at the other, he kept turning his face, evidently showing he did not know which to select. As, however, on that on the left I perceived a man approaching us on horseback, I desired him to drive along it, and when we met our fellow traveller I learned from him with much pleasure (to the driver, who was employed by the hour, it probably did not so much matter) that we were not only "all right," but with his hand he pointed out to us, at a considerable distance, some low buildings containing the chimney of a steam-engine, and surrounded by a wall, which he informed me was the place I was seeking.

On reaching the great entrance gate, I perceived, seated on the ground, four or five exceedingly pretty children; and on the driver ringing the bell, there came out and up to me a young woman, whose clean appearance and pleasing countenance I certainly had not expected to find within so solitary, and, from the ideas connected with it, so gloomy an abode. On receiving my note she said she would go and look for the superintendent; in the meanwhile, as she begged I would walk in, I entered the gate, and turning to the right, proceeded by myself about fifty yards, until I came to a scene that arrested me. Before me was a mass of about 50 yards of motionless and moving substances. The former were the carcases of horses, at the furthermost end in their hides,—nearer just skinned,—nearer still headless,—and close to me divided into limbs. Among this mass of skulls, bones, limbs, and dull flabby skins, stooping and standing in various attitudes, were the men who were performing these various operations; and as, in point of colour, their dresses assimilated with their work, it was, as I have stated, difficult at the first glance to discover the living from the dead.

In front of this strange scene, and immediately before me, were two rather ill-looking men with mustachios and beards, each employed at a separate stone table in skinning a dead dog.

"What! do you kill *dogs* here?" said I, addressing myself to these men.

"Oh oui!" said the worst-looking of them, "toute sorte d'animaux!" * and, after a pause, without once having raised his eyes to look at me, he added, as he sliced away, "même d'humains!" †

It was the only unpolite answer I received in France, and, as I knew pretty well how to deal with it, I said very gravely, "Et les femmes, vous les tuez aussi?" ‡

The man instantly stopped skinning,—loooked up,—grinned,—his comrade grinned too,—and we were all friends. They informed me that the dogs they were skinning had been sent by the police of Paris, who take summary possession of any that, especially in hot weather, are found wandering about without masters.

Although the scene before me was undeniably a strange one, it was neither what I cared for nor what I had come for; and, as it was the condition of the poor living horses, and not the disposition of the carcases or bones of dead ones, for which I felt any interest, I asked the man who had given me the sulky answer if he would do me the favour to conduct me over the establishment, which, no doubt with the knowledge that I was "Anglais," § he readily consented to do. Accordingly, at my request, he led me to a portion of the yard about fifty yards off, where I found standing, tied up to a strong rail, the three horses next to be slaughtered. The hair of their manes and tails was cut close off; at a slight glance at their flanks I at once saw, however, all I was anxious to ascertain, namely, that they were full of food. What were their disorders, of lungs or limbs, whether they were broken-winded or incurably lame, were facts I did not care to investigate; but there is something so revolting in the idea of allowing a poor horse,—our willing servant of all work,—to suffer in his last moments from the pangs of hunger, that, considering the lonely spot in which we stood, I own I felt relieved as well as rejoiced to see what I have described. The man informed me that, under the supervision of an agent of police, who resides in the establish-

* Oh yes! all sorts of animals.
† Human beings as well.
‡ And women, do you kill them too!
§ An Englishman.

ment—which had been constructed by a company, and which in thirty-one years will belong to Paris—the animals sent to be slaughtered are, except under particular circumstances, not allowed to be kept alive above twenty-four hours; indeed, they are generally killed on the day of their arrival. That, during the time they are alive, horses, cows, and bullocks, receive one "botte" of hay per day; asses and mules, half a "botte." That dogs and cats are usually killed by the police, and sent merely to be skinned.

A few yards off on my right was a large heap of horses' feet, and, as I observed most of them had shoes on, I inquired the reason. "Ah!" said the man, very gravely, "c'est qu'ils ont appartenu à des personnes qui ne s'amusent pas à les déferrer." *

He then conducted me to a covered building, where the bodies of the horses are boiled, and in which are steam presses, to extract "l'huile de cheval," † after which is made Prussian blue, the residue being sold as manure; in the adjacent building there stood a number of casks full of the oil extracted.

THE POOR OF PARIS.

In France so much has been said and sung, so much written in ink and in blood, about liberty, fraternity, and equality, that on my arrival at Paris I might have expected to find that the innumerable gradations into which society in England and elsewhere is divided had been swept away; that in the French metropolis wealth had no mountains, poverty no valleys, but that the whole family of mankind were living together on a "pays bas,"—on one common level. The first hatter's shop I came to, however, very clearly explained to me that the advocates of "equality" have preached infinitely more than they have practised.

In one window, in the Rue St. Honoré, and within a hun-

* Ah! it is because they belonged to people who did not care about (literally, "who did not amuse themselves by") taking the shoes off.

† Horse-oil.

dred yards of my lodging, I beheld, the very first morning I left it, citizens' hats of various prices; cocked hats, helmets, and shakos, of various grades; and, finally, servants' hats, finer, if possible, than all. Several had not only bands of broad silver or gold lace, but either the edges were broadly trimmed with the same costly material, or the hat was ornamented with four rich silver cords from brim to crown, terminating in a fine gilt button. There were, also, for the postilions of the republic, jockey caps of superfine blue cloth, ornamented by a broad silver band, containing a gold stripe in the centre.

In the principal streets, and especially in the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, are to be seen, during the hours of fashionable resort, every description of carriage, from four-in-hand chariots, and barouches, driven by coachmen in wigs with two tiers of curls, and bearing coronets of different ranks, down to the citadine containing a whole family, who have probably hired it to enjoy the luxury of an hour's drive.

In rumbles behind I often saw two footmen in splendid liveries, with bouquets of flowers in their breasts, sitting "à l'Anglaise," in mute silence, with folded arms, terminating in milk-white gloves.

On nearly every barouche-box is to be seen, beside the coachman, a servant, more or less gaudy, in a similar attitude—the favourite folly of the day. As these carriages, following each other in line, parade or vibrate from one end of the avenue to the other, "down the middle and up again," they pass or are passed by equestrians in every known costume. Some are so padded and stuffed,—so ornamented with fine frills in their bosoms and beautiful flowers at their breasts,—have such little feet and such small fingers,—in short, are altogether so fashionably dressed, that one hardly knows whether they are big girls or great men. Some are dressed as "cavaliers," in complete riding costume, others in shooting coats, a few in uniform, many in blouses.

On the boulevards are to be seen at all times, and especially in hot weather, enormous crowds of people seated on chairs, or slowly lounging about, apparently with no business to perform, or other object to look forward to than to get rid of sultry weather, by means of little cups of coffee, little glasses of brandy, tobacco-smoke, and repose. Of this crowd a proportion are

men who, having nourished no natural attachments, have sold the patrimony they inherited for a small annuity, and, like the candles at a Dutch auction, are living it out. Among the mass are a vast number of people who, according to the custom of Paris, have got off their two or three children—not one half of the mothers suckle their own infants—by sending them, as soon as they have become three or four years old, for eight or ten years to "pensions" in the country, where, entirely weaned from parental solicitude, they naturally become *all* socialists.

In Paris a very large number of poor people associate as man and wife without being married; and what is particularly demoralising to the community, the generality of them live together very happily.

Now, although all these various grades of society and different modes of existence form a striking contrast to the words "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," which on every public building, and on most of the churches of Paris, are to be seen inscribed in the coarsest, cheapest description of black paint, so bad that it must evidently in a very few years peel off, crack off, or by rain or revolutions be washed off; yet, in she midst of varnished carriages with coronets, equestrians, pedestrians, chairs, little tables, coffee, brandy, and tobacco-smoke, I was constantly asking myself this important question, "Where are the poor?"

Now, it so happened that the same question had been intruding itself on the mind of Lord Ashley; and as, in reply to his philanthropic inquiries on the subject, Dr. M'Carty, physician to the British Embassy at Paris, a gentleman of great ability and intelligence, had offered to conduct him to a few of the very worst and poorest parts of Paris, I gladly availed myself of Lord Ashley's kind invitation that I should accompany him. Accordingly, meeting by appointment at Meurice's hotel, his lordship, Dr. M'Carty, and myself, one after another, walked up the crazy steps of a "voiture de place," at the window of which, as soon as we were all seated, there appeared, in the form of a note of interrogation, the hat, face, neckcloth, and waistcoat of the driver.

"Au Marché des Patriarches,"* replied Dr. M'Carty, leaning towards him.

* To the Market of the Patriarchs!

"Bien, Monsieur!"* said our conductor, and then, mounting his box, he rumbled us along the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, across the Place du Louvre, close to the beautiful Gardens of the Luxembourg, and at last into the Rue d'Enfer.† Said I to myself, as I read its name at the corner of the street, "This looks something like business." From thence we proceeded along several clean streets, until Dr. M'Carty observed to us that we were approaching our object. The words, however, were hardly out of his mouth before we rattled by a nice small plot of open ground, covered with trees. I was so anxious to arrive at zero, that, strange to say, I felt quite disappointed at the fresh air which these trees seemed to enjoy, and at the cool agreeable shade they created; and I had not recovered from this feeling when the carriage stopped, the driver opened the door, and we one by one got out. As we stood together in a group, I fancied we all looked a trifle smarter in our dress, and that the watch-chains in some of our waistcoat pockets glittered a little more, than when we had entered the voiture de place; but as no change could have come over us, the difference must have proceeded from our being now in a part of the city of inferior architecture, inhabited by people whose dress at once proclaimed them to belong to an infinitely less opulent portion of the community. Still everything and everybody I saw were neat; the caps of the women, whether walking in the streets, standing at their doors, or within their shops, were fresh and white. The shirts of the men were, considering it was Friday, very clean too; but as we followed Dr. M'Carty, what struck me most was, that every man, woman, and child we met was habited in a national costume, expressive of his—I must not in a republic say rank, but— . . . avocation. The gold ear-rings, particular-shaped cap, or handkerchief twisted round the head, was something that the wearer seemed not only authorised to carry, but proud to call her own. No doubt these deceitful ornaments often bloomed over an aching heart, and a faint stomach; and there might, therefore, I felt, exist misery, which, as a passing stranger, I might be incompetent to analyse, and consequently unable to detect.

Before, however, coming to any conclusion on the subject, I must observe that there existed before my eyes a difference,

* Good, Sir! † Hell Street.

if possible, still more remarkable, and which in a comparison between the poorest parts of Paris and London cannot with fairness be overlooked. In London, and even in England, people accustomed from their infancy to that moist healthy climate which gives verdure to animal life, red and white roses to the cheeks of our peasantry and to those of their lovely children, are really not aware that, under all circumstances, and at all periods of the year, they are living, in the country in a mist, and in London in an atmosphere of smoke, of more or less density. It is true, often in the country, and even in the metropolis, we have bright sunshiny days, in which we talk of the air being beautifully clear; but between the air of England and of Paris there is as much difference in clearness as between the colour of the water in the straits between Dover and Calais and that of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in which the blue sky of heaven appears to be reflected.

But not only does the air of Paris possess a clearness I have never seen exceeded, or scarcely equalled, in any other portion of the globe, but, from the absence of mist and smoke, it is enabled to receive, and it evidently does contain, infinitely more light than can possibly find room to exist in the moist "half and half" air and water atmosphere of England. In the broad streets, in the great squares, and especially from the gritty asphalt pavement of the Place de Concorde, the reverberation of a superabundance of light generates green goggles for old eyes, crows' feet around middle-aged ones, and for a few moments lowering eyebrows, even above young ones. But it is in the poorest parts of Paris this remarkable amount of light, of dryness, and of clearness of the atmosphere, are most striking. Indeed, as I followed Dr. M'Carty, I remarked in every street we entered, that, as far as the eye could reach, there was apparently no difference whatever between the clear, clean air on the pavement and that of the heavens over our head. Every distant moving object, every carriage, every horse, every man, every woman, every child, every dog, and every cat that, chased by the dog, scampered across the street, was as clearly visible as if it had passed close to us. In fact, the air was so clear that distance appeared unable, as in England, to dissolve the interesting picture which every street and alley we entered brought to view.

As in the case of the difference of dress, it must, however,

be considered that, although the clearness I have described gives a charm, a cheerfulness, and a transcendent beauty to the streets of Paris, there may, and I believe there does, lie lurking within it an amount of impurity which, although it be invisible, renders Paris, on the whole, infinitely less healthy than London. Without tracing the various bad smells which proceed from almost every floor of almost every house to their impure sources, it is evident that in the aggregate they must contaminate although they do not discolour; and it is no doubt for this reason—from the continued prevalence of this invisible agent—in fact, from inferior sanitary arrangements, and especially from defective drainage—that,

While the comparative mortality of the population of London, exceeding two millions, is 2·5 per cent., the mortality of the population of Paris, rather less than one million, is 3·3 per cent.

Again, while the ravages of the cholera in London were in the proportion of 14·601 per cent., in Paris they were 15·196 per cent.

The total average deaths in Paris are from 28,000 to 30,000 annually, which, on a population of 900,000, gives about 1 in 30.

The deaths in London, varying from 1 in 28 in Whitechapel to 1 in 56 in Hackney, average for the whole population 1 in 42; that is to say, about one-fourth less than at Paris: and thus, from inferior sanitary arrangements, there die annually in clear bright Paris about 7000 persons more than, out of the same amount of population, die in smoky London.

But although I summoned these statistics into my mind to prevent it being led astray by appearances which might be deceitful, yet I must own it was my impression, and I believe that of Lord Ashley, that the poverty we had come to witness bore no comparison whatever to that recklessness of personal appearance, that abject wretchedness, that squalid misery, which—dressed in the cast-off tattered garments of our aristocracy and wealthy classes, and in clothes perforated with holes not to be seen among the most savage tribes—Ireland annually pours out upon England, and which, in the crowded courts and alleys of London I have so often visited, produce among our own people, as it were by infection which no moral remedy has yet been able to cure, scenes not only revolting as

well as discreditable to human nature, but which are to be witnessed in no other portion, civilized or uncivilized, of the globe.

As we were anxious to get into the interior of some of the poorest of the houses around us, we entered the shop of a cobbler, who as usual

"liv'd in a stall,
Which served him for parlour, kitchen, and all."

The poor fellow was not only very indigent, but evidently did not like "rich aristocrats," which our dress, to his mind, proclaimed us to be.—How little did he know that the arch-aristocrat of the party before him was an English nobleman, who, regardless of the allurements of rank and station, had laboured during nearly his whole life to ameliorate the condition of those beneath him!—Accordingly, as he sat hammering away, he gave to our questions very short answers. He was in fact a true republican: still, however, although he wanted exceedingly to get rid of us, he did not use towards us a word approaching to incivility; and I moreover observed that, whatever might be his poverty or his principles, he wore a clean shirt, and was otherwise decently dressed.

In passing along the next street, we entered a very large house, in which we perceived a great congregation of women, all busily engaged, each at her tub, in washing. Over their heads, and the steam that partially enveloped them, there hung from a rafter a large tricolor flag, above which were inscribed the words—"Vive la République."*

As our entrance naturally caused some little sensation, one of our party endeavoured to allay it by telling a stout lady, who had evidently the charge of the whole—what, under every circumstance, is always the best—the truth; namely, that we had walked in to see her establishment.

"Voyez donc, Monsieur!" said the stout woman, waving her right hand successively at all her assistants; "il y a des jeunes et des vieilles." After a short pause she added, "Vous en trouverez qui sont jolies. Allez!"†

Their beauty, however, not being to Lord Ashley or any of

* The republic for ever!

† Look over it, Sir; there are young and old. You will find among them some that are pretty. Arrah!

us a subject of what is called primary importance, we ventured to make a few statistical inquiries: upon which the lady, evidently suspecting that our object must, in some way or other, be hostile to the flag under which she presided, suddenly became so exceedingly cautious, that, excepting seeing that there were no very distressing signs of poverty in her establishment—which, indeed, was all we desired to ascertain—we could obtain nothing in answer to our queries but a repetition of the words "Je n'en sais rien, Monsieur! ça ne m'occupe pas!"* and so we departed.

As in the locality in which we stood we had failed to find any of those painful combinations of poverty and despair we had been led to expect, Dr. M'Carty was kind enough to propose to go with us in search of them to another district of Paris, commonly called, "la Petite Pologne." Here, however, we found the general condition of the poorer classes in no way worse than those we had just left. On entering a large house, four stories high, running round a small, square, hollow court, we ascertained that it contained rather more than 500 lodgers, usually grouped together in families or in little communities. In this barrack or warren, the rooms, paved with bricks, were about 15 feet long, 10 feet broad, and 8 feet high. We found them, generally speaking, clean and well ventilated, but the charge for each chamber unfurnished was six francs per month.

Dr. M'Carty now kindly proposed that we should return to the rich west end of Paris, to the most miserable district in that portion of the city. Here also we failed to meet with anything that could be said to add opprobrium to poverty. The inhabitants of the few houses we entered were, no doubt, existing upon very feeble subsistence, but in every case they appeared anxious to preserve polite manners, and to be clean in their dress. In the Rue du Roche, No. 2, we entered a lodging-house kept by a clean, pleasing-mannered woman, and as all her lodgers were out at work, we walked over her establishment. The rooms, which were about 8 feet 7 inches in height, contained — nearly touching each other — from three to five double beds; for each of which she charged 10 sous per night, being 5 sous, or 2½*d.* for each sleeper (in Lon-

* I know nothing about it, Sir; it does not concern me!

don the charge is usually 4*d.*). The woman told us that to every bed she allowed clean sheets once a fortnight. Each room had one window, and we found every one in the house wide open.

Although Dr. M'Carty had now shown us the poorest description of people of whose condition he was cognisant, I have no doubt that an agent of the police could have led us to scenes of greater misery than those I have described.

JARDIN DES PLANTES.

On coming out of the Boulevart de l'Hôpital I found myself close to the Jardin des Plantes, and as I had procured an ordinary order of admission, which happened to be in my pocket-book, I walked into it.

The politeness which distinguishes the French nation is not only retailed by every citizen of Paris, but with a liberality which merits the admiration of the civilized world. is administered wholesale by the French Government to every stranger who visits their metropolis. For instance, the magnificent cabinets of comparative anatomy, the gallery of zoology, the specimens contained in the mineralogical and geological galleries of the Jardin des Plantes, are only open to the citizens of Paris on Tuesdays and on Fridays; whereas any traveller, however humble his station, on application in writing, or by merely producing his passport certifying that he is a stranger in the land of a great nation, is, in addition to the days mentioned, allowed free entrance on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. On Wednesdays the collections are closed for cleaning, and on Sundays no person is admitted. Dogs must always be muzzled, and, to prevent mischief, they are not allowed in any instance to enter that portion of the grounds in which the loose animals are kept.

I had scarcely entered the gardens when I was accosted by a short, active man of about fifty-five years of age, with a brown face and an arched nose—it arched concavely, snout-wise—who in a few words, very logically explained to me—

1st, That I was evidently a foreigner;

2ndly, That being a foreigner I must necessarily be totally ignorant of the localities of the Jardin des Plantes;

3rdly, that being ignorant I should be lost in the intricacies of its curiosities;

4thly, That he was an authorised commissionaire; in short, that I knew nothing, he everything, and

THEREFORE that *I* should gain infinitely by putting myself under his care.

The demonstration was so complete, that by the utterance of "Allons donc!"* I gruffly consummated the alliance he proposed; and the two syllables could not, I am sure, have flown twenty yards, before I and the brown-faced man with the arched nose were walking together rather vigorously along a broad path, shaded by trees, towards the gallery of zoology.

I now discovered—as in hasty love matches has but too often proved to be the case—that my guide and I were unhappily missuited to each other, and the consequence was we had at least six quarrels—or, to state the case more fairly, he forced me to quarrel with him about half a dozen times—before we had proceeded a hundred yards. The subject of our dispute, which I submit to the unprejudiced judgment of the reader, was as follows. I—looking upon the man as my slave, and recollecting the American maxim "that every man has an undoubted right to flog his own nigger,"—felt I was authorised to put to him little questions as fast as each, one after another, bubbled up in my mind; but every time I attempted to do so, and before I had got out three words, he invariably stopped me full butt by advising me to go and see the animals and the labyrinth, for reasons which I, in return, would not allow him to utter. In fact, just as a new member in the House of Commons, who, having written out his maiden speech, and learnt it by heart, cannot deliver himself of any other, so had my guide only one way of showing me what he thought I ought to see; in fact, my ideas, whether first, second, or third-class passengers, were all to run on his rails.

I told him I would not give a sou to see all the animals in the world; that I detested a labyrinth; and as he began to see I evidently disliked him too, and that I was seriously

* Get on then!

thinking of a divorce, he shrugged up his shoulders, and we walked in silence towards the gallery of zoology, a plain building of three stories high, 390 feet in length, into which I was very glad to find that he, not being a stranger, was not allowed to enter.

The magnificent collection in the seven great apartments of this establishment are classed according to the system of Baron Cuvier. In the first room stands a marble statue of Buffon, appropriately surrounded in this and also in the following room by a complete collection of highly-varnished turtles and tortoises of all sizes, little fishes and serpents in bottles, enormous large ones suspended from the ceiling, snakes in the corner, and aquatic birds of every possible description in all directions. In the third are congregated more than 2000 reptiles of 500 different sorts, divided into four great families, namely, Chelonians, commonly called tortoises; Saurians, or lizards, comprehending crocodiles, &c.; Ophidians, or serpents; and Batracians, vulgarly termed by the uninitiated toads, frogs, &c. The fourth contains crustaceous species, comprehending brachyures, anomures, macroures, stomapodes, amphipodes, and xyphosures. The fifth is enlivened by a great variety of stuffed apes, monkeys, ourang-outangs, and chimpanzees. In the sixth are zoophytes, sponges, nautili, and fossil shells. In the seventh is a beautiful statue in white marble, by Dupaty, representing vivifying Nature, surrounded by a quantity of stuffed goats, dogs, and llamas.

From this splendid collection I ascended by a staircase, the walls of which—no doubt with a view to keep the pot of the mind of visitors constantly boiling—have been appropriately hung with dolphins, seals, and other marine animals, to the second story, composed of four vaulted rooms, in the first of which are various species of mammalia, such as foxes, bears, weasels, and kangaroos. The next room swarms with apes, armadillos, bears, wolves, hyænas, and ferrets. In the third, a long gallery, intersected by four arches, contains, principally in glass cases, upwards of 10,000 stuffed birds of 2500 different sorts, forming the most complete collection in Europe.

In the centre of rooms Nos. 2, 3, and 4, just described, are arranged in glass cases a complete collection of polypterous and apterous insects, also nests of termites, hornets, and wasps, with specimens of the devastations effected in wood by

different species of worms; likewise a numerous collection of shells, mollusca, zoophytes, echini, &c.

On the ground-floor are two rooms full of duplicates of zoophytes and specimens preserved in spirits; and in the third mammiferous animals of the largest class, such as elephants, hippopotami, morses, rhinoceros, &c.

On the whole the gallery of zoology of the Jardin des Plantes is estimated to contain upwards of 200,000 specimens of the animal kingdom, among which are 2000 specimens of mammalia, of nearly 500 different species, and 5000 specimens of fishes of about 2500 species; besides which there is a very complete variety of tubifores, madrepores, millepores, corallines, and sponges.

While, with Galignani's guide-book in my hand, I was hastily passing through the chambers I have detailed, now stopping for a moment to look at a large specimen and then at a little one, I could not help acknowledging how pleased my guide—who had been trying in vain to allure me to the living animals of the Garden—would be could he but witness the feelings which, on very slippery boards, I experienced as I walked between scales of serpents, shells of tortoises, skins of animals, and the plumage of birds, whose bodies were all gone, and whose joyous lives had long been extinct; all had been the captives of man; all had died either by his hands, or in his hands; and although their variety was infinite, their congregation astonishing, and the method of their arrangement most admirable, yet in point of beauty, every specimen —whether of a poor bird with wings extended always in the same attitude, of an animal with glass eyes and puffy legs, of a gouty-looking fish immoveably floating in spirits of wine —was but an unsightly mockery of the living creatures with which it has pleased an Almighty Power to ornament and animate that tiny speck of his creation on which we live.

On descending the slippery stairs into the fresh air, my guide—who had been waiting at the door like a cat watching for a mouse—instantly joined me, and probably having, like myself, had time to reflect on the subject of our disputes, he conducted me very obediently towards the point I had named, without once reverting to the labyrinth or to the animals, which I have no doubt, were still meandering and swarming in his mind. Nevertheless, to every little question I was

about to put to him, he could not refrain from beginning to give me a long answer before I had said three syllables; and his apprehension was so uncomfortably quick, and his retention of speech so feeble, that I had become quite disgusted with him, when, as we were walking together rather quickly, he suddenly stopped.

On the ground on my right, with her back against a row of iron rails, was seated a poor woman with two children by her side; another, a little boy, had been playing with a ball; and it was because the child had thrown his ball between the rails, out of his reach, and stood wistfully looking at it, that my guide had stopped in the very middle of a question I was asking him.

"Pardon, Monsieur!"* said he to me, leaning towards me, and taking out of my left hand my umbrella, with which, after a good deal of dexterous fishing, he managed to hook out the lost ball. The child joyfully seized it.

"Qu'est-ce que vous allez dire à Monsieur?"† said his mother to him.

"Merci, Monsieur!"‡ said the boy, looking my guide full in the face, and slightly bowing to him. The man touched his hat to the poor woman, and then walked on.

"Well!" said I to myself, "that scene is better worth beholding than a varnished fish, or a stuffed monkey!" and after witnessing it, and reflecting on it, somehow or other, I quarrelled no more with my guide.

I had now been conducted, according to my desire, to the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, which, by the unwearied exertions of Baron Cuvier, by whom it was arranged, and under whose direction most of the objects were prepared, has become the richest and most valuable collection in Europe.

On entering the ground floor I gazed for some minutes at an assortment of skeletons of whales,—of a variety of marine animals,—and of a male morse,—brought by Captain Parry from the Polar Regions; then proceeding into the next room, and afterwards up stairs, I found myself surrounded by mummies, then by rows of human skulls phrenologically arranged; then appeared the skulls of various animals; then

* Pardon me, Sir!
† What are you going to say to the gentleman!
‡ Thank you, Sir.

a model of the human head, which, on being taken to pieces, displayed all its anatomical secrets; then a cast of the human figure, denuded of its skin, cleverly developing the muscles; lastly, skulls and casts of great men, good men, and wicked men. Among these curiosities I stood for some time looking at a small group of skeletons, which had apparently been collected for the purpose of displaying comparative specimens of the different members of the nations of Europe.

There was the skeleton of an Italian, twenty-five years of age; of a Dutchman, aged forty; of a "Flamand," sixty; of a Frenchman (no age stated); and, lastly, one above which was written,—

"Anglais,
Agé de 68 ans.
De l'Hospice de la Pitié."*

I was looking at my countryman, who, poor fellow! had it seemed ended his earthly career, whatever it might have been, under the friendly but distant roof of a French hospital—the yearly average number of patients in which is 10,750—when I observed, written upon his skull, in pencil, the words

"Anglicus Superbus."†

In glancing at the row of skeletons before me, I had naturally been so impressed with the truisms that in death all men are equal, and that, although the bones before me had never chanced to enter that grave in which, it is said, no distinction exists, they were, at all events, now all alike, that it had never for a moment entered into my head to make any comparison between them. The words, however, in pencil, involuntarily drew my attention to the subject, and I then remarked, what any one who may hereafter visit this little row of grim skeletons will instantly perceive, namely, that in the poor Englishman's chest there is, where his lungs and heart had lived, room for a clean shirt, a couple of neckcloths, and half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs more than in the chest

* An Englishman,
Aged 68 years,
From the Hospital of Pity.

† The Proud Englishman.

of the Frenchman, Dutchman, Flamand, or Italian; and although I was very far from entertaining any desire to be witty, and, above all, to abuse the privilege which by the French nation had been so generously granted to me, I certainly did feel that, as an English translation of the words in pencil, "Anglicus Superbus," on the head of my poor countryman, who had died in an hospital, there might fairly be inscribed

"UGLY CUSTOMER;"

for a more powerful frame I never beheld: indeed the breadth between his chest and back-bone, as compared with his companions, is most remarkable.

Beside the group I have just described was a skeleton, over which, by authority of the museum, was inscribed,—

"Squelette de Solyman,
Instruit mais très fanatique,
Assassin de Kleber."*

In what may be called a chamber of horrors I perceived the inside of an ourang outang. Also the interior of some hens, showing the gradual formation of their eggs; and as a companion thereto, in a different portion of the room, were specimens showing the comparative size of infants of various ages.

One of the most interesting objects I witnessed in this department of science was a distinct human form, looking as if it had been spun by an immense spider. It was a representation of nothing but the heart, veins, and arteries of a man. The whole secret of his life was here developed. The course of his blood, rushing, flowing, ebbing back, creeping, and crawling to and from every part of his system, was so minutely detailed, that the momentary passing blush across his cheek was clearly explained.

On a board suspended against one of the walls of this room, I observed inscribed the following creditable appeal to the good sense and good feeling of the French people:—

* The skeleton of Solyman,
Learned, but a great fanatic,
The assassin of Kleber.

"Ces collections, Propriétés Nationales, sont mises sous la sauve-garde des citoyens."*

As I felt that I could manage to crawl about the garden, or even occasionally to sit down and rest myself, without assistance, on coming out of the museum I paid off my brown-faced attendant to his entire satisfaction; and having thus thrown off my allegiance to him, I determined for about half an hour to enjoy liberty, fraternity, and equality. I therefore joined the crowd, and as every body seemed to be strolling about, he or she knew not where or why, I very luxuriously did the same. Sometimes I found myself in an avenue of lime and chestnut trees;—then in a large enclosure forming the botanical garden, and called the school of Botany;—then in a nursery teeming with indigenous, exotic, and perennial plants;—then looking over the railings of a sunk enclosure containing a beautiful assortment of flowering shrubs;—then, after wandering about, I saw within a few feet on my right the bright eyes of a pair of beautiful antelopes, in an enclosure entirely their own;—then some very odd sheep, that looked as if their grandfather had been a respectable goat;—then, with horns growing backwards, some buffaloes;—then a flock of llamas. Then I came to a poultry-yard, in the middle of which stood a magnificent peacock, with his tail spread so that every eye in it might look directly at the sun; around him were a wife and an only child, a couple of cranes, some eccentric-looking geese, ducks, and other water-fowl, from various quarters of the globe. In another direction were some long-legged ostriches and a cassowari.

Then I passed a hexagonal building, with a projecting pavilion from each side, surrounded by railings, in which were a young rhinoceros, an Asiatic buffalo, a cabiäi or capybara from Brazil, and a brace of elephants, whose sagacious minds, or rather trunks, were constantly occupied in analysing the contents of a great number of little outstretched hands, some of which contained a bit of orange-peel,—rejected;—half a bun,—accepted;—the core and pips of an

* These collections, the Property of the Nation, are placed under the protection of the citizens.

apple, the rest of which a maidservant had eaten,—accepted; —&c.

In one enclosure were some beautiful zebras; in others South American buffaloes, antelopes, gazelles, and bisons. In the managerie, composed of two dens full of wild-beasts, were hyænas, wolves, jackals, leopards, lions and lionesses, safely secured by iron bars, through which a crowd of people of all ages, in round hats, cocked hats, casquets, caps, bonnets, and with mouths gaping or closed, are continually to be seen gazing at the captives. The chief point of attraction, however—I mean that which appeared to be best suited to all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, of senators, soldiers, and clergy—was a substantial stone building, divided into a number of little compartments, with a large circular playground in front, covered with wirework, in which were to be seen wet-nursing, caressing, squalling, quarrelling, gambolling, biting, pinching, pulling, jumping, vaulting, swinging by their tail, until tired by all these exertions they paused to rest and chatter, a large and complicated assortment of monkeys, daily allowed to enjoy sunshine and fresh air, and to hold a levee, until four o'clock, at which hour a couple of keepers with whips drive them into their respective cells, the doors of which—some not more than a foot square—shut them up for the remainder of the twenty-four hours, to ruminate on what they have seen, and digest as well as they can what they have eaten.

After passing some very large, lazy, soft, flabby boa constrictors under glass, and kept warm by blankets and hot air, in short, looking altogether very much like highly respectable aldermen after a civic feast, I came to a quantity of cages, containing all sorts of Roman or hook nosed birds of prey, from the tiny sparrow-hawk up to the eagle, vulture, and, at last, the great condor of South America, whose bald pate, bony legs, and muscular frame, I had never before seen in captivity; among them I observed a dull, puny-looking, brown bird, with a particularly weak beak, over whose head, as he stood moping on his perch, was written—"surely," said I to myself, "by some royalist"—

"Aigle Vulgaire de Corse."*

After strolling about some little time among a crowd of

* Common (vulgar) Eagle of Corsica.

people, who seemed to be as happy and as thoughtless as the birds singing in the trees around them, I saw several persons peeping over each other's shoulders at something beneath them, and, on my peeping too, over the bonnets and beautiful ribands of a lady, if possible, as old as myself, I perceived that the objects of their attention were some bears, in two or three deep pits, separated from each other by high walls, of the same altitude as those which surrounded them on the three other sides. In one of these cells were two large brown transatlantic specimens, living with all that can conveniently be granted to them to remind them of their distant homes; and thus, in the middle of the universe of their small paved court, there has been placed a solitary pole, with iron bars instead of branches, to represent the great forest of North America. With these reminiscences before them they are perfectly at liberty to roam as far and to climb as high as they can. One of the captives, however, instead of doing either one or the other, stood on his hind legs, searching for benevolent faces that would give him apples, while, in the adjoining cell, a white bear looked up most piteously as if begging only for—cold.

In another cell I observed poor Bruin cantering for exercise round his pit as steadily as if a horse-breaker had been lounging him; and yet I remarked that even *he* now and then, like Rasselas, looked upwards, evidently longing to be out. Among those who, like myself, were intently watching these poor captives, were two young fresh-coloured priests, in long black gowns, tight over their chests and loose downwards, three-cornered black hats, white bands, and white edges to their stocks. As they stood directly opposite, I found I could not conveniently raise my eyes from the animals without looking at them, and whenever I did so, and reflected, poor fellows! on the unnatural lives that had been chalked out for them, I could not help feeling that, on the whole, the bears had the best of it.

As I was retiring from the gardens in which, with so much pleasure, I had been a loiterer, just as I passed the barrier that contained the elephants the clock struck three. The sagacious creatures, who, resting first one huge fore leg and then the other, had been as attentive to the crowd as the latter had been to them, no sooner heard this signal than, turning their short apologies for tails towards the public and republic, and

their heads towards their dormitories, they awaited with apparent impatience,—every now and then uttering a noise compounded of the cries of birds and beasts,—until in a few seconds, the gates being thrown open, they walked in, and their doors being then closed, and there being nothing to be seen but the empty court in which they had stood, everybody, like myself, walked away.

MESSAGERIES GÉNÉRALES DE FRANCE.*

I was returning through La Rue Grenelle St. Honoré, when I was suddenly induced to turn to my right, under the lofty arch of a portecochère, over which was written in large letters the four words above described, and, on walking into a spacious paved yard, there instantly flashed before my eyes the yellow painted panels, bright scarlet borders, and black varnished tops of a congregation of three-bodied carriages, each divided into "coupé," "intérieur," and "rotunde," surrounded by cabriolets of various shapes. On looking round the court, one of the most prominent objects in which was a large clock, I saw, written in compartments on the wall, "Angleterre," Amsterdam, Aix-la-Chapelle, Besançon et Genève, St. Etienne et Clermont, Orléans, Tours, Saumur, Châteauroux, Cherbourg, Caen, Brest, Rennes. The scene was one of well-arranged confusion. While the cracking of whips assailed my ears, (the French postilions can, they say, crack, sufficiently well to be recognised, any common tune,) I observed people diagonally hurrying across the yard, and across each other, in all directions.

"Par ici, Madame, s'il vous plaît!"† said a porter, standing close to the horses of a diligence, all ready to start. "Montez, Monsieur!"‡ to a man, near him, carefully packed up for travelling.

Behind the exalted cabriolets and on the roofs of several

* General Coach Office, &c., of France.
† This way, Ma'am, if you please.
‡ Get in or up, Sir!

diligences about to start was conspicuous a magazine or storehouse of baggage, of the same height as, and of the whole length of, the carriage. The horses, whose picturesque collars were ornamented with bells, which at every moment slightly tinkled, were standing in whity-brown harness, with narrow reins. The driver or coachman of each vehicle was dressed in a hairy cap, a blouse apparently much bleached by wind and rain, and blue trowsers. The "conducteurs" in dark-cloth coats, covered with black lace, black filligree work, black frogs, and collars embroidered with silver. One had a scarlet sash round his waist. Standing in the yard beside them, were nearly a dozen women, some in white caps, some in black ones, but almost all with baskets in their hands.

"Adieu!" said one.

"Bon voyage, ma mère!!"* said another.

There were gentlemen with watch-chains of gold or silver festooned across their waistcoats; a dog vociferously barking in French; a miller, with a long beard all over flour; yellow hand-barrows wheeling portmanteaus, trunks, bandboxes, and gaudy carpet-bags; yellow one-horse baggage-carts, with black canvass covers.

In the principal "bureau," or office, I observed men writing, in beards, with faces the perspiration on which seemed to say they might do very well without them.

At last, "Montez, Madame!" "Allons!" Clack! . . . clack! . . clack! . . . clack! . . . clack! When the huge reeling mass, dragged by five horses in hand, first moved off, it appeared impossible for the pair of humble little wheelers, —who, without touching the pole, trotted before it like a guard of honour,—ever to stop, or even to steer it out of the yard. Nevertheless, clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! rolling and tossing like a great vessel just out of harbour, it obeyed the helm; and without the smallest difficulty—gloriously rumbling along the pavé as if it would shake the earth to its foundation—worming its way out of the court, it passed under the arch in triumph!

To each yellow baggage-cart, whose duty it is to despatch throughout Paris the mass of parcels, &c., continually arriving "par diligence," is attached a "facteur," to deliver the

* A good journey to you, mother!

packages, and a sous-facteur to drive the horse. Both of these birds of paradise are dressed in blue caps with silver embroidery, blue jackets, silver buttons, scarlet collar, blue trowsers, terminating in mock leather boots, sewed on to them.

In a similar dress, but a shade or two finer, stands the "facteur du bureau,"* who enregisters the "voyageurs,"† and eventually places, or,—in the case of an English travelling family who don't understand French,—politely stuffs them into their respective places.

THÉÂTRE DES ANIMAUX SAUVAGES.

I WAS strolling along the Boulevart des Italiens, when I observed on my left a number of people, without touching each other, standing in procession as if following some hearse that for a few moments had stopped. On looking, however, at the head of the little line of march, I perceived it crowding round a small hole about a foot square, into which they were paying money and receiving tickets.

"What place is this, if you please?" said I to a gentleman who was just passing.

"Monsieur," he replied, "c'est le théâtre des animaux sauvages."

He proceeded politely to tell me it was very near the hour at which the beasts were fed; and as he added I should have much pleasure in witnessing it, I obediently fell into the line of respectable-looking people who were approaching the little hole; and on arriving at it, and stooping down my head to look into it, I saw the bearded face of a grim-looking personage, who asked me very quickly what ticket I would have, and, as I was evidently perfectly unable to tell him, he kindly put the proposition before me in another light—namely, "to which part of the theatre did Monsieur wish to go?" As I had not the least idea into how many compartments the portion allotted for

* Head of the Office. † Travellers.
‡ Sir it's the theatre of wild beasts.

the spectators was divided, or what were their names, I was no better off than before, so I was obliged to ask him the prices of each; and having selected, as an Englishman invariably does, the most costly, he instantly gave me a card and some large double sous in return for a small piece of silver I hardly looked at, and do not know what it was. After proceeding along a passage, I came to a man who with one hand received my ticket and with the other pointed out the particular lane I was to follow, and which conducted me into an open space or "parterre," immediately in front of the cages of a quantity of wild beasts; on my right was a stout wooden painted partition, about five feet high, above which, on benches slightly rising one above another, were seated those who for 6*d.* and 3*d.* had obtained cheaper tickets.

As I had purchased the privilege of walking about, I spent nearly a quarter of an hour in looking—sometimes at two elephants who, each chained by one foot to a platform, stood see-sawing their huge bodies and slowly nodding their heads and trunks, their little sharp eyes all the time looking out in every direction for an extended hand with something white in it;—sometimes at a large rhinoceros, also on a platform, attended by an Arab in gaudy costume;—and sometimes at a series of cages in which were confined leopards, wolves, hyænas, bears, tigers, lions, with a den swarming alive with monkeys, swinging, chattering, fighting, squalling, screaming, and chasing each other in all directions, save into one corner, in which sat chained to the ground an immense, vindictive, desperate, bloodthirsty, red-republican looking chimpanzee. The monkeys sometimes got into such a violent commotion that a lad, whose principal duty it appeared consisted in beating them, opening a little door, entered among them with a whip. For some time he had been taking notes of their proceedings, and he now began—with impartial justice—to flog them according to their offences. The operation, which caused a great rush of the spectators in the "parterre" to the cage, was certainly not without its effect, for the monkeys, as soon as it was over, sat for nearly a minute without indulging in a single frolic, until, one happening to give a jump over the back of a comrade below, whose tail he most unfortunately twitched en passant, there revived, as in important diplomatic disputes, first of all grimaces, then a simultaneous display of innumerable sets of little white

teeth, then chattering, and finally a declaration of general war, which, as usual, in due time was succeeded by another peace. As the seats in the theatre were now almost all occupied, and the parterre nearly half covered with spectators, the business of the evening commenced by a young man, in a chanting tone,—in which a great deal of magnificent emphasis was almost invariably heaped upon the wrong words,—giving to the company the history of each of the largest of the animals. As soon as he had concluded, the turbaned Arab, with hooked nose and bright eyes, pointing with his sallow, lean, emaciated forefinger at the rhinoceros, detailed in broken French the history of his capture, of his embarkation, of his violent conduct on board ship during a gale of wind, of his endeavours to break a hole in the ship's side, and of the necessity therefore of sawing off his horn. He showed his horn at three years old; that which had grown out of him at seven; and approaching the huge hairless creature, he then pointed to a stout stump about four inches long, which, for safety's sake, was all he was now allowed to possess. He had scarcely concluded, when the young man who had described the other animals called out with a loud voice,—

"Charles va entrer dans le cage des léopards!"*

—towards which the people in the parterre immediately hurried. After a pause of about half a minute I heard three loud startling taps at the back of the cage, as if there had been "a message from the Lord's;" then the drawing back of an iron bolt; at last a small low door opened, through which there appeared, stooping as he entered, "CHARLES," who, instantly assuming an erect and rather theatrical attitude, stood in the midst of the beasts whose den he had invaded. He was a tall, thin, sinewy, handsome-looking man, with very black hair; and whether it was necessary for his protection, or whether it was merely a pretence, I know not, but his first precaution was, by a most extraordinary expression of his eyes, to look with them into those of each of the beasts around him, who severally, one after another, seemed to turn from his glance as if from fear, abhorrence, or both. However, whatever were their feelings, Charles very soon demonstrated that, in official language, "with sentiments of the utmost respect, they had the honour to be his most obedient, humble servants."

With his right hand catching one by the skin of his neck,

* Charles is going into the cage of the leopards!

he pulled him,— pushed him,—shook his left fist at him,—caught him by one fore-leg,—jerked it upwards, cast him on the ground,—and then, throwing himself upon him, leaning his elbow on his captive's neck, resting his head on his hand, and looking at the audience as if to say,—

"Now does not a leopard make a most easy chair?"—he received in acknowledgment a round of applause.

After subduing each of the leopards in a different way, he began rather frantically to wave his arms: upon which first one of them jumped over him, then another, until at last they were seen running round and over him in all directions. Charles, now looking to his right and then to his left, walked slowly backwards until he reached the little door, which opened,—allowed him to retire,—and then, as if with a sort of "shut sesame" influence, apparently closed of its own accord.

After the audience in the parterres had in groups talked it all over, and after a general buzz of conversation throughout the theatre—everybody within it appearing either to be talking, sucking an orange, or munching a cake—a loud voice again proclaimed,—

"Charles va entrer dans la cage des tigres."*

The same three knocks, the same entering bend, the same erect attitude, and the same extraordinary glare of his eyes, accompanied by a corresponding grin with his teeth, formed the prelude of operations, of which, as it would be tedious to repeat them, I will only say that although it was evident much greater circumspection was evinced, Charles succeeded in drilling his captives with wonderful power into extraordinary obedience. They growled, roared, opened their mouths, but, the moment he put his face against their beards, they turned from him as if they had been suddenly converted into bits of floating iron, and he into the repellant end of a powerful magnet.

After a third announcement, Charles entered the den of five lions, who, as compared with the tigers, appeared to be passionless; indeed, one might have fancied them not only to be beasts of burden rather than of prey, but that the burden they were especially intended to submit to was,—ill-

* Charles is going into the cage of the tigers.

treatment by man. The old shaggy father, or rather grandfather, of the family, seemed as if nothing could disturb his equanimity. Charles shook his lean flabby cheeks,—

> "for his skin
> Like a lady's loose gown hung about him,"

closed his eyes, forced them open, pulled at his long shaggy mane with both hands. By main strength opening his wide mouth, and disclosing long yellow tushes, blunted and distorted by age, he put his face to his great broad nose, rubbing his mustachios against it as he kissed it; then, again wrenching open his mouth, he slammed his jaws together with such violence that we heard the hard teeth clash.

In a similar way Charles successively paid his addresses to the lioness, who growled a good deal, and to the other lions, who made a variety of noises, between a roar, a grumble, and a snarl. He then drove them this way, that way, and all sorts of ways; pushing one with his foot, pulling another by the tail, &c., &c.; at last, going to one end of the cage and calling to the old grandfather, he made signs to him to come and lie down at his feet. The aged creature, who appeared to be dead sick of this world, of everything it contained, and especially of anything in it approaching to a joke, for some time looked at him most unwillingly, turning his head away as if to try and change the subject. At last, in obedience to repeated movements, especially of Charles's eyes, he got up, wormed his way between his wife or daughter-in-law, whichever it was, and the rest of his fellow-captives, and with a deep groan rolled over and lay motionless. Charles immediately set to work to arrange him as if he had been a corpse: pushed his great head square, tucked in a huge fore-leg, adjusted a hind one, put his long tail to rights, and when he was completely parallel to the bars he ogled the lioness, who, exceedingly unwillingly, at last came forward and lay down with her head on the old lion's flank. When she also was squared, Charles, with dumb signs, and without the utterance of a single word, for he seemed to do his work almost entirely by his eyes, insisted upon the remaining three lying down one after another, each with his head upon the flank of the last recumbent, in the way described. It took him a consid-

erable time to adjust them in a line, and, not satisfied with this, he then, with considerable force, put the upper fore paw of each over his bedfellow's neck, until they all formed one long confused mass of yellow hair, upon which he lay down "like a warrior taking his rest with his martial cloak around him."

His triumph was greeted with general approbation. I could not, however, help feeling I was witnessing an exhibition which no civilized country, most especially one like France, teeming with brave men, ought to allow. To maltreat a prisoner under any circumstances is ungenerous; deliberately to behave towards any living being with cruelty is discreditable; but when man, calling himself "the Lord of Creation," gifted with reason, coolly, coldly, deliberately, and by slow but continuous degrees, maltreats and tortures a wild animal distinguished by his courage, and whose characteristic is ferocity, he commits a crime, guilty in proportion to its success; indeed, a moment's reflection must surely convince any one how little cause any congregation of civilized beings have to rejoice in being able to demonstrate that, by a series of secret cruelties and by long-protracted indignities, man may at last succeed in subduing the courage, in cowing the spirit, in fact, in breaking the heart of a captive lion! and yet, incredible as it may sound, the people of England, but a few years ago, flocked in clouds to witness this unworthy triumph, little reflecting that while they were applauding Van Amburgh, and while they were cheering on English bulldogs to bite the ears and lacerate the jowl of a lion, apparently too noble to feel anything but astonishment at the foul treatment to which he was subjected, and which it is a well-known fact for a long time he disdained to resent, not only the people but the royal arms of England—"the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown,"—were publicly dishonoured and disgraced; for the French army under Napoleon might just as well, during their march of triumph, have amused themselves by assembling in a theatre to behold one of their countrymen pluck every feather from a living eagle, whose figure decorated alike their standards and their breasts, as a body of Englishmen publicly to torture that noble monarch of wild-beasts—one of the heraldic supporters of the British Crown!

But, under the beneficent dispensations of Providence, it

usually happens that what is unbecoming for man to perform is not only unwise but unprofitable. No one can phrenologically look at the head of a tiger without perceiving that he is not gifted with brains enough to govern his passions; and although a human being, *boasting of reason*, may with impunity succeed for some time in putting his head into the mouth and between the jaws of his victim, yet it is evident that, if anything should suddenly inflame the heart of the beast, there does not exist within his skull anything to counteract the catastrophe that occasionally has happened, and which in barbarous exhibitions of this sort is always liable to happen. For the preservation therefore of human life, and, what is infinitely more valuable, for the honour of human nature, it is to be hoped that the nations of Europe will by proper regulations prevent ferocious animals—properly enough exhibited as specimens of their race—from being treated, either in public or in private, with that cruelty or indignity which there can exist no doubt had been previously necessary to make hyænas, tigers, wolves, and lions go through the mountebank feats I have described.

However, "revenons à nos moutons."*

Charles now appeared on the elephants' platform, in front of which the occupiers of the parterre swarmed, and towards which the eyes of the rows of heads arranged in tiers one over another, were directed. As soon as the attendant had unscrewed the heavy chain just above the captive's foot, and which appeared to have pinched him a good deal, the huge creature walked up to Charles, and, as if determined—at all events as regarded politeness—to instruct rather than be instructed, with a wave of his trunk he took off Charles's hat for him, and with it bowed profoundly in three directions, to the ladies and gentlemen on his right, then to those on his left, and lastly to those immediately before him. In obedience to his master's words of command he now lifted up one clumsy gouty-looking leg, then another; then one fore leg and one hind one, of opposite sides; then one fore and hind leg of the same side; then the heavy animal, bowing with his trunk as he began, danced—with the monkey as his partner—the polka step, his kicking up behind—

> "Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
> And the yallar gall a kicking up behind old Joe!"

* To return to our subject.

—causing great merriment, especially, it appeared, to all who wore bonnets. He then, on a handful of mixed moneys being thrown on the platform, obediently picked up all the gold, and then all the silver, putting each piece into a box high above his head, the lid of which, being closed, he was obliged always to lift up. Lastly, he caused a sort of galvanic twitch more or less strong among the spectators by firing off a large horse-pistol.

The garçon now brought in a small table, a large bell, and a bell-rope, which he affixed close beneath the money-box, and then lugged in a long single plank, one end of which he placed on the table, the other end resting on the platform, close to the entrance door behind. As soon as these preparations were adjusted, the elephant, with some dignity, pulled at the rope and rang the bell, which had scarcely sounded when, from the far corner of the platform, in tripped, dressed like a waiter, a monkey on its hind legs, holding in both arms a tablecloth and a huge napkin; the former was spread on the table, and the latter was scarcely fixed round the elephant's neck, like a pinafore, when he rang again, on which in trotted the monkey with a plate of soup, which he delivered to Charles, who gave it to the animal, whose proboscis in about three seconds sucked it all up. The elephant then instantly rang again, on which the monkey brought him in both hands a large plate of cabbage, the whole of which, extending his trunk and then tucking it upwards, he put into his mouth. The laugh which this single mouthful caused had not half subsided, when, the bell having again rung, in trotted a dish of little cutlets, two or three of which, while Charles's head was turned, the pilfering monkey stuffed into his mouth, eyeing his master all the time with a look of deep serious cunning which was very amusing. The elephant took the plate, and at one movement turned all the rest into his mouth.

On wine being brought to him by the monkey, he poured some of it into a glass, drank it, and then, taking hold of the black slippery bottle, and decanting almost the whole of it into his mouth, he gave it to his tiny attendant, who, as he was running away with it, all of a sudden stopped in the middle of the plank, then with his old-fashioned face looked over one shoulder at Charles's back, and, greedily raising the bottle to his mouth, he drained it to the very last drop; lastly, with

his tail protruding from his trowsers, he trotted off, and, Charles's performances being over, he and the elephant respectfully bowed to the public.

The huge creature's supper having concluded, the last act of the entertainment was the feeding of the remainder of the animals by the garçon-in-waiting, who began his work by passing on his hands and knees through a small door that admitted him, a stout short heavy whip, a can of milk, and a basket of broken bread, into the large cage or caravansary of the monkeys.

It would be exceedingly difficult accurately to describe the excitement the appearance of all these things at once created. Every captive began to chatter, and all the passions of men and monkeys were exemplified in Babel confusion. There appeared,—

> "First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try"—

if he could not pilfer a bit of bread;

> "And back recoil'd, he well knew why,"

writhing from the lash of the garçon's whip.

In the form of a little ring-tailed blue monkey,

> "Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
> In lightnings own'd his secret stings;"

and a duel ensued.

In the attitude of the great bony chimpanzee,

> "With woeful measures wan Despair,
> Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
> A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
> 'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild."

During the time the garçon with his left hand was pouring milk and breaking bits of bread into a long trough, his right arm, without favour, partiality, or affection—in fact, evidently not caring a farthing to whom they belonged—was constantly belabouring the innumerable sets of little, long, black fingers of hind legs as well as fore legs picking and stealing from all directions. For a considerable time the lad endeavoured to suppress this besetting vice by, as often as he could, punish-

ing it, then and there, in detail; at last, all of a sudden, losing his whole amount of patience, he put down his basket and jug, and then, flourishing his whip as if he were going through the six cuts of the broadsword exercise, he attempted, in a state of absolute fury, to inflict indiscriminate castigation on all his prisoners.

"And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head."

I believe, however, that on the whole the lad lost rather more than he gained by his anger; for often, while his whip was passing through empty air, his monkeys were to be seen jumping with impunity over him—over each other—between his legs—flying horizontally—diagonally—and vertically, from perches of various heights—this way—that way:—in short, like sparks of fireworks, in all ways at once. During this scene the great chimpanzee, fettered in the corner, stood erect, seriously winking his round eyes as if counting every stroke of the whip. The endless variety of "sauve-qui-peut" movements of the monkeys, accompanied by occasional grinning, and by unceasing squalling and chattering, formed altogether a compound so attractive that it produced the only instance of misunderstanding I witnessed during my residence at Paris; and, after all, this only amounted to two very fine-looking Frenchmen, with large black beards, standing for about half a minute with their faces almost touching, saying to each other, in a tone that increased in quickness, loudness, and fierceness at every repetition,

"Mais, Monsieur!
"Mais, Monsieur!!
"Mais, Monsieur!!!
"Mais, Monsieur!!!!"

I am, however, very happy, indeed, to say, it ended—as it had begun—in nothing. In the mean while, the garçon's temper having returned to him, he continued his laborious task, namely, to allow every monkey to eat and drink, as nearly as possible, no more than his fair share of the bread and milk he had brought for the whole republic.

As he was pretty well exhausted by his work, another man

now appeared with large lumps of raw meat for the wild beasts. On approaching the different cages, the ferocity of the tigers, hyænas, leopards, &c., was slightly visible, from their attitudes, and especially from their eyes; but they all acted as if under the influence of some narcotic, and thus, at Charles's bidding, they relinquished the red flesh which, through the bars of their prison, they had caught in their claws. On the whole, as this unworthy triumph over the appetites of the fiercest animals in creation could not have been honestly obtained, I felt any thing but pleasure in beholding it; and accordingly, seeing that the evening's entertainments were drawing to a close, I joined a party leaving the parterre, and in a few seconds found myself among the happy, lounging, loitering, sitting, smoking crowd of the Boulevard.

ABATTOIR DES COCHONS.*

On descending from an omnibus, in which I had been rumbling along sideways for nearly three quarters of an hour, and which at last dropped me considerably beyond the Barrière de Montmartre, I was told that in twenty minutes I could walk to the "Abattoir des Cochons," which I was desirous to visit.

Now, I always found that the people of Paris, out of sheer kindness, and to prevent me from putting myself to the expense of a fiacre, invariably cheated me in their estimates of distance, and accordingly it took me nearly three quarters of an hour of my fastest walking to reach the point of my destination, a spot which, until lately, must have been in the country, but which now is among new buildings, to be seen rising up around it in all directions.

The establishment, from the outside, was completely concealed from view by a high wall, including a square, each side of which was about 150 yards long. I walked round two of them without being able to find any entrance; at last, in the third, I came to some large lofty iron gates and a bell, which

* Pig slaughter-house.

I took especial care to touch gently, in the French style, and not to throw it into hysterics by an English pull.

On being admitted by the concierge,—who, as soon as she had opened the door, popped into her hole as easily as she had popped out of it,—I saw before me, and on each side, a number of low buildings with a large clock in the middle, to keep them all in order; and I was looking at various arrangements when the "chef" of the establishment, at the instigation, I suppose, of the concierge, walked up to me, and, after listening to my wishes, told me very formally that the establishment, although used for public purposes, had been built by an individual; that it was the property of a company; and that, as it would not belong to the city of Paris for four years, he was not permitted to show it to any person whatever, without an order from the company.

"Il faut absolument, Monsieur, un ordre!"*

To be denied to see what was literally before my eyes, and to be obliged to retreat from within four walls I had had so much trouble to enter, was a disappointment so cruel that I can only compare it to what Tantalus must have experienced when, dying from thirst, he stood in water which, bubbling upwards, glided away just before it reached his lips. I was determined, therefore, if possible, to attain my object. The chef was a very large, powerful, and, notwithstanding his occupation, a good-humoured looking man. He, however, sturdily repelled all my reasoning, that, because I had visited the "boucheries" of Paris, had been permitted to see the abattoirs of oxen, sheep, calves, &c., I hoped not to be refused to see that of pigs, &c. &c. &c., by replying that I had only to apply for an order to obtain one. However, when I told him to look at me, and see how hot and tired I was, I observed that I dealt him a heavy blow; and I had no sooner quickly followed it up by reminding him that, besides being "bien fatigué,"† I was a stranger in his land—"un étranger"‡—a word that upon every class of society in Paris acts like a talisman—than he smiled, shrugged up both his shoulders, surrendered at discretion, and, saying very kindly, "Allons, Monsieur!"§ he walked into his office, came out again with some keys in his right

* You must absolutely, Sir, get an order.
† Very tired. ‡ A stranger
§ Come along, Sir.

hand, and then with the utmost kindness conducted me over the whole of his buildings.

As we were walking along, I asked him to be so good as to explain to me what was the foundation of his establishment. As if I had touched a vital point, he immediately stopped dead short, looked me full in the face, and with great dignity briefly explained to me, in the following words, the axiom or principle of the whole concern:—"Monsieur," said he, "personne n'a le droit de tuer un cochon [illegible] Paris!"*

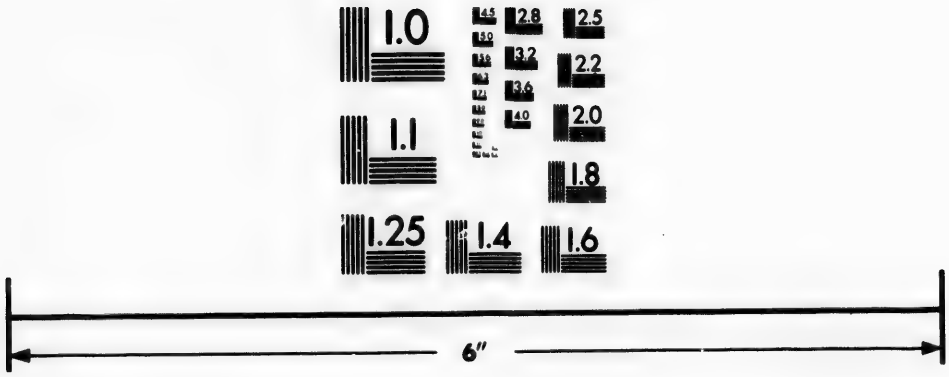
Said I to myself, "How I wish [illegible] sentence were written in gold on our London Mansion H[illegible]

We now reached a long buildi[illegible] [illegible]ory high, not at all unlike a set of hunting stables; [illegible] on door No. 1 being opened, I saw before me a chamber ventilated like a brewhouse, with a window at each end, and paved with flag-stones, the further half of which was covered with a thick stratum of straw, as sweet, clean, and unstained as if it had just come from the flail of the thresher. Upon this wholesome bed there lay extended, fast asleep, two enormous white hogs, evidently too fat even to dream. They belonged to no political party; had no wants; no cares; no thoughts; no more idea of to-morrow than if they had been dead, smoked, and salted. I never before had an opportunity of seeing any of their species so clearly; for in England, if, with bended back and bent knees, an inquisitive man goes to look into that little low dormitory called a sty, the animal, if lean, with a noise between a bark and a grunt, will probably jump over him; or if fat, he lies so covered up, that the intruder has no space to contemplate him; whereas, if the two pigs lying before me had been in my own study, I could not have seen them to greater advantage.

Without disturbing them, my conductor closed the door, and we then entered Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which I found to be equally clean, and in which were lying, in different attitudes, pigs of various sizes, all placidly enjoying the sort of apoplectic slumber I have described. My conductor would kindly have opened the remainder of the doors, but as I had seen sufficient to teach me, what in England will be discredited, namely, that it is possible to have a pigsty without any disagreeable smell, I begged him not to trouble himself by doing so; and he accordingly was conducting me across the open

* Sir, nobody has a right to kill a pig in Paris.

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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square when I met several men, each wheeling in a barrow a large jet-black dead pig, the skin of which appeared to be slightly mottled in circles. As they passed me there passed also a slight whiff of smoke; and I was on the point of asking a few questions on the subject when I found myself within the great slaughter-house of the establishment, a large barn, the walls and roof of which were as black as soot. The inside of the door, also black, was lined with iron. The floor was covered for several inches with burnt black straw, and upon it lay, here and there, a large black lump, of the shape of a huge hog, which it really was, covered over with the ashes of the straw that had just been used to burn his coat from his body.

In vain I looked beneath my feet and around me to discover the exact spots where all this murder had been committed; but nowhere could I discover a pool, slop, or the smallest vestige of blood, or anything at all resembling it. In short, the whole floor was nothing but a mass of dry, crisp, black, charred remains of burnt straw. It was certainly an odd-looking place; but no one could have guessed it to be a slaughter-house.

There was another mystery to be accounted for. In England, when anybody in one's little village, from the worthy rector at the top of the hill down to the little ale-house keeper at the bottom, kills a pig, the animal, who has no idea of "letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek," invariably explains, *seriatim*, to every person in the parish—dissenters and all—not only the transaction, but every circumstance relating to it; and accordingly, whether you are very busily writing, reading, thinking, or talking about nothing at all to ladies in bonnets sitting on your sofa to pay you a morning visit, *you* know, and *they* know, perfectly well—though it is not deemed at all fashionable to notice it—the beginning, middle, and end, in short, the whole progress of the deed; for, first of all, a little petulant noise proclaims that somebody somewhere is trying to catch a pig; then the animal begins, all at once, with the utmost force of his lungs, to squall out, "They have caught me:—they are pulling at me:—they are trying to trip me up:—a fellow is kneeling upon me:—they are going to make what they call pork of me. O dear! they have done for me!" (the sound gets weaker) "I feel exceedingly unwell;—I'm getting faint;—fainter;—fainter still,

—I shan't be able to squall much longer!" (a long pause.) "This very long little squall is my last,—'Tis all over,—I am dying—I'm dying—I'm dying: . . . I'm dead!"

Now, during the short period I had been in the establishment, all the pigs before me had been killed; and although I had come for no other earthly purpose but to look and listen; although ever since I had entered the gate I had—to confess the truth—expected to hear a squall;—was surprised I had not heard one;—and was not only ready but really anxious, with the fidelity of a shorthand-writer, to have inserted in my notebook in two lines of treble and bass the smallest quaver or demisemiquaver that should reach my ears, yet, I had not heard the slightest sound of discontent! However, while I was engrossed with these serious reflections, I heard some footsteps outside; a man within opened the door slightly, and through the aperture in trotted, looking a little wild, a large loose pig, whose white, clean, delicate skin physically as well as morally formed a striking contrast with the black ruins around him.

In a few seconds he stopped;—put his snout down to the charred ground to smell it; did not seem to like it at all;—looked around him;—then, one after another, at the superintendent, at me, and the three men in blouses;—appeared mistrustful of us all;—and not knowing which of us to dislike most, stood as if to keep us all at bay. No sooner, however, had he assumed this theatrical attitude than a man who, with his eyes fixed upon him, had been holding in both hands the extremity of a long thin-handled round wooden mallet, walked up to him from behind, and, striking one blow on his forehead, the animal, without making the smallest noise, rolled over on the black, charred dust, senseless, and, excepting a slight convulsive kick of his upper hind leg, motionless. Two assistants immediately stepped forward, one with a knife in his hand, the other with a sort of iron frying-pan, which he put under the pig's neck; his throat was then cut; not a drop of blood was spilled; but as soon as it had completely ceased to flow, it was poured from the frying-pan into a pail, where it was stirred by a stick, which caused it to remain fluid.

Leaving the poor animal to be singed by a portion of the heap of white straw in a far corner, I followed the men who

with their barrows had come again for one of the black corpses lying on the ground, into a large, light, airy building, as high as a church, as clean as a dairy, and with windows and doors on all sides. In the centre was a beautiful fountain playing, with water-cocks all round the walls. By this ample supply, proceeding from two large reservoirs, by steam power maintained constantly full, the flagstones were kept perfectly clean, and were consequently, when I entered, as wet as a washhouse.

As fast as the black pigs were wheeled in, they were by a running crane lifted up by the hind legs until they appeared suspended in rows. Their insides were here taken out, and carried to a set of large stone tables, where, by the assistance of the water-cocks and fountains, they were not only cleaned, but became the property or perquisite of the cleaners. Their bodies were then scraped, until they became deadly white, in which state, to the number of about 300 per week, they are restored at night to their respective proprietors in Paris.

By the arrangements I have described, conducted by one receiver of the droits d'octroi (my friend), four surveillants, or foremen, and the necessary quantity of slaughterers, wheelers, cleaners, and scrapers, the poor animals, instead of being maltreated, half-frightened to death, and then inhumanly killed;—instead of inflicting upon all classes the sounds and demoralizing sight of a pig's death;—instead of contaminating the air of the metropolis;—undergo the treatment I have described, for the knowledge of which I am deeply indebted to the politeness of him who so justly expounded to me the meaning of that golden law—

"PERSONNE N'A LE DROIT DE TUER [illegible]ION EN PARIS!"

GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

THE principal characteristic of the façade of the Tuileries looking into the garden consists in exactly that which a

stranger would not expect to find in a palace, namely its lawless irregularity. Sixty-one windows in front are divided into nine compartments, some two, some three, and some four stories high, with a frontage of windows in each, as follows,—6.7.5.12.3.12.3.7.6. total 61. In one part near the centre, where the masonry is only three stories high, are no less than four tiers of windows in the blue slates above; indeed, the roof is so high and grotesque that it not only looks as if the architect, for want either of money or stone, had been obliged to finish off the building with slates, but, having done so, had determined the position of the windows in the roof, by firing cannon-shot at it—every hit to be a window.

The view from the centre of the Palace must be—for it had changed its masters so often that I felt no desire to enter it—very magnificent.

In front, in the gardens full of flowers of all colours, especially yellow, is a circular basin of water, from which radiate in all directions broad sanded walks, separating the various statues and ornaments, as also a wood of horse-chestnut trees, when I beheld them in full blossom. Beyond is the picturesque Egyptian obelisk of Luxor, standing in front of the distant magnificent triumphal Arc de l'Etoile.

Around the fountains I found a crowd of grown-up people and children, all apparently with equal anxiety watching several little ships, brigs, and schooners, they hadilaunched. One, with the tricolor flag drooping from its tiny mast, had got into a corner, where it was becalmed; another, veered round by a gentle breeze, was taken aback. On one, nearly in the middle, a gentleman, standing with his head uncovered, had embarked, to the delight of everybody, his black hat. On the centre stone, surrounded by the water, a large swan, with his neck elegantly bent, was cleaning his snow-white breast with his bright red bill bordered with black. As the vessel with the hat slowly approached him, he opened his wings from his sides in anger. Above him, on the empty stone cup, were hopping two or three sparrows, as if, in their little way, to demonstrate to the human race watching them the infinite variety of Nature.

Around, in various directions, was a scene equally happy and innocent. Ladies with beautiful parasols were sitting on

benches; on rush-bottomed chairs, shaded by trees, were groups of respectable-looking nurses ("bonnes"), wearing white aprons; some reading, some working with needles. Then strolled by a stout Englishman in a predicament in which no Frenchman ever allows himself to appear in public, namely, with a lady on *each* arm—termed by the Parisians "Panier à deux anses."* Three or four little girls were skipping, several had hoops, one or two large air balls; here sat an old gentleman with his chin leaning on his gold-headed cane; there strolled along a party of soldiers. Three or four "bonnes" were sitting together, each with a sleeping baby prostrate on the very brink of her lap; farther off was a younger nurse in a sugar-loaf cap, with flaps hanging downwards like a butterfly's wings, holding a parasol over her tiny charge; another was pretending to drive with broad scarlet reins a little boy in a deep blue velvet frock. Before them was a child three years old leading an Italian greyhound that kept jumping around it; close to me, nurses with horizontal backs were stooping downwards, trying to make children walk. Everybody—nine-tenths of them were women and children—seemed desirous to contribute to the picture some beautiful or, at all events, some striking colour; in short, it was altogether a stange mixture of well-dressed people, quiescent on chairs, and of bright colours in motion.

I had been admiring this joyous scene, the features of which, besides their happiness, had to me the charm of novelty. Like Adam wandering about Paradise, I had been enjoying the discoveries which every moment and almost every turn brought to view. I had gazed sometimes at a statue, then at a beautiful fountain; then at the flowers of the horse-chestnut trees in bloom. I had admired the shadows, and then, if possible, still more the gorgeous sunshine of this world, when all of a sudden, as I was searching for new pleasures, with an appetite that had increased in proportion as it had been gratified, I saw, almost before me, a neat-looking summer-house or building, on which was inscribed the word "Cabinet." Now, besides being next door to a house on which was inscribed "Salons et Cabinets," I had been reading that very morning in Galignani's Guide all about "Le Cabinet d'His-

* A basket with two handles.

toire Naturelle," "Le Cabinet d'Anatomie," besides which the French newspapers had been full of abuse of the crooked policy of the "Cabinet of London," and of the anti-republican feelings of the "Cabinets of Europe;" so I thought that as the door of the "cabinet" before me was wide open, I would go and search out what it contained. In two seconds the object of my curiosity was accomplished, and, full of approbation of what I had seen, I was instantly about to retire, when there flitted across my conscience an admonition that there might perhaps be something I ought in honour to pay for the knowledge I had obtained, and I was in a dilemma from which I did not exactly know how to extricate myself, when, by a piece of that extraordinary good fortune which has occasionally brightened my chequered course through life, there popped out of a small door close beside me a very well-dressed gentleman, who, if he had dropped from the clouds, could not have appeared before me more opportunely.

With a superabundance of useless words, for to tell the truth I could not, off hand, frame the question exactly to my satisfaction, I asked him to be so good as to tell me whether in going away I had anything to pay for having entered the establishment. With a kind bow, he said, "Monsieur, vous payerez en sortant à droite."*

Accordingly, with a firm step I walked along the passage to the point indicated, where, to my surprise, and I may truly add confusion, I saw, seated close before me needle-working a very small piece of fine muslin, a beautiful lady in a most beautiful cap!

In one moment I perceived that the longer I waited the worse it would be; so, with a very slight inclination of my head, with a quantity of pieces of silver of different sizes all ready in my right hand, and with nobody looking at me, I said very gently and very gravely,

"Combien, Madame, s'il vous plait?"†

The last word was hardly out of my lips when, screwing her mouth up into the politest description of smile, she replied,

"Monsieur, c'est quatre (she called it 'cat') sous!"‡

* Sir, you will pay on your right as you go out.
† How much, Madam, if you please?
‡ Sir, it is twopence.

I put into her white hand a piece of five sous, and without waiting for my halfpenny, walked away muttering to myself, after a long-drawn sigh, "Well! . . . it's worth coming from London by rail to Dover, by steam to Calais, and then all the way up to Paris, to see that!"

PAVILLON DE L'HORLOGE.

In the Champs Elysées, on the left of the grand promenade, I found standing a great crowd of persons, gazing apparently at an equal quantity sitting. I asked one of the former how I could become one of the latter. With his stick he pointed where I was to go.

"What am I to pay?" I inquired.

"Nothing," he answered; "you will merely order what you like."

Proceeding in the direction indicated, I found myself in the rear of the sitting multitude, and, with nothing and nobody to obstruct my entrance, I slowly walked through them, until, arriving at a chair and a little table unoccupied, I sat down an "enfant de famille."

The congregation was composed of thirty or forty rows of chairs and very small tables, at which were seated, in happy repose, groups of quietly dressed people and soldiers. On almost every table I observed either a bottle of water, a small glass of brandy with three lumps of sugar, coffee and a glass of brandy, or one or two bottles of beer. In fact, as I had been informed, the rule is, that in lieu of paying any entrance-money, people are merely required, somehow or other, and in any way they best like, to spend 10 sous (5*d.*), for which, in addition to coffee, &c., they receive an enjoyment of a very superior nature.

Immediately in front of them was a beautiful little concave temple, the whole of the inside of which, brilliantly illuminated with six lustres full of imitation candles lighted by gas, was a mass of plate-glass, gold borders, flowers, and white enamelled paint. Within this small interior were five

young ladies fashionably dressed, two in pale blue silk, two in straw-colored silk, and one in milk-white stiff muslin, with a pink sash. Mixed up with them were two dandified young men with short brushy beards, white neckcloths, and glossy hair neatly plastered to their heads. All held in their hands quite new white kid gloves. In front of this elevated temple, which, in point of beauty and splendor, appeared fit for the reception of Venus herself, was an orchestra, containing four or five fiddles, as many wind instruments, two violoncellos, and at each end a powerful able-bodied double-bass. On the right and left, outside the ground belonging to the proprietor, were to be seen the faces of the crowd I had left, economically waiting to catch for nothing as much as they could.

Monsieur, qu'est-ce que vous prendrez?"* said to me one of six waiters, in white neckcloths and white aprons, in various directions, attending upon the seated audience. I was not quite prepared all of a sudden to drink beer, brandy, or coffee; so, with an almost imperceptible but significant nod, as I told the garçon I would not trouble him, I slipped into his hand a franc, for which he did exactly what I did not want him to do—made me a low bow.

One of the young ladies now rose from her chair, and, accompanied by the orchestra, sang a pretty little song very nicely. As soon as it was concluded, and she had taken her seat, with the eyes of everybody shining full upon her, she received with well-affected modesty the compliments of the young ladies beside her; and for a considerable time they sat making pretty mouths at each other, and pushing their fingers into their tight new white kid gloves. Sometimes—just as poor, witty Theodore Hook used to pour out a glass of champagne, and then, as he said, "bow to the épergne"—one of them, looking straight before her over the heads of the audience, would, showing all her white teeth, smile at apparently nothing but empty space. With similar little innocent coquetries the inmates of the temple all sang in their turns. Their voices were not strong, but as the band carefully abstained from overpowering them, they performed their simple airs with considerable taste, and appeared to give their attentive, respectable, and well-conducted audience streams of placid satisfaction.

* What will you take, Sir?

The cool air was delightful; and as I happened to be to windward of the few smokers present, I could not help feeling very thankful I was not in the impure, heated atmosphere of an Opera-house.

LA MADELEINE.

In crossing the Place de la Madeleine, I stopped for a few minutes to look at the beautiful façade of the church, and as several people were ascending its steps, I followed them into its interior, during the performance of high mass.

On entering I was much struck with the excellent music resounding throughout the building. In England, a church organ is very apt not only to be uproarious, but tyrannically to overwhelm the audience with its powers. Here it was subservient to the human voice. Sometimes it appeared to be cheering it on—sometimes in silence to be listening to it, and only to chime in when absolutely required.

The service was arranged and executed with great science and taste. The best, the shrillest, as well as the sweetest voices, appeared to proceed from behind the altar, but, from wherever they came, they reached the roof as well as every portion of the building.

Before the altar there occasionally stood, with his back towards the congregation, a single priest—then three alongside of each other—then two, one before the other. "Then came wandering by a spirit like an angel" in white robes—he bowed in gliding by, "and so he vanished." On each side of the altar were a row of young handsome boys, dressed in bright scarlet caps, bright scarlet cloaks, over which were snow-white short surplices, confined round the waist by a broad light-green sash, the ends of which hung at the left side.

The changes wrought in this picture by the simple movement of the scarlet cap had evidently been well studied, and produced very striking effects. At a particular part of the service the boy's black shining hair was suddenly displayed, and the cap held in the off hand had apparently vanished.

At another moment the blood-red cap was seen, held by both rows of boys on their breasts next to the congregation—then it lay on their white laps—and then, on their rising from their seats, it suddenly appeared again on their heads.

In contrast to these boys there occasionally, from behind the altar, glided into view some pale-looking priests in jet black gowns, surmounted, like those of the boys, by short white surplices. During these ceremonies, and while two powerful assistants in white gowns, jet black hair, and crimson sashes, were swinging incense, the shrill notes of a single boy behind the altar were suddenly drowned by a chorus of fine voices, which gradually subsided into the deep double bass notes of one or two priests.

The service was on the whole admirably performed, and, to those who have been taught to revere it, must be highly impressive. After the elevation of the host, the wafer was administered to several persons in the front row next to the altar, and a large basket of broken bread, in colour and consistency strongly resembling what is commonly called sponge cake, was distributed to the congregation, almost every one of whom partook of it. It was carried throughout the church by a priest, preceded by a person upwards of six feet high, dressed in a gold-laced cocked hat, worn cross-ways, à la Napoleon, an embroidered coat, with an epaulette on one shoulder and crimson trappings on the other, a sword, crimson plush knee-breeches ornamented with gold, white stockings, and black shoes.

When the service was about three-quarters over, a man at one end of the church and a woman at the other, both very gaudily dressed, were seen worming their way to every person present, from each of whom a slight money transaction was taking place. Everybody gave something, and about every third person received back something. When the woman came to me I gave her a franc, upon which she fumbled for some time in her pocket, and returned me an amount of cash apparently more than I had given to her. I felt it would not be decorous to decline to take it, or proper to inquire of my neighbour—even in a whisper—what was the object of the benevolence. It proved, however, to be a slight payment for the chair I had occupied.

As soon as the service was over, more than three-quarters of the congregation left the church, and, with a full intention to

follow the stream, I was lingering to take a last look at the altar, when I observed two or three priests most actively employed in hurrying off every glittering object, and in covering it with black trappings. At a side altar in the centre of the church similar preparations were making, and the alterations were scarcely effected, when the great gates of the church were thrown open, and a procession of people in mourning, marked with rain-drops, slowly walked up the aisle. In a few seconds there followed four well-dressed men, bearing, covered with dingy white serge trappings, a coffin, on which rested a milk-white wreath of immortelles.

The coffin was deposited in the centre of the church, and those of the congregation not seated were gathering around it, when I heard a priest say, "Il y aura un autre!"* and the words were hardly out of his mouth when the "rap-a-tap-tap" of a couple of muffled drums was heard outside the great gates, which instantly rolled open to admit about twenty soldiers of the National Guard, followed by a crowd of persons of apparently every condition of life. As soon as all had entered, the corporal in command gave the word of command—"Reposez-vous sur vos armes!"† on which the butts of the muskets reverberated against the hard pavement. After waiting a few minutes, the word—"Portez vos armes!"‡ was given, in compliment to the coffin which now entered the church.

On its lid were the scarlet epaulettes, the drawn sword and empty scabbard, the one crossed over the other, of its inmate, and the body, guarded by its comrades, proceeded towards the little altar, before which it halted.

While the rich man's requiem was resounding from the great altar, the soldier's funeral was going on at the little one. There were the same words,—the same gestures,—and the same holy ceremonies. Candles were burning round each of the two corpses, and while the service of the rich one was dignified and continuous, that of the soldier was interrupted not only by little words of command from the corporal, but, on the elevation of the host, by the sudden roll of the two muffled drums. It was striking to see the power and authority of the army existing within the walls of the church, and the stiff, motionless, upright attitude of the soldiers, who during the whole ceremony wore

* There will be another!

† Order arms. ‡ Shoulder arms.

their shakos, was strangely contrasted with the varied obeisances and white and black vestures of the bare-headed priest.

The military service was first concluded, and on the departure of the priest I was about also to move, when I observed that the ceremony was still not quite over.

The last operation of the holy father had been to sprinkle with a hair brush, the silver handle of which was about eighteen inches long, the coffin, epaulettes, sword, and scabbard of the dead soldier with holy water.

With the same brush the chief mourner slightly repeated the ceremony—crossed himself—and then handed it to his next comrade, who, after going through the same movements, handed it to the next in the procession, and so on. As there was no supply of water, the brush was of course nearly dry, and, as the ceremony appeared almost endless, I got quite tired of it, and was therefore just about to retire, when I observed among the procession, following some men in common blue linen frocks and trowsers, a few women, several of whom were in tears.

The men in the blouses paid very little attention to the coffin, and merely made over it two or three apparently heartless movements,—as, however, the women approached, I observed that *their* feelings became stronger. The first woman, on receiving the brush from the last man, was barely able to wave it over the immortelles, scarlet epaulettes, drawn sword and empty scabbard lying on the lid of the coffin;—the second, a young person of about twenty, exhibited a picture I shall not readily forget. On receiving the brush she burst into bitter tears—trembled—tottered—could not look at the coffin. I thought she would have dropped; at last, in a frenzy of grief, she stepped forward, waved the brush twice over the corpse—hurriedly delivered it to some one else, then, putting both her hands to her eyes and pressing them against her forehead, she reeled against me, and then, staggering onwards a few paces, she stood still, evidently bereft of her senses, and altogether overwhelmed. The third woman was also much grieved, but the remainder of the sex less or but little affected.

The same ceremony of pretending with a dry brush to sprinkle the coffin with holy water was afterwards performed over the body of the rich man by his relations and followers,

but for some reason or other, which I have not the slightest desire to know, very little—to tell the truth—no grief whatever was evinced; indeed, one little girl of about nine years old, after giving two or three dabs, looked around her with a sweet innocent face, and laughed.

When all was over, after I had made my exit from the church, and, with my umbrella over my head, had reached the magnificent flight of steps, by which I descended to the foot pavement, I happened to see the woman who had been so grievously affected at the soldier's funeral. Although it was raining unrelentingly, their tears, as for a few moments they stood together, repeatedly dropped upon the wet pavement. They then, careless of the inclemency of the weather, kissed each other several times—stooped, kissed, and cried over the heads of one or two little children who came up to them, and then, after another last kissing farewell of each other, they pattered through the rain on foot, in different directions, towards their respective homes.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FETE OF THE REPUBLIC.

Besides the perennial, or rather perpetual, gaiety which in all weathers and in all seasons characterises Paris, on my arrival there I observed in almost every direction workmen and artists employed in arrangements, more or less incomprehensible, which, I was informed, were in honour of, and in preparation for, the "grand fête of the Republic."

Some were erecting poles, others constructing scaffolding. Here I observed a crane lifting, as slowly as if it had been a locomotive engine, a sea-horse's fore-leg; beneath it several carts laden with moss, grass, and fir-trees. There, two or three men in blouses were as carefully hoisting to its destination (the summit of a pole) the pensive colossal head of a statesman. In another direction, a tall, cylindrical canvas screen, occasionally flapping in the wind, concealed an artist, from morning till night, working behind it. Now and then

there trotted by a cart laden with huge baskets full of rosy-faced apples, as big as pumpkins. Then were to be seen men and boys hurrying along with arms full of boughs, glass globes, wire, candles, bundles of flags. One fine-looking man, with a face exceedingly hot, was carrying a gold eagle, beneath which was inscribed "Honneur et Patrie."*

The rapidity with which—out of this chaos of confusion—order, symmetry, and the creation of an infinite variety of beautiful objects were effected, it would be almost impossible to describe. For instance, over the principal arch of the Pont de la Concorde I observed a gang of workmen in beards or mustachios, directed by one or two gentlemen with books in their hands, and surrounded by an incomprehensible conglomeration of gigantic human limbs, horses' legs, fishes' tails, wooden packing-cases of different sizes, with barrels and bags in piles of plaster, moving, and, with the assistance of cranes and pulleys, lifting these various masses.

On passing the spot the following day, I beheld a magnificent and stupendous group of figures—representing the Genius of Navigation, surrounded by Tritons and sea-horses—covered with workmen in blouses, swarming like bees, and crawling like mice, about the snow-white colossal figures they were now rapidly completing, and which appeared standing on a mass of artificial rocks, descending to the water's edge, over which was to be precipitated an artificial cascade, representing the most beautiful falls of natural water. The rocks (the wooden packing-cases I have seen) were not only beautifully painted and covered with moss, but, as if by the hand of nature, ornamented with real pine-trees, some of which appeared lying prostrate, as if blown down by one element, and about to be carried away by another. Again, at the end of the bridge there stood immediately before me that magnificent building called the National Assembly, the house of parliament of the Republic.

On the landing-place beneath the colonnade, and on the flight of long steps by which it is approached, were standing in dense masses, and in various attitudes, soldiers in bluish-grey coats, red epaulettes, scarlet trowsers, and glittering cap-plates. Above their heads, hanging against the white wall,

* Honour and the country.

and between twelve lofty Corinthian columns, were a variety of tri-coloured flags, of which the blue and scarlet were particularly vivid. In the middle was a large gold ornament, as if to assimilate with the gilt horizontal bars and tops of the iron railings which protect the bottom of the steps. On the right and left of the assembly was a long embryo colonnade, composed at first of nothing but—at regular distances, and standing upright out of the ground—a series of logs of timber, which the next day appeared converted, by bricknogging, into columns, connected together by horizonal logs. In this state I left them; and, in the course of three or four hours repassing the spot, I found that, while I had been going over one public institution, the columns had almost all not only been covered with painted canvas admirably representing porphyry, with gilt capitals, but had been surmounted by shields and a beautiful set of vases, eight or ten feet high, overflowing with flowers.

Again, in passing in front of the Church de la Madeleine, before which the day previous I had observed some mysterious preparations, I found the whole of its front—excepting the superscription—

"LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EGALITÉ"—

above the great entrance door—completely covered with festoons and curtains of gold, silver, and crimson tissue, the columns being connected together by garlands of coloured lamps.

Again, in approaching the Seine, I found on both sides of it, rejoicing in the air, and almost touching each other, a line of flags of various colours, all bright; while I was admiring them, the various vessels, barges, and bathing-houses moored in the river, to join in the universal joy, were rapidly decked out with similar pieces of bunting, of which the blue, white, and red were particularly and appropriately conspicuous.

Among all the beautiful preparations making to expend, as has been customary for many years, nearly 400,000 francs —voted partly by the National Assembly and partly by the city—for a fête which latterly, on the 4th of May, has celebrated the anniversary of the Republic, there was one, however, which I own very much astonished me. I had been

delighted with the construction of the double row of magnificent colossal statues of great men who gradually before my eyes had burst into existence; had admired the preparations on the bridge leading to the National Assembly, as also those in front as well as on the right and left of that handsome building; had taken quite an interest in the preparations for a regatta or boat-race on the Seine, as well as for the fireworks in the various localities in which they were to appear, and which severally had been appropriately decked out for the occasion; but I could neither understand the propriety, nor altogether approve, of the preparations I witnessed for ornamenting what appeared to me to be already the most highly ornamented spot in creation, namely, the Place de la Concorde. For instance, I roughly counted in that strange magnificent place of many names (on which—be it remembered—on the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. was guillotined, and across which, on the 24th of February, 1848, Louis Philippe fled, never to return) no less than—

1. Two groups in marble, each representing a restive horse struggling with its keeper.

2. Two lions, each with his tail curled round his left leg.

3. Eighteen lofty gilt Corinthian columns, each surmounted by a gilt globe, illuminated by two gilt lamps.

4. Thirty-eight smaller Corinthian columns, partially gilt, each bearing one gilt lamp.

5. Eight allegorical figures, representing the eight chief provincial towns in France.

6. Two magnificent fountains, each composed of ten female figures of sea nymphs, &c., holding in their arms and —without metaphor—wet-nursing, with magnificent streams of cold water, sturdy dolphins; two gigantic male figures, and three children, all in bronze.

7. Thirteen beautiful colossal statues on lofty bases.

8. One magnificent central Egyptian red obelisk from Luxor, with gold inscription, surrounded by rails partially gilt.

Now, on the common, homely principle of "letting well alone," one might have expected it would have been deemed not only unnecessary, but almost impossible, to make the Place de la Concorde more beautiful than it was. It had been determined, however, to give to it the greatest of all charms—

especially in Paris—namely, that of novelty; and accordingly notwithstanding repeated showers of rain I observed men and boys, with cartloads and armsful of boughs, employed in converting all the semi-naked figures of both fountains into beautiful bushes of evergreens, and their splendid basins into trellised baskets, which, first painted and while the colour was quite wet (indeed, it had not been brushed on two minutes), then partially gilt, were rapidly filled with artificial fruit and flowers, the whole being ornamented in all directions and in most beautiful festoons with coloured and also with white semi-opaque ground glass lamps, increasing in magnitude from the extremities to the centre of each of the curved lines by which they were suspended.

The fifty-six gilt columns I have enumerated, not only around the circumference, but diagonally across the centre of the place, were connected together by long and elegant wreaths of variegated lamps.

The numerous statues, and innumerable gilt glittering fluted columns were enlivened by a confused medley of brilliant tri-coloured pennants, some forked and some pointed, the whole bounded on the left by the new, fresh peagreen foliage of the trees of the gardens of the Tuileries, and on the right by those of the Champs Elysées. The rough asphalte pavement was literally swarming alive with a dense mass of carriages, carts, horses, 'buses, and human beings in clothes and uniforms of all colours. Lastly, the sun of heaven was gilding and painting the whole scene in its gayest and gaudiest hues.

"Where," said I, to a man, nearly as old as myself, dressed in a blouse, and who was standing close to me, "where, if you please, are the principal fireworks to take place?"

Either he or I had that morning, in anticipation of the fête, been drinking a good deal of wine of rather a strong smell; and accordingly, when he grasped tightly hold of my arm, and pointed with the forefinger of his left hand towards the distant dome of the Invalides, we both vibrated a little.

"Tenez, mon garçon!"* said my instructor, kindly trying, notwithstanding our staggering, to point the spot—which apparently kept moving—out to me. "C'est * * * * * -ment loin d'ici! Allez!"

* Why, my boy! its * * * * * -ly far from here! Arrah.

ABATTOIR DE MONTMARTRE.*

About half a century ago there lived in a country village in England as maid-servant, a pleasing-looking young woman, of such delicate sensibilities that, to use her own expression, "She couldn't abear to see a mouse killed." She married the butcher. At about the same period, Napoleon, who cared no more for the effusion of human blood than the stormy petrel cares for the salt spray of the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, from similar sensibilities, determined to cleanse Paris from the blood of bullocks, sheep, pigs, and quadrupeds of all sorts, by suppressing every description of slaughterhouse within the city, and by constructing in lieu thereof, beyond the walls, five great public abattoirs, besides smaller places of execution for pigs, and also for horses.

The largest of these is that of Popincourt; but, as the greatest quantity of cattle are slaughtered at Montmartre, I drove to the avenue Trudame, where, on descending from my cabriolet, I saw before me a rectangular establishment, resembling cavalry barracks, surrounded by walls 389 yards lengthways by 150 yards breadthways.

On entering the iron gates, I found on my left a small bureau, which looked like a guard-room, and from which, on expressing my wish to go over the establishment, I was very civilly furnished with a conductor.

In front of the entrance-gate was a space shaded by trees and bounded by a barrack-looking building of fifteen windows in front, the residence of the principal officers. On the right and left, in three parallel rows, were six sets of buildings (twelve in all) separated from each other by broad roads which isolated each. Affixed to the walls of this enclosure were other buildings, the purposes of which will be consecutively described, as also two "abreuvoirs," or watering-places for cattle, and one fountain.

The officers of the establishment consist of

* Slaughterhouse of Montmartre.

An inspector of police, whose duty it is to see that the whole interior of the abattoir is clean and in a state of "salubrity;" that there are no disputes among the people employed; and that the animals are not beaten ("qu'on ne frappe pas les animaux").

A principal inspector of the "Boucheries."

A sub-inspector of ditto.

Four guardians (surveillans) of the oxen, sheep, calves, &c. to be slaughtered.

Two superintendents for skinning, "triperie," &c.

Four men for cleaning the paved streets, &c., of the interior.

One porter.

One gate-keeper (concierge).

The slaughtering department is composed of 64 slaughterers, each of whom has his slaughterhouse, his "bouverie," or stable for cattle, his loft and granary for hay and corn, and his chamber for dressing and undressing.

On walking to the space in front of the entrance gate, and between it and the garden belonging to the barrack-looking residence of the officers above named, I found within it, in two separate divisions called "parks," lying under the shade of lilac and laburnum trees in blossom, several sheep and bullocks just arrived.

Immediately adjoining to these enclosures, common to all the 64 boucheries, I entered a lofty "bouverie" 150 feet long, admirably ventilated by windows above on all four sides. Down the middle there ran before me a broad passage, on each side of which were a series of square compartments, 25 feet long by 15 feet broad, separated from each other by wooden railings. In those on my right I saw, lying on straw as clean as that in the show-stables of a London horse-dealer, a quantity of bullocks, two, three, or four in each cell. In corresponding cells on my left were standing or lying, separated from each other by a low partition, a number of sheep and calves.

In the first of these cells, on the back of one of a small flock of sheep, I saw, lying fast asleep, a shepherd's dog. The bullocks and sheep were eating hay; the calves, my conductor told me, had "soupe."

"What is it made of?" I asked.

"De la farine, des œufs, et de l'eau chaude,"* was the reply; and he added that throughout the "bouveries" there was warm water for the calves. Every cart-load of calves, the heads of which are never allowed to hang outside, is obliged to leave half of its straw for their use in the abattoir. There are eight bouveries such as the one above described.

Above each line of cells for bullocks and calves is a loft to supply them with hay, and adjoining, are, open to the air and protected by iron wire, a series of large rooms, containing each a table and a chair, in which are to be seen, neatly arranged, the clothes and boots of the butchers, who, even if they had the inclination, are not allowed to offend the citizens of Paris by appearing in the streets in their professional garb.

Passing the four "cours de travail,"† containing the 64 slaughtering-houses, I was next led to a large building, in which the blood of the animals slaughtered is subjected to a scientific chemical process, under which, after lying for some time in clean, round, shallow tin pans, it is poured into barrels: first, for the purpose of refining sugar; and secondly, for manuring the earth. The entrails, after being carefully emptied into a pit constructed for the purpose, and emptied every day, are well washed by an abundant supply of water.

On entering the "triperie" department, I found a number of women employed in boiling, in a series of coppers supplied by three large vats of water, sheep's heads and calves' feet. An adjoining building appeared nearly full of sheep's feet, neatly tied up—not as Nature had arranged them, in fours, but—in dozens.

On entering a range of 48 melting-houses, admirably ventilated, I was astonished to find that, although they were nearly full of pails of tallow, there was no unpleasant smell. Above are a series of apartments, in which reside the women and men employed in this operation, which I had always incorrectly fancied to be unavoidably very offensive.

In proceeding towards the 64 boucheries arranged in the middle of the entrance, I went into one of the bouveries, to look at a bullock that my conductor told me was just going to be slaughtered.

* Meal, eggs, and warm water. † Working yards.

It was a beautiful morning, and, although the sun was hot, the atmosphere, where I stood, felt quite refreshing. He was lying in a cell by himself, perfectly tranquil, on clean straw, and, with his fore-legs doubled under him, was chewing the cud. His great black nose, which almost touched the white litter, was wet and healthy; his eyes were bright; his tail quiet, for, as the air was cool, there was not even a fly to tease him.

As we were gazing at each other, a butcher, carrying a short rope, followed by a boy holding in his right hand a stick, in which I particularly observed there was no goad, walked up to him, and gently putting the noose over his horns, and then making him arise, he quietly conducted him to his doom. The poor creature walked slowly through the hot sunshine with perfect willingness, until he arrived at the threshold of the broad door of the slaughterhouse, where, suddenly stopping, he leant backwards, and stretched out his head, evidently alarmed at the smell of blood. The butcher now slightly pulled at the rope. Without barking of dogs or hallooing of men, without the utterance of an imprecation or of a single word, four slight blows on the right hock with the boy's stick made him, after looking for a second or so fearfully to the right and left, hurriedly enter, after which he instantly appeared to become quite quiet. The rope from his head was now gently passed under his off fore-leg, and, on its being tightened, a couple of men in wooden shoes, clattering towards him over the wet slippery pavement, by a sudden push on his near side tumbled him over. He was scarcely down when one blow of a mallet made him completely senseless, two others were given him for precaution's sake, and a butcher then, forcing his knife into his broad chest, instantly withdrew it.

There was a dead silence for some seconds; notwithstanding the colour of the knife, the blade of which I observed pointing to the ground, no effect was produced. At last out rushed a stream or river of blood, which, first black and then bright red, flowed in little waves along a gutter into a receptacle made to contain it.

As the great creature lay lifeless before me, I felt very forcibly how extraordinary was the fact, that while the Demon of War—Napoleon Buonaparte—had, in 1811, established in

Paris the merciful arrangements I had witnessed, it had taken the Goddess of Peace upwards of six-and-thirty years to prevail upon the inhabitants of England in general, and upon the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London in particular, to abolish a system not only of barbarous cruelty, but which, by creating feverish excitement, amounting occasionally to madness, has rendered more or less unwholesome the meat of every wretched victim that has been killed in a metropolis (consuming annually 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, and 35,000 pigs) whose inhabitants, as if in satirical ridicule of themselves, delight publicly in singing, when in large congregations they sit down to dinner—

> "Oh, the roast beef of old England,
> And oh, the old English roast beef!"

Several calves were now driven into a yard containing four or five tressels, upon which, one after another, they were placed on their sides by men in wooden shoes, who held them down, while butchers—also in sabots—not only cut their throats, but their heads quite off; thus in a few seconds most effectually combining death with the operation of bleeding, which, in England, is cruelly made to precede it. The blood of each calf was caught in a pan by the men who held it down. As fast as the animals were killed, skinned, and cleaned, their carcases, by means of ropes and pulleys, were hung up, arranged in lines, and then wrapped up in linen cloths as white as snow.

Observing to one of the butchers, who had rather a red-republican-looking countenance, that some of the sheep appeared to be very thin:—

"Ah!" said he, with a slight shrug and a gentle sight, "il y a des gros et des maigres, comme il faut de la viande pour tout le monde."*

"And yet how does that agree," said I to myself, "with your fraternity and *equality*?"

As the hours for slaughtering were now nearly over, I had an opportunity of seeing the simple process of sluicing, by means of an abundant supply of water from a cock in each of

* There are fat ones and lean ones, for we must have meat for everybody.

the 64 boucheries, the red slippery floors of several of the slaughterhouses, which in the course of a few minutes were made as sweet and clean as the flags of a washhouse. As soon as this was effected, the butchers, washing themselves, and then slipping out of their wooden shoes, walked to their rooms to assume the decent dress in which they had entered, and in which they were about to return to their respective homes.

The charge at the abattoirs for killing cattle is from one franc to one and a half per head; besides which the butcher claims, as his perquisite, the blood, brains, and entrails.

If, when the animal is killed, its flesh is found to be diseased, or even bad, instead of being converted, as in London, into sausages for the rich or into pies and patties for the poor, it is confiscated by the Inspector of the Police residing within the establishment, who instantly sends it off to the Jardin des Plantes, to be eaten by the wild beasts,—by lions,—tigers,—bears,—by eagles,—by vultures,—and by other birds of prey. The meat for the inhabitants of the city is usually sent out at night only, but animals to be killed are received at any hour.

The number slaughtered per week at the single abattoir of Montmartre amounts to about 900 oxen, 400 cows, 650 calves, and 3500 sheep.

On leaving the establishment I walked completely round the lofty walls that enclose it; but neither to windward nor to leeward could I detect the slightest smell indicative of the bloody business transacted within it.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

As I was rather anxious to be permitted, during my short residence at Paris, to enjoy the professional pleasure of shaking the black hands of some of the Stokers and Pokers of the Great Northern Railway,—which connects Paris, not only *viâ* Arras, Douai, and Valenciennes, with Brussels, Namur, and Liege, but by a branch railway from Creil with St. Quentin,

and by branch railways from Douai with Lille, Calais, and Dunkerque, with Bruges and Ostende, and with Ghent and Antwerp,—Baron Rothschild, one of the leading directors, was good enough to desire that, without reserve, I should be shown over the whole of the establishment, and, accordingly, beckoning to a voiture de place, I sat within it, rumbling, ruminating, and looking at one button only on the driver's back—the other one was deficient, and yet, alas! there was the very spot on which it had lived—until, within the course of about half an hour, turning out of the Rue Lafayette, I found myself on an irregular, open, paved space, of a nondescript tipsy-looking shape, called "Place de Roubaix," bounded on the south, east, and west, by the houses of Paris, and on the north by the "embarcadère," or metropolitan terminus of the Great Northern Railway,—"Chemin de Fer du Nord."

As soon as I had dismissed my conveyance, I proceeded on foot across a paved square, separated from an interior yard by iron railing, at each extremity of which was an entrance gate leading to the station immediately in front of me, composed of a handsome looking zinc-roofed building, one story high, the outer façade of which was formed of eight lofty arches, four filled up with glazed windows, the rest with glass and doors. On a gable at one end there beamed an honest-faced clock; on a corresponding gable at the other end a dial of the same diameter, above the black useful fingers of which was written, "Indicateur des Départs."*

On the right of this interior yard I observed ranged in line beneath a covered shed, a motley row of that which every railway station most delights in, "'buses," attached to each of which were standing, in placid matrimonial alliance, a pair of black, white, brown, bay, or piebald horses. On the left, everlastingly staring at them all, was "Bureau des Omnibus,"† and alongside of it several animalcula of the genus cabriolet. Lastly, in the middle of this handsome paved yard, there grew and flourished a very little tree.

As fast as the various public and other carriages arrive, they drive up to one of the four great glass doors I have named, on entering one of which I found myself in a spacious paved hall, 231 feet long, 36 feet broad, and 24 feet high,

* The indicator of departures. † Office for omnibuses.

bounded on the entrance side by the eight lofty glass windows and doors, which reached nearly to the ceiling; and on the opposite side by a wall divided into doors and compartments designated longitudinally, as follows:—

Bureau des Renseignements.*
Sle. des Bagages Départ.†
Slles. d'Attente de la Grande Ligne.‡
Bx. de distribution des Billets.§
Ditto ditto
Ditto ditto
Ditto ditto
Ditto ditto
Sle. d'Attente de la Banlieue.‖
Chemin de Fer de Boulogne.¶—(The clerks within this office belong to a different company.)
Sle. des Bagages Arrivée.**

After spending a short time in the bureau of the chief engineer, whom I found very kindly disposed to give me whatever information I desired, I proceeded with his assistance to a lengthy office in the long paved entrance promenade I have described, the "Salle des Bagages Départ," in the middle of which, throughout its whole length, I perceived a low table on which is placed, as fast as it can be weighed, each article of outward bound baggage, which, by attendant porters is piled upon three-wheeled trucks apparently much more convenient than those usually used in England, and then rolled along the platform to the luggage van in which it is to travel. A single glance at the distance which intervenes between this office and the departing train is sufficient to show a mal-arrangement, the inconvenience of which is acknowledged, but which, from want of space, was unavoidable.

Parallel with and adjoining to this office I found, ranged within a narrow shed, and, as it were, framed and glazed, for each had his window, a row of clerks, whose duty it is to receive goods and parcels to be despatched by passenger trains,

* Office for obtaining information.
† Hall for luggage outwards.
‡ Waiting-rooms for the main line.
§ Offices for the delivery of tickets.
‖ Waiting-room for the short line.
¶ Boulogne railway.
** Hall for baggage that has arrived.

"Messageries de grand vitesse."* Above their heads outside, were inscribed the names of the various places of destination, for which there was a series of ticket-papers, about three inches by two, of a particular colour, numbered consecutively for each article, excepting where several bore the same address, in which case the same number was affixed to all. The tickets of passengers' baggage are distinguished from those of goods left solely in charge of the company by a cross made with a red pencil. The duty of this office continues night and day. At about one hundred yards southward, I reached a shed in which, under similar arrangements, goods are received and despatched by luggage trains of "petite vitesse."†

Returning to the long paved entrance promenade, I was conducted to the grand waiting-hall for the main line, composed of two sets of rooms (altogether 108 feet long, by 30 feet broad, and 27 feet high), sky-lighted throughout the whole length of the ceiling, and communicating by running doors with the platform. Each of these twin-republics is composed of a separate compartment for first, second, and third class passengers. In No. 1, the floors of which, as a mark of distinction, are as slippery as glass, are a handsome looking-glass, a green plush sofa, two green plush ottomans, and a quantity of subsidiary green plush chairs. In No. 2, the floor of which is a little slippery, are broad, comfortable green plush benches. Compartment No. 3, the floor of which, although very cleanly kept, was not slippery at all, is furnished with substantial hard oak forms.

On passing a door on the outside of the building, I asked the engineer, who was conducting me, what it contained?

"Merely, he replied, "le magasin des objets trouvés,"‡ and he was proceeding onwards, but at my request was good enough to send for the key.

Sterne observed, "they do everything differently in France," and accordingly — truly enough as soon as the door was opened, I perceived walking towards me, with their tails erect, and slowly vibrating, three great fat cats.

"Beaucoup de rats, Monsieur!" said the man in mustachois, who had unlocked the door. "En quantité!"§ he added, as

* Fast trains. † Slow trains.
‡ Lost luggage office.
§ A number of rats, Sir! in quantities!

one of the cats, occasionally leaning towards me to rub her side and stiff upright tail against my legs, kept pacing up and down before us like a sentinel.

On the right hung nothing but "casquettes;" in front were cloaks, portmanteaus, and boxes; on a table in the centre a quantity of umbrellas and canes, among which I observed, tied together, a family group of five umbrellas of different sizes, and the poor father's stick. On the left was a congregation of carpet bags, sacs de nuit, bundles in handkerchiefs of different colours, two French prayer-books wrapped up in black cloth, only one shawl, two or three bandboxes, a few mysterious-looking utensils, and six swords.

It appears that gentlemen travelling in France are more light-headed than ladies, for while within the chamber in which I stood there was not a single bonnet, I saw ranged on my left no less than 110 black hats. On each was a paper, stating the date, the dismal days and nights, of its imprisonment, with the name of the maker, which the man in charge of the chamber told me enabled him readily to attend to any inquiries.—He seemed proud of the arrangement, and accordingly, taking down a labelled hat from the pile, he handed it to me that I might observe how it was done. On looking into it I unexpectedly found within a lion and a unicorn—"Heaven bless them!" said I to myself—with the words—"Townend, 190, Regent Street, London."

On the north side of the long passenger platform, communicating with the waiting-rooms I have described, are ten sets of rails, on which are very cleverly arranged the carriages and spare carriages requisite for the working of the great line; opposite is a branch line, with five short satellite rails (for carriages) for the "banlieue," or short passenger and goods traffic. On the arrival of every train of the main line, that is to say, from Calais, Dunkerque, Ostend, Namur, Brussels, Liége, &c., as soon as the passenger carriages, passing under a handsome archway, are comfortably sheltered under a lofty thin slated roof, the luggage, turning suddenly to the left, along a rail at right angles, about thirty yards long, is conducted into an immense covered building, in which are two low tables or counters, each 200 feet long, divided into compartments, labelled over head with the names of the principal stations on the line. When the various articles are distributed thereon, according

to the tickets affixed to each, there is thrown open a great door, through which is immediately seen to rush a torrent of passengers—John Bulls, Jenny Bulls, and travellers of all nations—who, with Babel faces of confusion, gape, stare, until at last, as soon as their eyes catch the superscription designating their baggage, they are to be seen radiating towards it in various directions. On the production of their ticket, that which bears the corresponding number is delivered to each. At the end of this well-arranged hall is an office for the payment to the "Octroi de Paris"* of whatever may be due to it.

On the north of the lofty covered shed from which the passenger-trains depart, and which adjoins that under which they arrive, I entered the "Bureau de Douane,"† where I beheld seated in a row, eight clerks, beyond whom, in a large store-house, up and down which was pacing a custom-house officer, dressed in uniform, and wearing a sword, several men were engaged in opening and examining luggage of every description. That portion which was for "La Belgique"‡ was then doubly tied round with large cord, and secured from further examination by a leaden seal. On the outside of this department were standing several horse-boxes, opening fore and aft, instead of only at one side, as in England.

My companion now kindly proposed that I should walk with him down the line for about a mile, to the company's establishment of work-shops, &c. I accordingly followed, and, in answer to the first question I put to him, was informed, that the railway "Chemin de Fer du Nord," was opened to Lille in 1846, to Dunkirk in 1848, and to Calais in 1849.

"Who is this?" I said to him, looking at a tall man walking towards us, in a sort of half uniform, with an unusually long and thick black beard.

"One of our guards," he replied.

It occurred to me at the moment that our railway directors in England might for the same service recommend the adoption of this fashion. In regions of intense cold it is invariably found necessary to cover a shaved chin, and as there is no cheaper or warmer protection than that which nature has granted to the lower half of a man's face, it would be especially

* Receiver of the tolls of Paris.
† Office of the Customs. ‡ Belgium.

economical and convenient to railway guards, who, when travelling at thirty or forty miles an hour, through cold air, itself flying in an opposite direction, say from forty to sixty miles an hour, are exposed—to say nothing of rain, sleet, snow, hail, and sunshine—to very trying vicissitudes of temperature and climate.

At 440 yards from the station we came to a switch-man, dressed in a blouse, with a red cord round his neck, suspending a cow's horn, with which—according to circumstances—he communicated either with the station at the Paris terminus, or with an approaching train. I was astonished to learn, from the united testimony of my attendant and of this man, that a blast from a cheap rude instrument of this description can, in perfectly calm weather and in a plain, be heard at a distance of 4400 yards (2½ miles); and that even against a strong wind it is audible at a distance of 1500 metres, about a hundred yards short of an English mile. In our foggy weather such a warning voice might surely occasionally be of considerable service. At 550 yards from the station I came to another Cerberus, who had charge of wires, with which, without moving from his post, he could turn one disc at the station, and simultaneously another situated 550 yards down the line. His power of signalizing or of warning extended, therefore, over a distance of 1100 yards. Suspended from his neck by a black belt was a scabbard containing a red flag, there being no intermediate signal, by bunting, between "Advance" and "Halt." Behind him stood a sentry box, containing in the corner a small stove, the ornamental top of which, as is usual in France, had been exchanged for a "marmite" or covered saucepan, in which what he called his dinner—but from the smell what an Englithman would call his "onions"—were stewing. Opposite his stove was a box of exploding petards for fog-signals. He had also charge of a switch, to which had been very ingeniously attached a revolving weight—it is submitted that this might be advantageously adopted in England—which made it impossible for it to move during the time he was employed in signalizing with his discs.

Alongside of the line, protected from the intrusion of cattle, &c., by nothing but a slight trellis-work, which without any difficulty I could have levelled to the ground, were five electric wires, three constructed and used by Government, the

other two by the company. The posts for all had been fixed by Government.

As we were walking through a cutting, the embankment of which had been planted with trees, for the purpose of retaining the earth, there rushed by us, on its road to Paris, a train laden with three tiers of large pans full of milk, from cows grazing and ruminating about seventy miles off. At 1000 metres (1100 yards) from the station, we came to a distance-post, which constantly recurs at the same interval, and shortly afterwards there appeared before us a congregation of buildings—the object of my visit.

The Company's establishment at this spot, called "la Chapelle St. Denis," and which, with a great clock in the middle of it, straddles on both sides of the railway, over an irregular space, about 1100 yards long, and from 200 to 300 broad, is composed, on the eastern side of the rails, of magazines, &c., for the arrival and departure, at "petite vitesse" *—say six leagues an hour—of heavy goods; and on the left or western side, of workshops of various descriptions.

Proceeding to the eastern side of the rails, I found, separated from each other by wide spaces, four large, lofty, light buildings, called "Salles d'Arrivée:" †—

1. For the reception of sugar.
2. For mixed goods.
3. Do. do.
4. For oil, spirits, all that is liquid, and grain.

Also, two similar "salles" for despatching goods of all descriptions.

The interior of each is composed of a wooden platform, about five feet above the ground, with rails all along one longitudinal side, and with a space for carts and waggons on the opposite side; by which arrangement, in the arrival "salles," goods brought on railway-cars are transferred to wheels; and in the departure salles, from the wheel-carriages in which they arrive are transferred to carriages to travel by rail.

In the arrival "salle, No. 1," I saw, in large heaps, beetroot sugar in bags, tapped in so many places by the "douaniers," ‡ that they looked as if they had been under the fire of musketry. In salle No. 2 were bars of iron, piles of canvas,

* Slow pace. † Halls of arrival.
‡ Custom-house officers.

of paper three feet long, of matting, boxes of window-glass, barrels, and huge bags of coarse canvas, through which were protruding, like the quills of a porcupine, turkeys' feathers. Above these various packages, on a beam that traversed the whole building, was a running-crane for the purpose of moving them in any direction.

In salle No. 3, the platform—250 feet long, 120 broad, and covered by a triple-slated roof, supported by thirty-six posts—was divided by them into as many compartments, numbered,—for Prusse, Mouscron, Tourcoing, Roubaix, Dunkerque, Quiévrau, Valenciennes, Hazebrouck, Calais, St. Omer, Armentières, Arras, Lille, Somain, Douai, Corbie, &c.

At the end of this salle was a "bureau," containing a very ingenious contrivance for recording. during the night, the vigilance and presence of the guards whose duties it is to watch the premises. A small pasteboard dial, coinciding with that of a clock, is so arranged, that whenever the guard, in passing it, gives it, as he is ordered to do, a push, it not only makes a hole, but by it marks the precise hour and minute at which the rude pressure from without was inflicted; and, as the whole apparatus is locked up, the superintendent, on his arrival in the morning, without inquiry, reads, from various dials of this description, the precise periods at which the guards performed in every locality their several tours. One of these instruments a drowsy guard had been required to push every five minutes, to satisfy the superintendent he had not been asleep during the night.

On the platform of these sheds I stood for some time admiring the magnificent one-horse carts, everywhere in use at Paris. On one I saw piled and carried off with apparent ease, by a punchy little horse not fifteen hands high, fourteen barrels of Burgundy (in two tiers, the lower one of ten, and the upper of four casks), weighing, with the cart, 4000 lbs. Another, in front of which was affixed a little capstan, with a double rope, was laden with casks of sugar, weighing nearly 12,000 lbs. The clerks and porters employed in these "salles" work from six to six in summer, from seven to seven in winter, with one hour's intermission, namely, from eleven to twelve.

Against the eastern outer wall which surrounds the establishment of "la Chapelle St. Denis," are five offices, three belonging to the company, and the other two for the "octroi" of the Government.

After passing a small pier, not very well protected, for the embarkation of horses, cattle and carriages, I observed an ingenious contrivance for assisting the transportation of coke, which, on its arrival in a large grated waggon, is conducted on rails, under a powerful crane, to which is affixed a large strong rectangular frame, with iron pins, which fit and fasten all round into corresponding holes in the top-rails of the waggon, which then, coke and all, weighing 10,000 lbs., is lifted into the air, to be replaced on a two-wheeled cart, which, in a very few minutes, carries it away to Paris. There is also a lofty machine, with a little railed gallery on the top, for the purpose of ascertaining the weight of every load of coke, including the truck,—called by French engineers "trook."

On crossing over the line to the company's workshops, I was introduced to a fine-looking superintendent, who, although he understood not a word of English, kept brushing with the points of his long white beard my little note-book, in which he carefully looked with kind simplicity, and apparent satisfaction at every word I wrote.

At the entrance of the "Forgeries,"—in the centre of which is an exalted office, enabling the superintendent-in-chief to overlook two immense workshops at right angles, admirably lighted and ventilated above, by broad horizontal open blinds, like a brew-house,—I found at work, in triple rows, eighty-one forges, and two small steam-engines, by whose irresistible power a hammer is enabled, sixty times per minute, to inflict a blow of from 18,000 to 20,000 lbs. It also gives life and animation to a variety of smaller machines, for cutting, punching, and dealing with iron as if it were leather. It likewise causes to revolve an enormous grinding-stone, before which there appeared, dressed in a pair of wooden trowsers, and leaning against an inclined elastic board, always pressing him towards the stone, a man, from the neighbourhood of whose stomach streams and sparks of fire were flying from the large steel spring he was grinding. At a little distance from him was a neat, compact, square furnace, for heating whatever required to be forged. There were drawn from it while I was looking at it, first a rectangular hollow square, then a long thin plate, then a short broad one, then a lumpish piece of iron, all red, or rather, almost white hot.

We next proceeded to the department for repairing the

company's brass engine tubes, made at Rambouillet, near Rouen. As, however, the operation of cutting them with a circular saw produced a noise exceedingly disagreeable, I hurried from it into a yard, in which I found troughs full of acid for cleaning tubes, and vats full of water for washing them, after which they are filled with hot rosin, which, strange to say, as soon as it gets cold, hard, and *brittle*, enables them to be bent with the greatest accuracy and certainty into a circular or into any form. This object having been attained, the tube is then moderately heated, which causes the rosin, slowly and sluggishly, like a great serpent, to roll out.

In a covered passage I entered a series of store-rooms, containing iron for various purposes, each ticketed separately; brass; paint of different colours; various sizes of wire; tools of all sorts, to be delivered as required to the company's workmen, each of whom, in acknowledgment, surrenders to the storekeeper his "ticket" (an iron wafer bearing his number), which is put in the place of the tool he has received. Every Saturday, previous to paying the men, all bring in their tools, redeem their tickets, and then receive their money.

We next entered a magnificent "atelier," or workshop, 330 feet long, admirably lighted and ventilated, containing in four rows seventy-two machines, worked by steam, for turning brass and iron. The sudden sight of so many revolving leather straps, the busy whirl of so many lathes, each attended by its mechanic, the figures of upwards of a hundred men dressed in blouses, standing at tables all round the walls in various attitudes of filing, contrasted with the comparative silence (for the machinery worked with great ease) of the whole scene, was highly interesting. In the middle of this splendid workshop there was, as usual, an elevated office with glass windows overlooking the whole.

Passing through a yard of several acres' area, full of wheels of waggons and other carriages, we entered another immense lofty double hall, at right angles, for the reception of engines afflicted with all sorts of disorders in their bowels, for which hammering seemed to be the general specific, for everybody, everywhere, appeared to be belabouring something. And although they all together created a "devil's tattoo," almost deafening, it appeared to me that the men struck with rather less spite, with a little less energy, and with rather more non-

chalance than in England. Adjoining was a shed for smaller repairs, "petites réparations," of engines.

I was now conducted into the "Rotonde," a beautiful circular fabric for washing, cleaning, and overhauling engines and tenders, of which there were thirty-six, all named and numbered. Among them I observed an engine and tender, united so as to form only one machine. The French engineers, copying our language, call the tender "le taindair." At the end of this rotonde was a pit, and ingenious weighing machine for ascertaining and for adjusting the precise weight resting on each of the three pairs of wheels of every engine.

In a very large yard, in which are an immense turn-plate, an office, and a store of coke, is the "Bureaux des employés," or principal office of the establishment: beyond it I entered another spacious covered hall or hospital for sick and wounded engines, which, standing on three sets of rails fitted beneath, were undergoing slight medical and surgical operations. I next paid a visit to the heart and lungs of the establishment, a thirty-horse power steam-engine, which, with a thrilling noise and rumbling motion, made my whole system appear to quiver. At a short distance from it was another steam-engine of twelve-horse power, for carpenters' work, and immediately adjoining a very fine hall 300 feet long by 150 broad, for the reparation of "vagons" and "voitures," all inscribed and numbered in scarlet. In this department I found various circular saws and machines for cutting quoins for rails; a colour-shop; a tool-shop; and a grinding-stone, which, to prevent it from splashing, was cleverly confined within a wrought-iron case, so as to leave uncovered only the part wanted, which could be closed by a shutter when not in use.

Against the wall surrounding the company's establishment were a series of sheds for lamps and tin-work, cushions, &c., extending to a large field covered with rails, &c., for the permanent way. Parallel to these sheds is a long line of magnificent stores, as light as day, for grain and flour, and of "salles," or workshops, warmed by stoves, for painting carriages.

Before the last revolution (the establishment then contained 2000 workmen), the company's carriages of all descriptions were made here, but, as they are now supplied by contract, the number of artificers has been reduced to 600.

Notwithstanding the accommodation these large halls af-

ford (half of them were lately appropriated for packages going to the London Exhibition), I observed, standing in the open air, covered only by a brown canvas mantle, a splendid, richly painted, richly gilt, and richly ornamented carriage, formerly entitled, while it carried Louis Phillippe, "Voiture Royale;"* ever since it has been devoted to the President of the Republic it has been called "Vagon Nationale;"†—it has nevertheless lately been embellished, infinitely finer than before, and thus it has gained in splendour more than it had lost in name.

I was now conducted by my obliging attendant to an extraordinary-looking double store of three galleries, like those of a Swiss cottage, with four flying bridges of communication. These communications, as light as open day, were divided into fifty-four compartments, again subdivided into pigeon-holes, containing tools of every description, hair-brooms, mats, in short, every article—most of them ticketed—that a railway establishment could require. Beneath was a "bureau," or office, over the door of which was written, "Interdite au public."‡ On entering I found it full of bearded clerks, all sitting in caps excepting one, whose head was covered with an immense white wide-awake hat. At the principal stations the cap of the "chef de la gare"§ is embroidered; that of the station-master is plain; and while on the subject of costume I may observe, that all men employed on the company's line are dressed in blouses.

Besides the spacious well-organized establishment, a mere outline of which I have now faintly delineated, there exist branch workshops at Amiens and at Lille. If the directors could have foreseen what lately happened, and what at any hour may recur, namely, that a revolution in Paris completely throws into the hands of the workmen at "La Chapelle St. Denis" the whole of the Company's valuable property comprehended therein, instead of the vicinity of the metropolis they would no doubt have established their workshops, &c., at Lille, where they would have been beyond the familiar grasp of

"LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, AND EQUALITY."

After walking by the side of the rails to the station at

* Royal carriage. † National waggon.
‡ No admittance for the public.
§ Chief Superintendent of the station.

Paris, I ascended a staircase which led me into a small room, where I found two gentlemen and three electric dials. The one on the left, which belongs to Government, and which is the most perfect, can work off with one hand 110 letters, or, with both hands, 180 letters per minute, three per second. The other two, called "Cadrans alphabétiques,"* are managed as follows. On the right of each machine there lies on the table before the operator a horizontal brass dial, of about ten inches in diameter, the circumference of which is marked with an alphabet and figures corresponding with those on the machine before him. By this arrangement, and by the assistance of a brass radius terminating in a little knob, the operator, working horizontally instead of vertically, rapidly moves the radius of the brass dial from one letter to another, and, as fast as he does so, the corresponding letter at the same instant is repeated on the dial before him, and at its destination! Besides letters, there are used ciphers often expressive of a whole sentence.

After thanking the chief engineer for the attention he had been kind enough to show me, I passed into the great covered promenade by which I had entered, and on looking along the range of offices inscribed on the wall, I perceived I had neglected to visit the "Bureau des Renseignemens." I accordingly opened its door and walked in.

Within it I found an exceedingly intelligent gentleman, whose duty it is, from half-past seven in the morning till nine at night, on every day of the week, Sundays and all, to be badgered by any man, woman, or child who, naturally or unnaturally, may be hungering or thirsting for railway information; besides which he has to make, in writing, "réclamations"† for every description of lost baggage. I felt ashamed to speak to him, but, as he instantly not only addressed me, but, on ascertaining what I wanted, with the utmost goodnature expressed an anxiety to explain to me everything that belonged to his department, I briefly ascertained from him that, during the summer, he and his assistant, then at rest, had to work "énormément;"‡ that of all travellers the country people of France give him most trouble; that it takes sometimes a quarter of an hour to explain to them un-

* Alphabetical dials. † Applications. ‡ Enormously.

necessary details which, after all, might be understood in two minutes; that of the various trains, the branches of the "banlieue" (to short distances from Paris) are the most troublesome; lastly, that all days in the year, fête-days and festivities—which to all other people are moments of enjoyment—give him the most afflicting amount of labour. While I was with him, two or three people, quickly pushing open the door, asked him for information almost at the same time; and while one of them was bothering him with all sorts of little questions that appeared to me not to be worth a farthing a dozen, I heard close to me, exclaimed in a tone of honest joy, "HERE YOU ARE!" On looking round, I found a tall, strong, fine-looking young Englishman, pointing out with his finger to the upturned eyes of his comrade—a foot shorter than himself—the precise hour of departure of the to-morrow morning's train from Paris to Boulogne.

"OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!"

On walking, or rather crawling, out of the great yard—for I was very tired—I went straight into a café on the Place de Roubaix, and asked the waiter for a cup of coffee. In about half a minute he not only brought it to me, but, almost before I could look at it, as a sort of codicil to the will I had expressed to him, to my horror he filled and left with me a little wine-glass with brandy, and then walked away.

This evil custom has of late years become so general in Paris that, as I walked along the streets, I saw within the cafés almost everybody who had coffee, either sipping, or about to sip, a glass of brandy."

In returning homewards I stopped for a few moments to look at an open empty black hearse, richly ornamented with silver, to which were harnessed, but standing stock still, a pair of horses smothered alive in black trappings, edged with silver, and covered with silver stars and silver tears. The reins were black and silver. The coachman, dressed in a black cloak, with a pair of large jack-boots, with white linen wrapped round his knees inside, had on his head a black cocked hat edged with silver. Close to the horses there stood, as chief mourner, a splendid, tall, well-fed man, dressed in a cocked hat, black coat with a collar of purple and silver, and purple scarf edged with long silver bullion; lastly,

resting against the wall of a shop, hung with black cloth decorated with silver, were four men in black. As I was gazing at the horses, coachman, and tall man in black, purple, and silver, I observed that everybody that passed on either side of the street, without looking to the right or left, either took off his hat, or with his right hand touched its brim. I thought at first they were all saluting the empty hearse; but on looking into the black shop, I saw within it, resting on two tressles, and illuminated by eight candles, the coffin of a man whose name, obliterated by the black cloth that covered his remains, nobody stopped to inquire about; who had died nobody knew why; and who was going to be buried nobody knew where. The civility, however, in Paris bestowed upon the living, is as politely extended to them when they are dead.

SUNDAY, THE 4TH MAY.

At nine o'clock in the morning, with my umbrella in my hand, I sallied forth from my lodgings to behold the great fête, the preparations for which had for so many days engaged the time and the talk of almost everybody in Paris. The weather was dirty, moist; and as there was every appearance that it would become more dull and more moist, I hastened to the Place de la Concorde, the fountains of which, surrounded by people, I found converted, as I have described, into enormous gilt wicker baskets full of roses, red and yellow, variegated with ruddy-faced apples as big as melons. The goddesses' heads were now completely concealed by bushes formed of the tops of young fir-trees. Encircling the whole there gracefully hung, increasing in size from the ends towards the centres, wreaths composed of 212 ground-glass globe lamps. In various parts of the Place several men were busily fixing fireworks; others, with large paint-brushes, rapidly converting a mass of huge wooden packing-cases into beautiful rocks, among which, entire fir-trees had been inserted. In every direction was to be heard the tap and roll

of drums, preceding masses of moving bristling bayonets, dully shining over the heads of the crowd through which they were passing. On both banks of the Seine every vessel, and especially the long low baths moored close to the stone pier, were ornamented with flags. As I approached the Pont de la Concorde the concourse of people was immense.

"Violà, Messieurs!" I heard every where, from voices, high, low, male, female, but already more or less hoarse and worn out, "le Programme détaillé de la Fête; la description des Statues, du Rocher de Cascade, pour la bagatelle d'un sou!"*

"Achetez, Monsieur!"† said to me a stout woman, with a brown, honest, healthy face, ornamented with a long pair of gold earrings, embedded in a white cap, beautifully plaited, as she offered me one of the armful of printed "Programmes" she was describing.

As I was complying with her request, several other hands were stretched towards her for a copy, which she supplied with great alacrity, continuing unceasingly, but every moment a little more hoarsely, to exclaim, "Voilà, Messieurs, le Programme détaillé," &c. &c. &c.

In the middle of her announcement, "Pardon, Madame," she suddenly said to one of her customers, "c'est une demoiselle!"‡ The lady took back the money she had paid, and in exchange gave her the sou she had required.

"What *is* a demoiselle, if you please?" whispered I to the woman whose offering had been rejected. "Mais voyez, Monsieur!"§ she replied, presenting to me a copper coin, on which I saw the figure of Britannia. She had offered an English halfpenny instead of a French one.

Here and there were to be seen standing bolt upright, or pacing backwards and forwards, a "sergent de ville" (Anglicè policeman), attired in a blue single-breasted coat, remarkably well made, with long broad skirts, edged round with small red cord, silver buttons—a silver ship, the arms of the city of Paris, embroidered on the collar—and a brass-hilted straight

* Here, gentlemen, is a detailed account of the Fete; a description of the statues and of the rocky cascade for the trifle of a halfpenny.

† Buy, Sir!

‡ Your pardon, Madam! this is a young lady!

§ See, Sir!

sword suspended perpendicularly by a black belt beneath the coat. These men, usually well grown, well made, and who, generally speaking, have countenances highly intelligent, wear mustachios, but no whiskers; in lieu of which, from the end of their chins there projects a sharp-pointed beard, which seems to add, if possible, to the extreme sharpness of their appearance.

After mingling with the vast concourse of people,—some looking over into the Seine—some at the new statues—some at the colonnade in front of the National Assembly,—I reluctantly left the joyous groups by which I had been surrounded, and walked to the Champs Elysées, where I found a scene of unadulterated happiness, nearly a mile long.

The first group I stopped at was surrounding a small oblong table, at the end of which was a common wooden box with four holes in it, each about an inch and a half in diameter. Into them a number of men in blouses were trying to blow through a tube a little arrow. On the top of the box, perfectly happy, sat, quickly nibbling cabbage-leaves,—munching a little,—and then, apparently unconscious of the presence in creation of any beings but themselves, nibbling again,—six rabbits and a guinea-pig. All of a sudden I heard a slight general exclamation of triumph, caused by a competitor having shot into one of the holes; and almost at the same moment the blouse-covered arm of the man who had done so was stretched towards the largest and fattest of the rabbits, who, while in extreme happiness he was nibbling a piece of the green cabbage-leaf which he had just broken off, was suddenly lifted up by the ears, to be killed, skinned, fricasseed, and eaten by the conqueror; and yet his violently kicking hind-parts were scarcely out of reach of his quondam comrades, when,—so like mankind,—the remaining five went on, with their long thin ears lying on their backs, placidly nibbling and munching, utterly regardless of the game of Death actually performing before their eyes.

After passing several turnabouts, billiards, and amusements of various sorts, I came to a lad of about seventeen dressed in a blouse, who, with a large table covered with square pieces of gingerbread of different sizes before him, was unceasingly exclaiming, "On les vend à un sou et à deux sous la pièce. S'ils ne sont bons, on ne les paie pas! On a

l'avantage de les goûter d'abord !"* Then looking upwards towards the clouds, from which a few drops of rain were now beginning to fall, he said, appealing to me,

"Je croyais que le Bon-Dieu était juste ! mais,' he added, covering over his gingerbread with a cloth, "il n'est pas juste du tout !"†

It was Sunday; and as I continued walking up the Champs Elysées, just ornamented by the completion, at the cost of sixteen pounds sterling apiece, of the colossal statues of Papin, Corneille, Poussin, Molé, Jean Bart, Jeanne Hachette, le Grand Condé, Le Maréchal Ney, Jacquart, Molière, Jean Goujon, Le Cardinal Richelieu, Dugay-Trouin, Jeanne d'Arc, Le Grand Turenne, Le Général Kleber, I could not help feeling the inconsistence in a nation thus to honour her public men, and yet to live unmindful of the Omnipotent Power that created them!

At the "Rond Point," or circular space, about half way up the Champs Elysées, where six roads meet, I found completed, on its pedestal, an immense colossal statue of France, beautifully executed, holding, with extended arms, in each hand a crown of laurels. On both sides of the pedestal was appropriately inscribed,

"Aux Gloires de la France."‡

Among the endless variety of modes of shooting for amusement, I observed in the rain a number of people firing with percussion-caps at a man's head, whose eyes (two candles) were to be blown out by the air rushing from the barrel of the gun. A little further on, surrounded by a group of admirers, were a quantity of plaster figures, many of which had been more or less wounded by the crossbow bullets to which—three shots for a sou—they had been exposed. Beneath them, lying fast asleep, with his shaggy side completely covered with the débris of the broken images, was the rough black dog of the owner of the game.

Without knowing what I was to see, I followed a man through

* Going for a halfpenny and a penny a-piece. If they are not good, you need not pay for them. You have the advantage of tasting them first.

† I thought that God was just! but he is not just at all!

‡ To the Glories of France.

a slit in a canvas wall, within which I found a tame stag telling people what o'clock it was, &c. On coming out of it, "Est-ce que ça vaut deux sous?"* said a boy to me, eagerly putting his face close to mine. I did not like to injure the proprietor of the stag, and, not being sufficiently acquainted with the inquirer's taste to answer the question he had put to me, I extricated myself from the dilemma by putting into his hand two sous, and saying nothing—on which and with which—in he rushed.

"Eh bien, Messieurs, qui demande la commotion?"† exclaimed the proprietor of an electrifying machine, who, almost as fast as he could receive the sous that were tendered to him electrified not only the hands that contained them, but, amidst roars of laughter, bunches of rustics, men and women, pressing around them. A little girl, who came forward to receive the shock, bore it very well; but a large young woman standing near her squalled out, and put her hands to the backs of both her knees.

Along the principal road of the Champs Elysées were closely ranged, on both sides, stalls full of trinkets of all descriptions. One was full of pipes; many consisted of toys, most of which—emblematic of a Frenchman's taste—were, I observed, drums and dolls. In one were bread, wine, spirits, and red eggs; in another, cold boiled sausages; in another, a woman, whose face was wet with rain and perspiration, frying, over charcoal, sausages, which—just as if they wanted me either to buy them or save them—spluttered loudly as I passed them. In the jewellery department were displayed wedding-rings enough to have married, twenty times over, all the ladies in Paris. The scene, throughout its whole length, was ornamented with thousands of flags, and yet men with arms full of them were hurrying along.

Diving again into the interior, I found a hussar, a handsome man in a long beard, bare throat, military cap, scarlet jacket richly embroidered, and crimson trowsers, selling quack medicines to an extensive circle of people, who had crowded around him, and whom he always called "l'aimable société qui m'environne."‡ He was standing up in a sort of long barouche; above, and over his head, was a cabriolet, in which were seated,

* *Is* it worth a penny?
† Now then, gentlemen, who'll have a shock?
‡ The amiable company who surround me.

in military uniform, blowing and beating themselves to death, a pair of trumpeters, a key-bugler, and two drummers. After displaying a cake of his medicine—holding it out at arm's length between his fore-finger and thumb, to show as much of it as possible, which he assured his hearers could cure anything, a sickly-looking man stepped up on the wheel of the carriage. "Entrez, mon ami!"* said the hussar, assisting into the carriage the limping impostor, who, with a number of twitches in his countenance, expressive of great agony, explained he had not only pains everywhere, but that he could not in the slightest degree raise his left arm.

"Vous le jurez?"† exclaimed the hussar with great animation.

"Je le jure!"‡ said the impostor, completing the oath, by simultaneously raising, as is customary in a French court of justice, his right arm to Heaven.

Preliminaries having been thus adjusted, the hussar desired the man to prepare for his cure. Accordingly he threw off his hat; unbuckled his stock; took off his coat; then his waistcoat; and, although a number of "ladies" were present, he threw off his shirt. The hussar then set to work, and rubbed him as seriously and as recklessly as if he had been soaping a pig, his band all the time playing a suitable accompaniment to every movement he made.

"Raise your left arm!" said he. The man did so, and pronounced himself to be PERFECTLY CURED!!!

Another impostor went through very nearly the same form. At last, up came a man hobbling on crutches, who said he had an excruciating pain in his hip.

"NO!" exclaimed the hussar, throwing his head back, extending his right arm, expanding his chest, and looking as magnanimous as if he would die a hundred thousand painful deaths rather than do what was wrong. "Public decency forbids I should cure you *here!* but," he added, with a look of well-feigned charity and generosity, "here is a cake you may take home with you to your wife!"

Having put the gentlemen to rights, he next addressed himself to the ladies; explained to them, without the slightest concealment, the variety of little evils to which it appears their flesh is heir; and ended by telling them, most truly, that his

* Come in, my friend! † Will you swear so!
‡ I swear it!

cakes were quite as good for them as for their husbands, their lovers, or brothers. As soon as he had concluded, to my astonishment, quantities of people, like the English in 1825, and afterwards in 1845 during the railway mania, "came forward;" and the avidity to possess the specific was so great that the hussar could hardly pocket their money and deliver his yellow cakes fast enough.

I now proceeded to a large open space in the interior of the Champs Elysées, in which, besides nearly thirty bands that were playing different tunes at the same time, showmen bellowing with their utmost strength, were, through speaking trumpets, vaunting the wonders of their respective exhibitions, in addition to which were to be heard constant explosions of gunfiring. As soon as I had a little recovered from the stunning effects of these extraordinary noises, under the shelter of my umbrella—for it was raining steadily—I endeavoured to ascertain the principal causes of such a superabundance of joy.

Around the square were arranged in line—as in an English fair—canvas theatres, on the exalted platforms of which ladies in evening gowns, cut very low at top and very short at bottom,—gentlemen in brilliant uniforms,—and menials with their faces powdered and with cheeks daubed with red paint, were contending together for notice. A smaller set of tents contained—to judge from the pictures displayed outside—wonders of all descriptions. In the middle of the ground were whirligigs, montagnes Russes, wooden horses each under a canvas roof, which, turning round with it, sheltered the rider from the weather, carriages and boats flying round horizontally, long poles, soaped, with prizes at the top, others surmounted by eagles for pistol and gun practice.

As the rain was coming down very hard, I took shelter in a little theatre, on one of three reserved benches (for which I paid 6*d.*), each of which had a stuffed seat and back. The remainder, which were of white new rough wood uncovered, were filled with people who had paid for their admission two sous each. After sitting by myself—for no one else paid for the stuffing—for about five minutes, the curtain gently rising, disclosed to us a table, at which were seated three monkeys, one dressed in a blue coat, with two large scarlet worsted epaulettes. The master addressing himself to this distinguished officer, asked him where he came from. In reply he instantly drew

from his breast-pocket his passport, which he unfolded and presented. "What is your name?" Showing every one of a double range of beautiful white teeth, he grinned and chattered four or five times most violently.

A monkey, dressed in a cook's white cap, white linen jacket, large loose bright-blue calico trowsers, striped down the sides with silver lace, brought in a pair of candles. In retiring he showed no tail, but his hands hung down below his knees. The master now began to tie round each of the three monkeys' necks a white napkin. At the same moment the monkey cook, by untowardly bringing in and placing on the table a large plate of salad, set them all chattering most violently. In short, like greedy children, they kept looking at their dinner, instead of sitting demurely to have their pinafores put on. As soon as the last of the three was thus prepared, they all together poked out their long, black, thin, hairy arms, and amidst roars of honest laughter stuffed lettuce-leaves into their mouths, until the dish was perfectly empty. The monkey waiter then brought in wine; as soon as it was despatched, he walked off the stage with the empty bottle in one hand, and a basket in the other. He then carried off the two candles, and the curtain slowly dropped.

In the second scene two little ponies ran round the stage; then came in a monkey dressed as a young lady; then a poodle dog skipped, looking fearfully at the rope every time it revolved towards his feet; then he walked round the stage on his fore feet, with his hind legs in the air; then cantered, holding up first one fore leg, and then one hind one; and when all was over, ran with joy to his master, wagged his tail, and, after a variety of movements, showed his fidelity by licking his hand.

Next appeared a barouche, drawn by two white poodles, and driven by a monkey, with a comrade footman, who kept grinning behind,—both dressed in blue coats, with red collars and gold lace. In the carriage sat a monkey lady. In driving the vehicle round very fast, it upset, and the curtain, amidst roars of laughter, dropped upon the catastrophe.

In the third scene, a monkey, with a sabre in his hand, and riding a dog, was followed by four monkeys on foot, the first of whom, as he proceeded on his hind legs, leant his head on the dog's tail, while the other three, also bending their backs, reposed in like manner upon him and upon each other. After

sheathing his sword, the rider got into a swing, in which—as might be expected—he underwent with perfect ease, and apparent enjoyment, a variety of antics.

Two dogs, with the word "California" on their hats, now walked in on their hind legs, each with a basket of yellow metal in one hand and a shovel in the other.

Three monkeys mounted on dogs now rode a steeple-chase. One, dog and all, jumped through a hoop covered with paper. In leaping over a variety of fences, which the dogs took with great ease, the countenances of the riders assumed that serious look which, under similar circumstances, on larger faces is occasionally to be seen during the winter in some of our hunting counties.

A dog, walking on his hind legs and carrying a musket, now led in a monkey, also dressed in uniform, with two large red epaulettes. A monkey, clothed as a clergyman, with white bands projecting from his throat, brought in a placarded sentence of

"CONDEMNATION TO DEATH, TO BE SHOT BY HIS COMRADES."

While a bell was slowly tolling, the master tied a white handkerchief round the head of the culprit, who, on one of the dogs levelling a gun at him and then firing it off, dropped motionless. A mournful tune was heard, and the monkey priest—as if he had just eaten something that had woefully disagreed with him—really looked very uncomfortable. A monkey dressed as a grave-digger, in rusty black clothes, wheeling in a black cart, bearing on its sides in white paint death's head, put the dead monkey into it; in, however, trundling it aw y, he ran the wheel violently against a post, on which the lid of the dead cart, by a pair of little hairy-arms, was pushed upwards. The corpse looked out—grinned—chattered violently, and at last, unable any longer to control himself, jumping out, he ran across the stage amidst paroxysms of laughter, during which the curtain dropped, and in two minutes the house was not only emptied, but almost filled again, with a happy people, who for two sous apiece were to receive the enormous amount of enjoyment I have but very faintly described.

On coming out into the rain, I found, close to the canvas theatre from which I had emerged, a crowd of people watching a small tin pot lying on the ground. At the opposite end of

the little space roped off, stood the master of the concern, holding with both hands an enormous hollow human head, with white curly hair, laughing eyes, and an almost toothless mouth, grinning from ear to ear.

A fine-looking countryman in a blouse, stepped up to him, and in return for the payment of one sou, the master put over his head the large hollow one he held in his hands. He then gave him a stick, with which, blindfolded by the huge extra skull that rested on his shoulders, he was to walk forward, halt, and gain the prize by hitting the tin pot. He, however, to the music of a drum which instantly began to beat, walked in the wrong direction, and the great laughing countenance of the mask which overwhelmed his head, contrasted with the anxiety with which with all his strength he struck the ground instead of the pot, which he had evidently determined to smash, was productive of great happiness.

In large booths or tents, parties of "ladies and gentlemen" were to be seen seated at little green tables, on each of which appeared a black bottle, three or four tumblers, containing in different quantities a red fluid. In the middle of the crowd a number of young men were amusing themselves by firing almost perpendicularly with powder and balls at a golden eagle perched on the top of a lofty pole. On one of the exalted platforms of the small canvas theatres, the clown was riding about on a pony, very ingeniously constructed of a hairy substance, lined with oiled silk inflated with air, which, by being suddenly compressed by the rider's thighs, caused the head and neck of the little animal to relax or start up exactly as was desired.

As from these joyous assemblages I walked away, I witnessed a trifling scene which was really affecting.

A tall stout man upwards of six feet high, of about forty, and with a handsome beard, was singing and playing on a hurdy-gurdy, to a number of people. On his right stood his old mother; on his left, his four children, three nice-looking little girls, of about seven, nine, and fourteen years of age, and his son about ten; all were singing and accompanying him, the two eldest girls on harps, the younger one and the boy on fiddles. As the whole family sang and played, the rain continued to fall unceasingly, and although the poor little girls had tied white handkerchiefs over their glossy hair, their nankeen frocks were evidently dripping wet.

Among the various objects of attraction was Punch, who, instead of his dog, had sitting on the narrow stage of his exalted theatre a most spiteful cat that, to the merriment of the crowd, bit and scratched him, Death, the undertaker, everybody, and every thing that approached it.

On a small table there stood, among the multitude of umbrellas, a tall man dressed like a sailor, with a magnificent beard, and with hair flowing down his shoulders like a woman's. At his side was a canvas painting headed—

* "AVANT—PENDANT—APRÈS."

indisputably illustrating by three pictures of himself, the effects of the oil he was offering for sale. In the first portrait he appeared bald and beardless; in the second (just after he had begun to use the oil), there was on his chin and head a strong growing crop; in the third he appeared—as he stood before them—with the splendid beard and chevelure I have described.

Within five yards of him, a man dressed in a white cap, like a cook, was selling as fast as he could make them, cakes which he baked by pinching the savoury dough of which they were composed with hot tongs, on which the rain occasionally hissed as it fell.

A little further on, hoping to get under shelter, I followed a party through a slit in a canvas screen, within which in the open air there stood for exhibition in an evening gown a young woman who had not only a regular long beard and mustachios, but whose shoulders and back were covered with hair. "Touchez le, Monsieur!"† she said to me, pointing to her beard. The men present, showing their white teeth, laughed, but some ladies, who had walked in immediately after me, stood looking at her back and chin, and then at each other, with countenances of silent horror, which it would be quite impossible to describe.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the whirligigs, wooden horses, and carriages heavily laden with joyous faces, were spinning round in all directions. Guns were firing, cymbals clanking, drums beating, wind instruments of all descriptions resounding, and, louder than all, the speaking-

* Before—during—after. † Touch it, Sir!

trumpets of the various little theatres and shows were apparently announcing to the whole world the unspeakable delights of the gradd Sunday fête of the Republic.

In returning homewards, I saw in the Champs Elysées, in the open air, and in front of the Café des Ambassadeurs, amidst some thousand empty chairs, twenty-four waiters in white neckcloths and white aprons standing chattering to each other in the drizzling rain. As I was pitying them, the master of the establishment, a young man of great intelligence, walked up to me. He observed that I saw before me 400 tables, 3000 chairs, and that, to supply the guests he had expected, he had engaged for that day eighty waiters. I sincerely condoled with him on the loss he must inevitably sustain. "Ah!" he replied, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, and a countenance beaming with good humour. It was all he said, or seemed to wish to say, on the subject. I then spoke of the unfortunate political condition of Paris. "We have plenty of Royalists," he said, "but they are all quarrelling among each other about the individual. We have also plenty of honest Republicans, but they quarrel about the individual too. People tell me we must cut off the heads of one of the two parties; but, he added, with the very same slight shrug, "it is impossible!"

At the corner of the Place de la Concorde I found—all wearing sharp-pointed beards—the Garde Mobile, or Gendarmes Mobiles, the finest looking troops in Paris. The variety of names which this force has been obliged to wear is rather striking. It was at first called "Guet Royal;" then "Guet Assis;" then "Garde de Paris;" then "Guet de Paris;" then Garde Nationale Soldée;" then "Légion de Police." By the decree of the 10th of April, 1813, there was created and organized, for the protection of the metropolis, a corps entitled "Gendarmerie Impériale de Paris." By the royal ordonnance of the 31st May, 1814, it took the name of "Garde Royale." On the 14th April, 1815, by order of the Revolutionists it resumed the name of "Gendarmerie Impériale." On the 10th of January, 1816, by order of the Bourbons, it returned to the name of "Garde Royale;"—and on the 16th of August, 1830, a decree was issued, changing its name to "Garde Municipale."

Their full-dress uniform (for they have three costumes) is at present composed of a strange and very striking mixture of

colours, as follows:—The black cap,—bound at top with silver, ornamented at the side with a double angle of silver and scarlet, and a cockade of silver also edged with scarlet, and in front by a scarlet tuft, a resplendent silver eagle and wreath, beneath which projects horizontally the black peak,—is secured on the head by black patent-leather straps beneath silver chains that meet under the chin. The coat, which has long skirts, lined with scarlet, is dark blue, with scarlet edging to the cuffs. The epaulettes are of white worsted; the buttons of silver. The cross-belts, which pass diagonally over the chest, of light yellow, edged with white. From the left shoulder there hangs through and round the left arm a long white cotton aiguilette, festooned to the upper right breast buttons of the coat. The trowsers are light blue; the boots black. Affixed to the back is a small light-brown hairy deer-skin knapsack, surmounted by a blue greatcoat, neatly fastened in a roll by three yellow straps. The gloves are very light yellow. The broad belt of the bright-barrelled musket and the small pouch for percussion caps are of a darker yellow, similar to that of the cross-belts.

Close to the guard-room, dressed in black glazed hats on which was written—

"Salubrité,
"Cantonnier,"

and in blouses braced round the waist by black leather belts, were several men, employed by the police to keep the streets clean; they work from four in the morning till four at night, for which they receive 40 sous (1*s.* 8*d.*) a day, paid to them three times a month.

In Paris the proprietors of every house are required to sweep the foot-pavement opposite to their respective domiciles. The remainder of the street is cleaned by the city, who instead of letting the work by contract, employ such numbers of "Cantonniers" as they may deem necessary. In winter, of course, more are required, besides which 3000 additional men have occasionally been employed to break the ice in the gutters and carry away it and the snow to the Seine.

On ascending the steps of the church of the Madeleine, most magnificently ornamented, I stood for some time on the exalted platform looking at the moving mass of umbrellas which, without interval or interruption, appeared to extend

across the Place and Pont de la Concorde to the lofty columns of the National Assembly. Within the church I heard resounding mass and prayers: outside, and close to me, men in blouses were working—without metaphor—like the very devil, with saws, tin ware, and lamps, preparing for the illuminations.

A tide of well dressed people, without crushing each other's dresses, were slowly flowing into the church at one door and out of it by another. On entering with the stream, after listening for a few moments to the organ loudly pealing, I observed on both sides of the door, half seated and half kneeling, a lady, dressed in the height of the fashion, to receive (each in a crimson velvet purse bound with gold) contributions on behalf of the poor. One, in mourning, was about forty; the other, nearly thirty, and who was endeavouring to make her mouth look as devout and as pretty as possible, was in colours. Both had in their laps splendid prayer-books bound in crimson velvet and gold.

In the vicinity of the church was a body of troops standing in the rain under arms, or rather leaning on them. Nothing could exceed the good humour that beamed in their countenances. On their right, looking as merry as a grig, I observed the drummer, like a hen on her nest, sitting with his scarlet trowsers on his drum to keep it warm and dry.

After mingling in the chequered scenes I have described for about nine hours, I crawled home quite tired at half-past six. However, as I felt resolved to see the fête out, as soon as I had had my dinner—and, instead of heating wine, a little rest—I sallied forth again, and was no sooner out of my door than I found myself, as before, in a moving mass of umbrellas.

After looking, until it became dark, at various illuminations—before lighting the lamps, I saw the men employed to do so pour off the water that lay in a stratum above the hard tallow—and especially at the fountains on the Place de la Concorde, now converted into glittering cascades flowing over baskets of roses, I proceeded to the bridge, which was so crowded, that with considerable difficulty and by very slow degrees I was enabled to advance. The only point at which I and everybody had an appearance of hurrying was through a broad pool of rain water, about eight inches deep, at the edge of which all paused until, amidst loud laughter, they mustered courage enough by twos and threes to run through it.

The good humour and real politeness of the crowd were beyond all description; and although everybody had not only to take care of him, or her self, but of an umbrella, which, for want of room often unintentionally committed very grave offences, I heard around me in all directions nothing but joy and jokes. In trying to advance my parapluie during the heavy rain, I very unfortunately knocked a young gentleman's hat off into the mud. "Ah!" exclaimed a man in a blouse, as the owner ran to pick it up, "vous aurez un coup-de-soleil!"* The proprietor, however, as he put the dripping thing on his wet head, laughed as good-humouredly as the rest.

As I passed the magnificent colossal group of the Tritons, sea-horses, &c., in the middle of the bridge, representing the Genius of Navigation, I remained of opinion that the artist had entirely spoilt it by leaving the plaster snow-white. On crossing the bridge, however, and, after a deal of patience, obtaining a place close to the railings overlooking the Seine, I had occasion to acknowledge my error: for while, fancying that with more wisdom than other people I had discovered a great fault, I was actually looking at the majestic group, it all of a sudden, and apparently of its own accord, became tinged with a light bluish hue, producing the most beautiful effect that can possibly be conceived. The change proceeded from a small barge moored about one hundred yards down the stream, in which was concealed a powerful artificial light of the colour described, which through a large lens, like that of a magic-lantern, was at a given moment made to radiate upon the white group to give to it the unearthly, mysterious, lovely tint, from all directions hailed with well-merited applause.

The picture was now complete; for simultaneous with the alteration of light an immense mass of water, conducted through iron pipes of ten and eighteen inches in diameter, was made to flow from beneath the group in cascades over the masses of artificial rocks, interspersed, as I have stated, with fir-trees of various ages and—as if from wind or from the force of the torrent—in various attitudes. In the river beneath every barge and boat was beautifully illuminated,

* Ah! you will have a coup-de-soleil!

and wherever my eyes wandered there appeared through the darkness a picturesque mixture of light, colours, and flags. In a short time the pale blue group, as well as the rocks, the boats in the river, and even the countenances of the people that stood dripping by my side, assumed a beautiful red hue, then they became bright green, and, when the artificial lights which gradually and successively had caused these striking changes expired, the blue bull's-eye which, although it had been for the moment overpowered, had continued unceasingly shining upon its object, recovering its power, shed its pale lovely cerulean influence as before.

As, perfectly unconscious of the rain, I was enjoying the scientific changes I have described, I heard, at a considerable distance, a very slight insignificant explosion, followed instantly by a general murmur of applause. Some said, Oh! some, Ah! some, Ai! in short, the groan of delight from the whole assembled multitude was apparently composed of the joint utterance by innumerable voices of the vowels a, e, i, o, u, formed into one long drawling word. On looking in the direction in which everybody seemed to look and groan, I saw, high up in the darkness, a dense mass of falling stars of every possible colour, announcing the commencement of the fireworks at the Champs de Mars, at the Barrière du Trône, on the Seine, and in various other localities. Occasionally the success of these feux d'artifice was only announced to us by a faint and distant cheer; but every five or ten minutes they rose and burst at a great height, with a variety and splendour which appeared to afford everywhere intense delight.

During the time I remained leaning against the railings overlooking the Seine, only about two rows of people behind me (all of whom were under umbrellas) could manage to get an occasional glimpse of the cascades, illuminations, &c., to the remainder almost invisible; and yet at no moment did I receive the slightest pressure, nor did I hear a single complaint or even observation respecting the innumerable little streams of water which from one person's umbrella were running into his neighbour's neck, and *vice versâ*.

At ten o'clock at night I abandoned my position to go to my lodgings. In returning along the Pont de la Concorde, I came into a tide of people, all, like myself, homeward-bound, all in good humour, all happy. There was no pressing, no

confusion. Most of the women had nothing on their heads but white caps; many were carrying in their arms dripping children. As the merry mass moved along, the rain, which for the last hour had been steadily increasing, was to be seen pattering upwards from the asphalte pavement of the Place de la Concorde. On reaching the covered colonnade of the Rue de Rivoli, it was, of course—especially for ladies whose silk cloaks and backs were dripping wet—a haven of considerable importance, yet I particularly observed no one tried to hurry into it before the person that preceded him, or even to enter it until he or she could do so without pressing upon any one else. On the whole, as I entered the welcome door of my home, I felt very deeply that, instead of regretting the weather they had experienced, there was nothing in the fête I had just witnessed that conferred half so much real honour on the Republic as the urbanity, politeness, and social virtues which the French citizens, under circumstances of untoward disappointment, had just evinced in the celebration of its anniversary; and yet, although liberty, fraternity, and equality had really been the happy characteristics of the day, it is an anomalous fact that, while every citizen of Paris was enjoying the festival of his independence from the power of monarchy, the garrison of Paris, consisting of an army of 60,000 soldiers were—excepting the guards I have mentioned, and occasionally a dragoon trotting through the streets with a despatch—confined to their barracks the whole of the day, to prevent the overthrow, by "the people," of the very republican system, the establishment of which was apparently producing among them so much happiness and joy!

The expenses of the fête, indirectly as well as directly, must have been enormous; and yet, strange to say, although I had been awakened in the morning by the gratulatory roar of the cannon of the Invalides, and although my ears had been assailed by appeals of applause and of noises of approbation of every possible description, I did not, from morning to night, once hear the voice—even of a child—exclaim "VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

As, on reaching my room, I was pretty well tired out, I soon made preparations for going to bed; and yet, before doing so, I could not help reflecting with pride and pleasure on a statement still lying on my table, in Galignani's newspaper,

announcing the respect which in England, on that day week, Prince Albert and the Royal Commission had publicly paid to the sabbath, by suspending on it all work at the Crystal Palace, although by doing so their pledge to the whole family of mankind to open it on the 1st of May was in danger of being broken.

The following little "dulce-domum" paragraph, contrasted with the scenes I had just witnessed, pleasingly corroborated the same important moral:—

From the 'Times' of Monday. "Yesterday the Duke of Wellington attended the early service and received the sacrament in the Chapel Royal, St. James's."

THE OCULIST.

Before I left England I had been strongly recommended to ascertain in London who was the best oculist in the French metropolis; I, however, took especial care to do no such thing, but, on the second day after my arrival in Paris, called upon Mr. Swann, an English chemist of very high character, and, after explaining to him my anxiety on the subject, I put the important question to him.

"Sir," he replied, "I will give you the name and address not only of the best oculist in Paris, but, I believe, in Europe!" he added that the proper way of consulting him was to go to his house, where he received his patients every day except Saturday till two o'clock; and as he further advised me to go early, on the next morning I left my lodgings at a quarter before seven, and crossing the Place de Vendôme (the sentinel at the foot of Napoleon's column, pacing backwards and forwards, had in a great-coat—which, I believe, belonged to the sentry-box—a large hole—

"If there's a hole in a' yere coats,
I rede ye tent it:
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An faith he'll prent it")

afterwards the Boulevart des Italiens, and then entering the

Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, I proceeded along it until I saw over a handsome porte-cochère the No. 50.

I asked the concierge if Dr. Sichel lived there?

"Au premier, Monsieur,"* she replied.

So up stairs I mounted, and on the first landing place, ringing at the bell, the door was opened by a lad dressed in a sort of half uniform half livery, who showed me into two drawing-rooms, handsomely carpeted, the walls of which were surrounded by chairs, on which I saw, seated in silence, and in various attitudes, eight or ten persons. The boy told me in French "to give myself the trouble to sit down." On my doing so, he went to his little desk, opened a little drawer, and, putting his hand into it, he brought, and, without the utterance of a word, delivered to me, a little bit of wood about an inch and a half square, on which was inscribed the figure 11.

"What is this?" said I to him in French.

"Monsieur" he replied, "c'est votre numéro"† and then, turning on his heels and walking across the carpet, he seated himself at his desk with his face towards the wall.

In glancing at those who at the early hour I have named had come before me, I saw in a chair opposite me an officer in blue uniform and red collar, wearing the cross of the legion of honour; beside him sat a lady in a white bonnet, within which was an exceedingly pretty face, a quantity of black hair parted on the forehead, and in the place of whiskers two slight wreaths of light green flowers. Next to her sat a poor-looking paysanne in a milk-white cap, with frills beautifully plaited, and with a black shawl neatly thrown over her shoulders, confined across the breast by one long pin stuck in diagonally. Of the party assembled, some without very much expression of countenance were leaning their chins on umbrellas, others sat ruminating with their arms stiffly extended, their hands one over another resting on a stick. One poor lady, evidently suffering great pain, kept her white pocket-handkerchief on her eyes. Next to her sat a powerful-looking man in blouse.

I was examining my little wooden ticket, and was reflecting on the extraordinary disposition for order and system

* On the first floor, Sir. † Sir, it is your number!

which, in spite of her interminable political disorders, and repeated annihilation of every system of government, pervades France, when the bell rang, and the boy, as suddenly as if the wire had pulled him too, jumped up, and then opening the door, ushered in two ladies, to the eldest of whom he gave a wooden ticket, which she received with silence, and then with her young friend sat down almost immediately opposite to me.

No. 11's eyes immediately looked at No. 12's eyes sympathetically to discover, if possible, what was the matter with them, at which the eyes of No. 12's friend sparkled and glistened, as much as to say, "You are mistaken, Sir, if you think *we* are either sick or sorry!"

The bell every now and then intermittently gave another ring, until in about a quarter of an hour the room was nearly full of eyes, some evidently suffering so severely that with habitual caution I began to reflect whether, in my visit I might not possibly catch more than I had come to have cured.

For a considerable time we all sat in mute silence, and indeed, in our respective attitudes almost motionless; save that every now and then a gentleman, and sometimes a lady, would arise, slowly walk diagonally across the carpet to a corner close to the window, press with his or her hand the top of a little mahogany machine, that looked like an umbrella-stand, look down into it, and then very slowly, at a sort of funeral pace, walk back.

All this I bore with great fortitude for some time; at last, overpowered by curiosity, I arose, walked slowly and diagonally across the carpet, pushed the thing in the corner exactly as I had seen everybody else push it, looked just as they did, downwards, where, close to the floor, I beheld open, in obedience to the push I had given from the top, the lid of a little spitting-box, from which I very slowly, and without attracting the smallest observation, walked back to my chair.

The silence continued for a long time; at last with great joy, I first heard and then saw the massive door of admission to Dr. S. open, and I was expecting to see No. 1 rise from her chair, when a sort of clerk, who hardly a minute before had walked across the carpet into the room beyond the said solid door, re-appeared, carrying through the two waiting-rooms on his right arm a dark-coloured coat and waistcoat.

Several other patients now arrived, and in a few minutes the solid door again opened, the same clerk again walked out of it, carrying in his right hand a pan of ashes out of a grate.

Although my time was of some little value to me, I felt it was no use to be impatient, and as everybody looked good-humoured and contented, I determined to try and follow their example.

I own, however, that my countenance fell a little (I am describing what not only occurred on my first visit, but that which recurred on every subsequent one I made) on seeing the boy who, unobserved by me, had disappeared from his desk, open the entrance door, cross the carpet, and walk towards the solid door, carrying in both hands a tray containing a large cup of coffee, two or three rolls, and some butter, which he took into the chamber in which we were all eventually to appear. Subsequently, he opened in the drawing-room a cupboard, into which—seating himself close before it—he put a large cup of coffee, a large slice of bread, and lastly and instinctively, his own head. In fact, it was evident that, such is the fame and amount of practice of Dr. S., that his patients, competing one against another, are in the habit of invading his house and seating themselves in his drawing-room before he has dressed or before he or his servants have breakfasted.

About eight o'clock—which was quite as early as any physician could reasonably be expected to begin his labour—the lad reappeared, and, calling out "Numéro 1," a poor woman arose from her seat, and entered the doctor's door.

In about seven or eight minutes No. 2 was called, and so on till Nos. 4 and 5, when I observed that the next person, and after him the next, that were called, were two gentlemen (each taking in with him a lady), who had only just arrived. This appeared to me so unjust that I could not resist complaining of it to a man in a blouse, who had, for upwards of half an hour, sat in silence besides me.

"Ils sont docteurs!"* he replied; and I then learned it is the habit in Paris, in all waiting-rooms of this nature, for professional men bringing patients or clients—the terms, alas! are but too often synonymous—to be admitted as fast as they arrive—in fact, to take precedence of everybody else.

* They are doctors!

By this rule I was often bothered a great deal; for while I sat, believing I was next to be called, the bell would ring, and there would enter the waiting-room a gentleman, of whom I heard whispered, with a slight shrug—the meaning of which I but too well understood—"Encore un docteur!"*

"The De'il flee awa' with the doctors!" I very improperly muttered to myself. However, every dog has his day, and accordingly, in due time, on the lad calling out my number, I arose, and, entering the door I had so long been wistfully looking at, I was received by Dr. S., whose intellectual countenance at once promised me all I could possibly desire.

I was going to speak to him, but he very properly insisted first of all on looking at my eyes, and having done so, begging me to be seated, and sitting opposite to me, he said to me in French, with a look of perfect resignation, "I am willing now to *hear* whatever you may think proper to say;" and he added that, as I was apparently an Englishman, I might address him in my own language.

Nothing could be more sensible, satisfactory, and pleasing than his whole manner. He spoke English with great fluency and with good pronunciation; and after he had explained to me the nature of the disorder in my eyes, which he termed in writing "Blephamphthalmie," and which he said he had no doubt he could cure, he requested me to follow him into an adjoining room, where he would give me a prescription.

In this little chamber there sat, close to a comfortable fire, an intelligent-looking young man of slight figure, with a beard and mustachios. On a small table before him were pens, paper, sand, ink, coffee, rolls, and butter. Dr. S. dictated to him for about a minute, and then, leaving me seated opposite to him, he returned into the larger apartment in which he had received me.

Besides the gentleman before me, I saw in one corner of the little room a round tin table, surrounded by a projecting rim, around which were seated several persons, men and women, each incessantly dabbing, first one eye and then another, with a sponge repeatedly moistened from a tumbler full of liquid.

While this transaction was going on, the gentleman opposite to me, the instant Dr. S. had left the room, began to write

* Another doctor!

out my prescription, which I expected would have been expressed—as it had been pronounced—in very few words.

I observed, however, that after filling one side of a sheet of large note paper, he turned it over, and on the other side continued to write;—Then, in deep reflection, he sat for a few seconds looking at the ceiling;—then he wrote a line or two;—and stopped;—then took a bite at his roll;—munched;—reflected;—and then wrote again. As soon as he had finished, he arose, knocked hard with his knuckle at the door of Dr. S., who almost immediately entered.

In a very calm, impressive manner he gave directions to several patients, who, besides those dabbing, were seated in the room; and with great pleasure I observed that to the apparently rich and poor—for he neither knew nor cared for the name of any of us—there was not in his manner, language, or anxiety to explain himself, the slightest shade of difference;—his whole mind being evidently entirely engaged in curing them of their respective disorders.

Proceeding for an instant into one corner of the room, he returned with a small squirt in his hand, and, walking up to a very pleasing-looking young woman, without the utterance of a single word, with his left fore finger he drew down the lower lid of her right eye, and then with his right hand squirted into it something which to my utter astonishment set her off spitting and making horrible faces, just as if she had swallowed the most nauseous medicine!

"Ah!" she said in French, "I taste it all in my throat; ah!" she repeated, spitting into her handkerchief several times "que c'est mavauis!"*

"Well . . . !" said I to myself, with a long sigh, "there is no end to the high-ways and by-ways of this world!"

Leaving her to make exactly what faces she liked, Dr. S. now walked to his secretary, who delivered to him my prescription which he read word by word, with an attention that appeared to engross his whole mind. He then not only read it again over to me, but explained it to me very carefully; in short, his appearance, demeanour, and conduct, were altogether strongly corroborative of the high character he had attained, and which causes him to be engaged in the way I

* How nasty it is!

have described, every day excepting Saturday, until two o'clock, when he drives in his carriage to patients who are too rich, too ill, or too idle to wait upon him.

On leaving him, I deposited my prescription with Mr. Swann, from whom during the few minutes I remained in his shop, I happened to learn a few of the innumerable clever ways in which medicine is now concocted in France.

The most nauseous drug, in the form of paste, is wrapped up in a wafer paper made soft and pliable by being damped with perfectly sweet oil, by which means a very large mouthful of physic may be swallowed with exactly as much ease as a piece of turtle or a mass of masticated meat of the same size. For children, a peck of pills are sent at a time to a confectioner, to be covered over with so thick a coating of sugar, that they may be very agreeably sucked for a long time; and thus, merely by making children promise faithfully not to bite them, medicine is now administered in the form of sugar-plums!

"Succhi amari, ingannato, intanto, ei beve,
E dall' inganno suo, vita riceve."

HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

I HAD, for upwards of an hour, been gazing, or rather gaping—everybody in Paris was doing the same—at the rows of coloured lamps, magnificent statues, and other reminiscences of the grand by-gone fête of yesterday, and, resting heavily on my stick, was standing on the Pont de Concorde, between the group of sea-horses and the temporary colonnades, which like a pair of wings had grown from each side of that magnificent edifice, the National Assembly, when I observed that there had occasionally passed me several officers in full uniform, and several people dressed *en bourgeois*, whose hurried pace, contrasted with the sauntering attitudes of the crowd through whom they had wound their way, evidently showed they were on some trail—in short, hunting after something.

As I had nothing very particular to do, I watched the

course they pursued, and finding that as soon as they came in front of the Assembly, they all, as if by word of command, turned to the right, I proceeded to the point, and waited until there approached me, walking very quickly, an officer in the uniform—blue coat with broad red facings—of the Garde Républicaine. On my asking him to be so obliging as to tell me where he was going, with the utmost kindness of manner he informed me he was hastening to the Hôtel des Invalides, to join in the fête commemorative of the death of Napoleon, of which that day, he added, was the anniversary. As soon as we had mutually bowed to each other, my informant proceeded on his course, quite refreshed, and in a few seconds I found myself slowly following him along the Quai D'Orçay, until on my left I came to the magnificent esplanade, 1440 feet in length, by 780 broad, leading from the Seine to that splendid pile of buildings, the Hôtel des Invalides. This avenue, which of late years has been bounded on each side by low temporary barracks, one story high, capable of containing 7000 troops, was all alive with people, most of whom were arranged in two rows, leaving, in the broad pavé in the centre of the road, a passage, which I soon learned was for Prince Louis Napoleon, whose arrival was momentarily expected.

Instead of taking up a position at this point, I proceeded to the iron gates of the Garden, and without provoking a difficulty, or teazing anybody by asking questions, I walked into it as familiarly as if I had been born there. On each side of the handsome broad approach to the magnificent hospital before me, were drawn up in line the 3000 veterans who inhabited it, 2000 of whom had served under "L'Empereur"—and a more interesting picture could scarcely be witnessed.

Holding black halberds, at the upper end of which was a small tricolor flag, surmounted by a piece of crape, they were dressed in a cocked hat, worn crossways, à la Napoleon, blue loose coat, lined with red, red cuffs and sleeves, silver buttons, a single white cross belt, and a short thin sabre. Among the ranks of brown faces enlivened with little ear-rings, here and there hung many an empty sleeve; beneath them were to be seen many a wooden leg. A few appeared hale; but the greater number were thin, shrivelled, bent, and toothless. Some stood tottering, and yet almost all looked gay, with eyes still sparkling with enthusiasm. One only was yawning. In the rear I observed several moving about on crutches.

Not a beard was to be seen. They had lived without it—had conquered without it—had received their wounds without it, and very probably they now disdained to adopt it. Comparatively speaking, few even wore mustachios, and it was pleasing to reflect, that, while the countenance of Europe has lately become overgrown with hair, the weather-beaten faces of the veterans of France and England continue as closely shaved as when they grappled with each other on the bloody fields of Egypt, the Peninsula, and Waterloo.

Besides those on duty in the two lines before me, and in the interior of the building, a number of the veterans were either standing or loitering about.

Occasionally their attention as well as my own was attracted to some officer of rank, in full uniform, hastily walking up the space between them towards the great hospital. After several had passed—each, I observed, was more or less commented upon—there strutted by, to my great astonishment, a remarkably stout, portly, handsome, well-fed, oily-looking priest, in his canonical dress, with the cross and scarlet riband of "Grand Commandeur of the Legion of Honour" dangling on his black breast.

"What! do they decorate the *priests?*" said I, to a veteran by my side. With indescribable apathy, he replied, "Oui, Monsieur, on leur donne les mêmes croix que les militaires."*

"Was it so in the time of the Emperor?" I said.

"*Ah* que non!"† he exclaimed, tossing up his head with such haughty recollections that he lost his balance, and staggered backwards a little. "Sacre nom!" he added, as soon as he had recovered himself.

One of the Old Guard now conversed with me for some time. He told me he had served in Paris an English nobleman (Lord * * * * * *)—"très brave homme—jusqu'à son papa l'a rappelé."‡

Finding that I wished to get a good view of Prince Louis Napoleon, he advised me to walk up to the entrance door of the Invalides, at which he would—he said—descend from his carriage. I accordingly followed his advice, and, reaching the point, found no one there excepting a sentinel, and the

* Yes, Sir, they give them the same crosses as the army.
† Oh, no! . . . Holy name!
‡ Very fine fellow—until his papa called him home.

Lieutenant-Governor of the Invalides, General Petit, a fine-looking old soldier, with a healthy colour, white mustachios, and an intelligent countenance, evidently accustomed to command. He was dressed in a hat bound round with very broad gold lace; a gold sash; across his blue uniform and gold epaulettes he wore a broad crimson riband; round his arm and the handle of his sword was a piece of crape.

I had scarcely reached the spot, when I perceived by a movement among the veterans who were not on duty—for those in line stood as erect and as firm as they could—that the object of their expectation was in view. Instead, however, of driving up to the Invalides, Prince Louis Napoleon descended from his carriage at the iron gate, and I soon saw him, followed by a numerous staff, advancing on foot along the road which traverses the garden, and which is about 160 yards in length. As he approached me, I of course took off my hat, and without presuming to bow—many years ago, when he was in England, I had been slightly acquainted with him—I was standing uncovered with it in my hand, when to my surprise he was pleased to acknowledge me, with so much apparent good will and kindness, of which I had afterwards repeated proofs, that as soon as he passed I quietly slipped among his staff, and with the procession slowly marched on—I hardly knew where.

After several turns and twists, of which there remains in my mind but a confused dreamy sort of recollection, I found myself walking up the aisle of a chapel,—sixty-six feet high, the floor of which, 210 feet long, was covered with black cloth,—between two rows of soldiers wearing their caps, and holding in their hands halberds bearing a small tricolor flag surmounted by crape. Excepting compartments in which were shields bearing in silver the letter N, the church was all hung with black. The whole wall around the altar—transparently veiled with crape—was covered with black cloth, and the chairs throughout the aisle were also black. In the time of Napoleon there were here suspended 3000 banners of victory. On the evening, however, before the entrance of the allied army into Paris (the 31st March, 1814), Joseph Buonaparte, through the Duc de Feltre, minister of war, ordered them to be burnt, and the sword of Frederick the Great to be broken. Thrice were these orders given before they were obeyed.

Towards the roof, the chapel was ornamented with countless flags and trophies faded, and in holes apparently from shot and musketry. Beneath them, in a gallery, were to be seen a variety of beautiful bonnets, each encircling a couple of rows of flowers, and a face, I suppose—to tell the truth, I did not analyze them—representing either Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter. Excepting the aisle along which we passed, the body of the church was choke full of gentlemen, principally in uniform. The altar, veiled with crape, was but a temporary screen, behind which, and immediately beneath the lofty gilt cross on the summit of the great dome, reposed, after all its eventful travels, the body of Napoleon, in a tomb which has already cost 6,163,824 francs, of which 1,500,000 have been for the marble alone.

His nephew, surrounded by the principal officers, took up his position on the left of this altar. Immediately above him, suspended from the roof, was the great parasol of the Emperor of Morocco. For about two or three minutes he stood—and of course everybody else stood—perfectly upright. He appeared wrapt in thought, until, suddenly awakening from his meditations, he slightly bowed and sat down. In a few seconds those immediately about him sat down too, and then, like a third echo, a rustle was heard, caused by everybody else sitting down. "Portez vos armes!"* exclaimed, in a firm, strong tone, the officer commanding the veterans, standing with their cocked hats à la Napoleon. The muffled drums rolled. The priests, congregated in a small square space, halfway up the church, now began the service of high mass, which, assisted by an organ, and also by a band, they performed with admirable voices and great effect. On the rails of the altar there hung a great round yellow wreath of immortelles, a foot and a half in diameter.

The countenance of Prince Louis Napoleon throughout the whole ceremony wore that mild, pensive expression for which it is remarkable. Of the rest of the congregation, a considerable proportion, especially the youngest, looking up at the gallery, instead of at the altar, seemed to be thinking more about the eyes of the living than the bones of the dead; —in fact, to say the truth, they were not very particularly attentive.

* Shoulder arms!

As soon as the solemn requiem was over, Prince Napoleon rose, and, followed by his attendants, slowly walked down the aisle, and then quitting the chapel proceeded into the great court, 315 feet long by 192 broad, called the "Cour d'Honneur,"* in which I found assembled for review the whole of the veterans of the establishment capable of standing in the ranks, in which they were already arranged. Above them, on the outside of the south wall of the quadrangle, at the height of the second story, there stood, with folded arms, with a cocked-hat placed crossways on his head, and with two or three circular wreaths of yellow "immortelles" at his feet, a bronze-coloured colossal statue of NAPOLEON, 12 feet high, a fac-simile, in plaster, of that on the summit of the Place de Vendôme.

At any time it would have been to me a great enjoyment to witness this assemblage; but there was one circumstance which rendered it particularly interesting. On the anniversary of the death of Napoleon, the wreck of the great army who followed him with reckless enthusiasm wherever he went claim the privilege of appearing in the review which follows the requiem I had just witnessed, in the old-fashioned, eccentric, and almost grotesque uniforms in which they had fought and been wounded. As, therefore, I followed the Prince and his staff down the ranks of men, some of whom, with severely wounded faces, appeared so lean and wasted, as if the slightest puff of wind would blow them down, I occasionally passed military costumes which almost startled me, so different were they from that to which the eye had gradually become accustomed. Some of the jackets in front scarcely covered the breast-bone, and when viewed behind appeared to cover nothing at all; in fact, the wearer was all trowsers, epaulettes, and hairy cap. Several men wore bright-yellow leather pantaloons, and Hessian boots bound with gold with gold tassels in front; some were dressed in black breeches, and long black gaiters strapped round above the knee; some wore yellow trowsers, with the name of their regiment on the skirt-tails of their coat.

As Prince Louis Napoleon marched down the ranks of bright, intelligent hazel eyes that, as he approached them, appeared to be re-animated for the moment with pristine vigour,

* Court of Honour.

he occasionally stopped before any veteran whose wounds, appearance, or history made him particularly worthy of attention, and spoke to him. While he was so engaged, the contrast between his easy pliant manner and the straight, stiff, upright attitude of the veteran, of whose head nothing but the thin lips were seen to move, was very remarkable. At one of the soldiers who was thus distinguished I gazed, as I passed him, with great interest. He was a short, spare, diminutive, thorough-bred looking little creature, of Arab breed, with an aquiline nose, vigorous countenance, eyes bright as a hawk, and with a countenance altogether highly excited, probably by the recollection of former days, by the sight of the nephew of his old master, and by the few flattering words just uttered to him. But what he seemed to be most proud of, and what seemed also to be exceedingly proud of him, were four bullet-holes in the cloth-turbaned cap on his head. He had been one of Napoleon's body-guard; had been constantly about his person; and he now stood before his nephew in the full costume of the ancient corps to which he had belonged, well known and respected by the whole army: "Mameluke de la Garde!" The words were evidently impressed in his brain.

As soon as Prince Louis Napoleon had finished his inspection, accompanied by his suite, he walked in procession through the garden to the iron entrance gate, where were assembled a large crowd, and, amidst loud cheers of "Vive Napoléon!" he entered his carriage and drove off; and as the veterans had already been dismissed from their parade, the garden in which I stood was soon thronged by them. The crowd outside, with faces pressing against the railings, seemed to look with intense interest and delight on the old uniforms stalking about before them, as if they and their wearers had just arisen from the fields of Austerlitz, Jena, and Marengo. Several of these veterans, not members of the Hôtel des Invalides, as they walked into the crowd to return to their homes, were followed by a halo of people, almost treading on each other's heels, from over anxiety to obtain a glimpse of the uniforms which had been "the Glory of the Empire." Even within the garden, many of the wearers of the old costumes were surrounded by their comrades clothed in the garb of the Invalides. The great favorite, however, was the fierce, fiery, fire-eating, enthusiastic little Mameluke, with the four bullet-holes in his cap. I saw several old

grenadiers, almost as thin and emaciated as skeletons, one after another shake his uplifted small hand; and when, after having received their welcome homage to his valor, he entered the crowd, it, I have no doubt, formed his guard of honor till he reached his humble dwelling in Paris.

As soon as the excitement of the moment had subsided, when the crowd outside had dispersed, while a few groups only of veterans were to be seen conversing together, and when the leanest and most infirm had seated themselves on the benches which in various directions had been appropriated for their use, I looked for a few moments at the general outline of the magnificent building of the Hotel des Invalides, the entrance-front of which, 612 feet in length, surmounted in the rear by the spacious dome, is composed of four stories, with an additional story or row of windows in its tall slated roof.

On the extreme left are the quarters—occupying four windows in front—of Prince Jerome, Napoleon's brother, the governor of the establishment. On the extreme right are the quarters—also occupying four windows in front—of General Petit, the lieutenant-governor. Behind this splendid front are four infirmary squares, each of the four sides of which is one story high, with one set of windows in the roof; also four officers' squares, of the same elevation. The ground occupied by the buildings, courts, and gardens of the Hôtel des Invalides is sixteen acres.

After looking about me for a short time, I sat down on one bench and then on another, to converse with the veterans who were occupying it; and although nothing oftentimes could be more frail than their bodies, yet I certainly was very much struck, not only with their polite highbred manners, but with the extraordinary vigour which, generally speaking, remained in their minds. To one of the most sturdy of my companions I expressed a wish to walk over the building; and as he cheerfully proposed to be my guide, I felt I had better allow him to go his own way, and accordingly, just as if he had been exceedingly hungry, or had fancied that I was, he led me first of all into the cooking department, composed of one small kitchen for the soldiers, and one large one for officers.

In the former—which, although very high and well ventilated, was scarcely 30 feet square, and which contained no open fire-place—where two large hot plates, each containing four

great patent caldrons for boiling, and ovens for baking, all heated by coal. In this small space there can, by the admirable arrangements described, be cooked provisions for six thousand persons per day! In the caldrons, which were all sociably bubbling together, there appeared some green stuff that looked like spinach, or smashed greens. On a table adjoining were large pewter plates full of brown beans, just peppered, salted, and vinegared, and with a small heap of salad sitting on the top. Each of these messes was for twelve soldiers. There were also to be cooked for that day's consumption, for the veterans alone, no less than 5,200 eggs.

"Don't you give them any meat?" I said to the head cook, a highly intelligent-looking man, dressed, head and all, in milk-white.

"Monsieur," he replied, "on Monday we shall kill thirty-five sheep for the men alone!"

In the large kitchen for the officers were two caldrons, similar to those described, each capable of boiling 1,200 lbs. of meat, with a fireplace, before which appeared two spits of enormous length, covered from end to end with revolving joints of meat, roasting by wood, burning a few inches only above the ground.

From the kitchen, the sole object of which was to sustain the *body*, my conductor very naturally led me to the larder instituted by Napoleon for the nourishment of the *mind* of his veterans, a library containing about 17,000 volumes of an exceedingly tough nature—"indigestaque moles"—namely, jurisprudence, theology, belles lettres, and strategy, ornamented with a model of the Hôtel, with a portrait of Louis Philippe swearing to observe the Charter, and with the well-known picture of Napoleon riding up Mount St. Bernard, in so unhorsemanlike an attitude, that, had he ever assumed it, he must inevitably have rolled off backwards.

After passing along, on the second story, a corridor or colonnade, forming in bad weather a beautiful promenade for the inmates of the establishment, I asked my guide to show me the dormitories of the men. He said they did not like to be visited by the innumerable strangers who came to see the establishment, adding, with a smile, "as if they were wild beasts;" however, the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when, with that politeness which in France constitutes the

wish of a stranger to be the law of the land, he opened a door, and led me through one of the largest, containing about fifty beds, composed of a straw paliasse, wool mattress and bolster; separated from each other by a chair, for which there was just space enough. Over the pillow of each veteran—several of them I observed, each in his uniform, either sitting ruminating in his chair or reclining on his bed—was affixed a shelf, on which were folded clothes and articles of different sorts. The lot, however, whatever it was composed of, appeared invariably surmounted with a huge cocked-hat box, of colored pasteboard. There are in the first and second stories of the establishment eight of these spacious well-aired dormitories, bearing the following names:—Salle de Vauban; d'Hautpool; de Luxembourg; de Mars; d'Assas; de Latour d'Auvergne; de Bayard; de Kleber. Besides the above are several smaller dormitories, containing from four to eight beds each.

My guide now conducted me to a very busy and interesting scene.

On entering a long corridor, open to the air, I found assembled a large number of old soldiers crowding round a door, into which they were apparently waiting for admission, but before which there was pacing up and down, as sentinel, a one-armed veteran, who, for want of a better, was holding in his *left* hand his drawn sword, the empty scabbard of which was suspended by a white belt across his chest. Each man in the crowd had an empty bottle in one hand, and in the other (if he had one) a white napkin, containing his knife, fork, and tin drinking-mug. Of those who were approaching, many were stone-blind, each tapping the ground hard with his stick at every step he took. In one instance I saw two sightless old soldiers leading each other. In all directions was to be heard the stumping of wooden legs. One veteran wore a black cap, in consequence of a wound in the skull. Many were singing. The instant the clock struck four a general restless movement took place. A drum close behind me suddenly gave a loud and startling roll. At the words "Allez! entrons!"* uttered by several voices at once, the one-armed sentinel stood aside, and the whole mass, without

* Come! let us enter!

pushing each other, but without losing a single instant of time, flowed through the door into an immense dining-room, 150 feet in length by 24 in breadth, in which in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of seeing them seated on wooden stools, around thirty-one circular tables, at each of which were twelve veterans. The walls which contained this interesting assemblage of old warriors, who, although seated, all wore either their cocked-hats or undress-caps, were covered with pictures of great battles, and at the end there very properly appeared the portrait of Louis XIV., the founder of the establishment.

As soon as all were seated, and while a cheerful hum of conversation was resounding throughout the hall, a bell rang, in obedience to which there very shortly appeared entering at the door a quantity of men-cooks, carrying trays full of green stuff, embossed with poached eggs; and in a few seconds the mouths which just before had been talking were all busily eating.

A few, however, of the blind, who—like wounded animals separating themselves from the herd—preferred dining by themselves, got up, and with their dinners in their hands, and a bottle of wine (their daily allowance) under their arms, they tapped across the floor—out of the door—along the open passage—until, coming to the foot of a staircase—they ascended each to his own room of utter darkness. Those who have not appetite to eat their allowance of food, &c., may claim money instead; and to those who have wooden legs their shoe money is honestly refunded.

There are in the Hôtel des Invalides three other large dining-rooms, similar to that I have just described; and as they all could not contain much above half the number of inmates, there are two services for each meal. One of the four large halls is used as a mess-room for the officers, who are served upon plate, the gift of Marie-Louise. It contains twelve tables, with twelve chairs at each.

As I had insisted on my attendant leaving me to eat his dinner, I sat down on a stone bench close to the open door of the dining-hall, before which the one-armed sentinel continued to pace; and as beside me there reposed a fine old fellow who was not to dine till the second service at five o'clock, we very soon entered into conversation. After talking very quietly on

a variety of subjects, on all of which he appeared to be exceedingly well informed, I asked him whether he was with the Emperor at Waterloo? He said "No;" he had been taken in Russia, and at the period I referred to had been marching as a prisoner for nine months.

"You must have undergone great hardships in that Russian campaign," I said to him.

"Monsieur!" he replied, with great energy, "depuis que ce monde a été un monde, jamais le soldat n'a tant souffert!"*

"Allez, mon vieux papa!"† he added, rising from the stone bench on which we were seated, to conduct by his long lean arm to the foot of the staircase a tall, old, blind fellow-comrade, who, tapping his stick at every step, was evidently from false reckoning bearing down right upon us.

"You were beaten," said I to him, as soon as he had again quietly seated himself by my side, "not by your enemy, but by climate."

"Non, Monsieur," he replied with great firmness, "faute de vivres!"‡

"If a horse," he added, "has nothing in his belly,"—twitching himself up, he here put both his fists into the vacuum in his dark-blue cloth waistcoat—"il ne peut pas aller; c'est le même pour le soldat."§

"It is very true;" I said, "you must have had a rough time of it."

"Ah!" he said, after several moments' mute reflection, "ça me paraît un rêve d'avoir échappé de ce que j'ai vu!"‖

At this moment a veteran, with two worsted stripes on his arm, passed us. I asked my comrade what was his rank. He replied he was a corporal; that a sergeant has *one* stripe in silver, a sergeant major two in silver; the same as throughout the French service. He told me the soldiers of the army of France rank as follows;—1. Invalides; 2. Les Marins; 3. Garde Républicaine: 4. Gendarmes Mobiles; 5. La Troupe.¶

* Sir! since this world has been a world, never has the soldier suffered so much!

† This way, my old papa!

‡ From want of food.

§ He can go no longer: it is the same with the soldier.

‖ Ah! it seems to me like a dream to have escaped from what I have seen!

¶ The Line.

As soon as we were both sufficiently rested we separated. In crossing the great entrance garden of the Invalides I stopped to look at a long line of very highly ornamented brass guns and mortars, trophies of victory from Prussia, Algeria, &c., overlooking the scarp-wall and fosse, or green ditch, which bound the northern front. About forty feet in the rear of these pieces of artillery there are, parallel with them, a row, with intervals between each, of stone benches, almost all of which were occupied by the old soldiers—many of whom had, no doubt, taken part in capturing the guns before them—some with a wooden leg or two sticking out horizontally; some with one arm; some with a patch before an eye, &c. &c. One was reading a newspaper; many were smoking. On one of these benches I sat down, touching my hat to nobody and to nothing, an attention immediately returned in like manner by the old soldier beside me. In front, and between us and the guns, were strolling up and down the intervening terrace four French ladies beautifully dressed, with a footman in a gold-laced and gold bound hat, very gaudy livery, and milk-white gloves, stumping close behind them. On the back of the Hôtel des Invalides I had observed, written in large black letters, "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité;" and "yet," said I to myself, "the governor of the noble establishment on which these words are inscribed is a field-marshal and a prince; the lieutenant-commandant is a general, having under him a colonel-major, 3 adjutant-majors, 3 sub-adjutant-majors, 14 chefs de division, 14 adjutants de division, 14 sub-adjutants de division, 1 almoner, 2 chaplains, 1 head physician, 1 head surgeon, 1 head apothecary, 10 assistants, 26 sisters of charity, and 260 servants of all kinds. The governor has 40,000 francs a year; the lieutenant-general commanding 15,000; the intendant 12,000; the colonel-major 7000. The veteran soldiers are moreover divided into sergeant-majors, sergeants, corporals, and privates; and yet upon the Hôtel des Invalides—as upon everything in Paris—is there inscribed "Liberty, fraternity, and *equality*?"

From both ends of the terrace on which I had been sitting, extending from it to the Hôtel des Invalides, I had observed, shaded by trees, a row of a hundred little gardens, each 30 feet long by 10 feet broad, all padlocked and full of paths, borders, and flowers; at the far end of each was a small arbour, bower, or smoking-house. As these tiny retreats are much

sought for by many of the veterans, the governor registers the names of all applicants, from whom, on the death of a tenant, the man of best character is selected.

"Your garden," I said to a fine, tall, erect, but very old soldier, who, with the corners of his cocked-hat over his thin shoulders, stood leaning on the long staff of a little hoe in an attitude of repose and reflection that reminded me very forcibly of Corporal Trim, "your garden is in beautiful order."

"Ah! Monsieur," with a slight sigh replied the old veteran, who in his younger days had probably marched over the greater portion of Europe without once thinking about a garden, especially of one ten feet broad, "ça distrait un peu!"* In several of these little enclosures I observed, as I walked slowly by, the tenant, in full uniform, ruminating in his bower. In one instance the wooden-legged owner had taken off his cocked hat, and, half asleep, was sitting, with snow-white hair, which occasionally moved on his brown temples, as the air, as if fearful to awaken him, passed gently through it. In another of these small paradises I observed seated in the bower, opposite to a very old Adam wearing bushy mustachios, a bent Eve, apparently about seventy-five years of age. She was the old soldier's "auld wife," availing herself of the permission which used to be granted to the public to visit the establishment from morning till sunset. The veteran told me that, by a late order of the governor, every stranger—wives included—were now restricted from entering till twelve and were turned out at four. "Il n'est pas bien aimé pour ça—allez!"† added the old man. His partner said nothing.

Although the remains upon earth of the fine army of Napoleon have very properly declined to copy "young France" in the last new fashion of turning her face into a hair-brush, yet within the Invalides there are, I am informed, four beards, paid for by the artists, who wish to insert them in pictures representing the various battles of Algeria.

I had now seen nearly all I desired. There, however, still remained a question, which for some time I had wished to ask; and as one of the old soldiers, whose flowers I had been admiring, invited me to enter his garden, and, eventually,

* Ah! Sir, it diverts my attention a little

† He is not much liked for that—arrah!

"de me reposer un peu"* in his arbour, after talking upon many details connected with the establishment, I asked him where his comrades, on their march from this world, were buried? He replied, pointing with his stick towards the south, "Dans le cimetière de Mont Parnasse."†

I asked him what was the average mortality.

"Ma foi, Monsieur,"‡ he replied, shrugging up his shoulders, "in dying we follow no rule; each goes as he is called for; we go sometimes in crowds, sometimes one by one."

"How many," said I, "marched last year?"

He replied, "Rather more than 300!"

The old man's manner was so dignified and gentlemanlike, I had enjoyed conversing with him so much, and I had such reason to be thanful for the courtesy he had shown me, that I felt it would be ungrateful to leave uppermost in his mind the subject on which we had been conversing: I therefore inquired about some of the various battles in which he had been engaged; and when, after patiently listening to the details he gave me, I observed that his heart was beating high from, and his memory brimful of, noble recollections, I shook hands with him, and then left him seated in his arbour.

On reaching the Place de Concorde there were walking before me in full uniform apparently two little boys, who had preceded me nearly all the way from the Invalides. One had in his hand a circular wreath of yellow "immortelles!"

"What, if you please, is the uniform those boys are wearing?" said I to two officers who happened at the moment to be walking alongside of me.

"Pardon, Monsieur!" replied he to whom I had particularly addressed myself, but who had failed to hear what I had said.

My question was again on the very brink of my lips when, one of the "*boys*" before me taking off his military cap to cool himself, I perceived, to my astonishment, he was old and bald-headed! I therefore only inquired what was his uniform. His object was, I knew, to deposit his wreath at the foot of a column in the Place de Vendôme, and I accordingly walked there. While I was proceeding

* To rest myself a little.
† In the cemetery of Mount Parnassus.
‡ Faith, Sir!

along the Rue de Castiglione I observed a man as he passed a shop take off his hat to a print of Napoleon. On reaching the column on the Place de Vandôme, before which a one-armed sentinel was proudly pacing, I found a little girl sitting in the rain selling round circular garlands of yellow flowers. An old gentleman, with a riband at his breast, purchased one, —walked up to the rails,—hung it on one of them,—and then, taking off his hat to it, turned on his heel and slowly walked away. The two little soldiers I had passed merrily threw theirs over the rails and then walked on. At eight o'clock in the evening I met a boy of about eight years old going to deposit one—he was probably the son or grandson of some "vieux soldat de l'Empereur."*

In the time of Louis-Philippe this practice was discouraged; few wreaths were deposited, and those were removed at night. This year there were, I was informed, more than usual, and yet, out of the population of Paris—among whom were 60,000 troops, besides the Garde Nationale—there were only deposited 163 yellow wreaths and one blue one! So much for military glory based upon unjust and insatiable ambition.

MILITARY MODELS.

The day before I left England I had been promised that a letter would be written in my favour to Colonel Augoyat, commanding engineer in charge of the military models in the Hôtel des Invalides; and accordingly, at about five o'clock in the evening, after having wound my way up a sort of interminable square well-staircase in the northwestern angle of "Les Invalides," I came to a door and a bell. On pulling the latter, there appeared before me a servant, who told me the Colonel was not at home. I therefore left my card; and as the man had explained to me that his master usually went out at eight in the morning, I said I would call to-morrow a few minutes before that hour, and accordingly on the following morning, at

* Old soldier of the Emperor.

five minutes before the time I had named, I walked up the very same stairs, and, stretching out the same arm, pulled the very same bell again.

Colonel Augoyat received me with the kindest and most polite attention; and as of his own accord he at once proposed to show me the models—which for many months had been closed to the public—I considered I was evidently reaping the benefit of the introduction that had been promised to me; and therefore, without referring to it, I accompanied him to the apartments over which he presides.

The models were almost all covered over with paper pasted together, which, he informed me, kept out the dust better than linen sheets. With considerable trouble these coverings were removed. To describe the magnificent works which, one after another, and with great difficulty, Colonel Augoyat was so good as to show me, would be utterly impracticable. I will therefore briefly enumerate those which happened to interest me the most.

1. A model of Mont Cenis, 3850 yards high; showing the new and old roads, and giving a view of the difficulties which opposed their formation.

2. The city of Bayonne, showing the fortified position the French army under Soult had occupied during three months.

3. Perpignan, in the Pyrenees, showing the surrounding mountains, which rise so abruptly that, from their summit, it appears as if stones might be chucked into the town beneath.

4. A magnificent model of Grenoble.

5. A most interesting model of Brest; showing its port, harbour, ships lying in the sea, roads, and ten leagues of surrounding country.

6. Cherbourg; showing the artificial breakwater,—a narrow spit a league long, composed of immense stones,—the various harbours, and stupendous works by which they are defended.

7. Toulon, with its harbour and surrounding country.

8. The town of Strasbourg, and a portion of the Rhine.

9. The town of Metz.

10. One of the new forts round Paris.

Although either by writing or by drawing it is impossible to give a description as vivid as the reality, yet—strange as it

may sound—the magnificent military models of the Invalides evidently impart an idea of the surface of the world in general, and of the important places which they represent in particular, infinitely more instructive than it is possible for any one even visiting the various localities to obtain.

For instance, in reconnoitring a regular fortification from the exterior, little is to be seen but a series of green slopes, running one into another, and terminating in the guns of the citadel; and even in inspecting it from the *interior*, all that an experienced officer can do is, visiting one front at a time, to look towards works the revêtements of which have been purposely constructed to be concealed from the line of fire, and consequently from the line of sight. He must thus visit them in detail, and, having gone through this tedious process with respect to every front, he has then, by dint of memory and power of mind, to connect all the tesselated data he has obtained into one mosaic picture.

Again, in surveying a river or a series of harbours, a naval officer may, in his boat, visit, *seriatim*, the various sinuosities of each, which he has then mentally to add up, to form the general idea that is required.

In like manner, an intelligent man, by riding about a country, may view it from various points, from no one of which can he see either the opposite sides of the various hills that present themselves, or the features of the ground lying immediately behind them; all, therefore, that *he* can do is, to connect, as skilfully and as faithfully as his memory will allow, the details he has seen into one idea, or, as it is called, general knowledge of the country.

Even from a balloon, in order to inspect thirty or forty square miles of country, it is necessary to rise to a height which, practically speaking, mystifies almost to obliteration the picture beneath.

In the models, however, of the Invalides, not only are the features of the country, with its various agricultural produce, accurately represented, both as to form and colour; not only is every portion of a fortification accurately represented, but the whole, including rivers, harbours, and roads, are, by the reduction of scale, concentrated within so small a space, that the super-inspecting eyes of the most inexperienced visitor can at once obtain a knowledge of the country, and even a perception

of the general strength and purposes of the various military works represented, which the actual localities would fail to afford him.

From these valuable representations we proceeded to the workshops in which they had been constructed, and in which I found a most interesting model, in embryo, of the siege and city of Rome, which, by means of tools of various sorts, had been neatly constructed out of large blocks of wood. After "le modelage"* is finished, it is supplied with what are termed "ses décorations,"† composed of powdered silk, of various hues, for agricultural crops; little trees of various descriptions; tiny houses of different sorts; slabs of looking-glass for water; filaments of the finest white silk for smoke from artillery, &c. &c. &c.

Not satisfied with having obligingly afforded me, at so early and so unusual an hour, the gratification of witnessing the models of the principal fortresses and naval arsenals of France, Colonel Augoyat requested me to accompany him into his office, where he wrote, and presented me with, an order to visit "le Musée d'Artillerie;"‡ and as I felt that these repeated attentions were conferred on my friend in England rather than on myself, in taking leave of him I ventured to thank him in his name, as well as my own. To my utter astonishment, Colonel Augoyat informed me that he had not received any letter from our mutual friend respecting me, but, he added, with a slight bow, which I shall never forget, and which it is my pleasing duty to record, that he had had pleasure in complying with the wishes of an Englishman and a stranger!

In crossing the suspension-bridge, "le Pont des Invalides," I observed that, instead of a sentinel, there was written on each of the piers,

"Les Ponts sont placés sous la sauve-garde de la Répulique.—Proclamation du Gouvernement du 27 Février, 1848."§

"What a blessing it would be," thought I to myself, "if the Nations of Europe, instead of exhausting their finances by maintaining in time of peace such enormous military forces, would—from the same noble sentiment—join with England in

* The modelling. † Its decoration.

‡ The Museum of Artillery.

§ The bridges are placed under the protection of the Republic.—By order of Government of the 27th February, 1848.

committing the peace of the World to the 'sauve-garde'—to the good sense and good feelings—of the whole family of mankind!"

MUSÉE DE L'ARTILLERIE.

On turning to the right, I saw pass close before me in the street along which I had to proceed, a party of six people, two in uniform and one without his hat, carrying very fast a black tressel, on which, wrapped in a blanket, and with a white circular wreath of immortelles on it, there lay a small coffin.

As I did not feel disposed to hurry along with it—and indeed as I had occasion to go into a shop where I remained some little time—I thought no more of the little coffin, until, having arrived at the Musée de l'Artillerie five minutes before 12, the hour at which it was to be open to the public, on entering the large church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, within fifty yards of me, there it was, resting on two tressels. Nobody appeared to take the slightest notice of it; the six followers in waiting were gaping about them in any direction but towards it; and as I also looked about me, I observed written on the wall of the church the following notice:—

"Avis.

"Vous êtes instamment priés, par respect pour le lieu saint, de ne pas cracher par terre." *

As soon as the clock began to strike, the little crowd of visiters who for some minutes had been assembled around the gate of the Museum evinced a slight nervous movement, of short duration, for, simultaneous with the last stroke of the twelve, the doors were slowly thrown open, and, as if rejoicing at our freedom, we all for a moment hurried into a passage, in which the first object that arrested my attention was an immense chain, 643 feet (about one-eighth of a mile) long, and

* Notice.

You are earnestly requested, in respect for this holy place, not to spit on the ground.

weighing 7896 pounds, suspended along both walls. It was called, in a catalogue of 267 pages, which for tenpence I had just purchased at the door, "La Chaine du Danube," * from having been used by the Turks for a pontoon bridge on that river, and was afterwards taken at Vienna by the French army. Beneath it, standing erect and lying prostrate, were great guns of all characters and countries. Among them, looking like logs of timber, were two short, stumpy, wrought-iron cannon, about four feet long, which, in the year 1422, had been abandoned by the English before the town of Meaux.

From this gallery I entered a small room, containing interesting specimens of various pieces of ordnance, especially two magnificent large guns, covered with Arabic inscriptions, and standing on their breeches as erect as sentinels on each side of the entrance-door into the great "Salle des Modèles," † around the walls of which, on a broad table, which throughout the whole length of the room occupies the centre, and on narrow tables affixed to all four walls, I beheld deposited, with very great taste, almost every description of weapon and implement of war.

Along the walls were arranged in family groups, all dated 1843 and wearing percussion-caps, specimen pistols, fusees, carbines, muskets, and bayonets, of Sweden, Belgium, Saxony, Sardinia, Russia, Prussia, Norway, Holland, Hesse-Darmstadt, Denmark, Bavaria, Austria, England, Wurtemburg, and the United States of America. Of these weapons, those of Russia, the stocks of which were of beautiful black walnut, appeared to me the best devised and appointed. Those of the United States, although inferior to Russia, were very creditable. Those of England were stout and substantial; but in comparison to the corresponding arms of one or two other countries, they appeared rudely made.

In different parts of the room I observed no less than fifteen or twenty French soldiers, in the uniform of various regiments of cavalry and infantry, intently scrutinizing these arms; and in the course of my life I never felt more desirous to give away tenpenny pieces, than I did to slip into the hands of each of those soldiers who was referring to his catalogue the franc he had paid for it. At all events, the simple fact of his

* [illegible]ain of the Danube. † Model-room.

having purchased it demonstrates indisputably the military value and importance of a museum of this description.

On the various tables, especially on those running down the middle of the room, were models of almost every known description of gun, mortar, howitzer, limber, carriages, ammunition-waggons, forage-carts; also models of guns mounted *en barbette*, of ship-guns firing through port-holes, &c. On the ground were displayed shot and shells, both of stone and iron, of various weights and callibres.

After ascending a handsome well-lighted stone staircase I walked towards what is called "la Salle des Armures,"* on entering which there appeared before me, down the whole length of the room, mounted on green horses, a series of knights in armour, of various descriptions, supported on the right and left by knights in coats of mail on foot. At the end of the room, on a table, there stood a little brass statue of the "Emperor Napoleon on horseback."

From the roof hung various flags. On the walls, around and beneath a series of portraits of the master-generals of artillery of France, from 1373 to the present day, were arranged shields, helmets, stirrups, spurs, and lances, of ancient form. Lastly, the floor was of old oak, waxed and polished till it was as slippery as glass. The armour of the first knight on horseback (a specimen of that worn in the reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII. of France, and in England of Henry VI. and Edward IV.) was not only exceedingly heavy, but his poor horse stood, moreover, overwhelmed within a suit of ponderous mail, that, like a lady's petticoat, reached almost to the ground; and I was wondering how, under such afflicting circumstances, the green horse could ever have managed to get into a trot, when I observed that, as if to prevent him from doing so, there was in his mouth a curb-bit, fourteen inches long! So much for the "go-a-head" notions of "auld lang syne."

From this knight, who, as I have stated, stands at the entrance of the Salle des Armures, there proceeds a gallery extending round four sides of a square, forming four salles.

In the first there appeared, of various dates, halberts, armour, coats of mail, helmets, cuirasses, several of the latter

* Hall of Armour.

nearly pierced with two, three, and four balls, musket and grape shot. Also arrows, tomahawks, cross-bows, arquebuses, matchlocks, muskets, carbines, and pistols, of various ages.

In the second I found, very beautifully arranged, wall-pieces 14 feet long; arquebuses, matchlocks, models of guns; also an assortment of magnificent arms, of great value, in a glass case, &c., &c., &c.

In the middle of this infinite series of instruments and weapons of every possible description, invented by the ingenuity of man for the mutilation and destruction of his race, I was rather surprised to see calmly sitting on the window-sill, and nearly surrounded by soldiers who were carefully inspecting the various weapons around them, a fine, mild, beardless young priest, whose black gown, white bands, and eccentric-shaped cocked hat, appeared strangely contrasted with the scene around him.

In the third gallery were muskets and wall-pieces which appeared almost too heavy to wield; yatagans, poignards, and daggers of all sorts; battle-axes, models of pontoons of every known description; double-barrelled muskets, with a bayonet 6 inches long, like a strong knife.

In the fourth I found swords, plain as well as serrated, as long and as straight as spits, as if the object of the inventor was not only at a time to run seven or eight men through the body, but afterwards, and at one operation, to saw off all their heads. There were weapons like scythes, for mowing people down; immense battle-axes for splitting their skulls. There were also tastefully arranged in a glass case modern and ancient swords, brightly ornamented, and of great value—on the blue steel blade of one of them I read, in letters of gold, "Vive le Roi!"—colour-lances crossed; lastly, a serrated sword, two feet long, that could have sawn down an oak-tree.

In this room I observed an unusual number of soldiers busily pointing out to each other the various weapons which happened to attract their attention; and as their heads leant towards each object in succession, the bright brass helmets of the hussars, the oilskin covered shakos of the infantry, the bright plates in the caps of the artillery, and the red, green, and yellow epaulettes of each, formed altogether a mixture

that gave living interest to the collection, which contains no less than 3864 specimens of ancient and modern implements of war.

During the campaigns of Napoleon the Museum was greatly augmented by spoils from almost every nation in Europe; but in 1814—when the hour of retribution arrived—the allied armies took possession of almost all that had belonged to their respective countries. The Prussians alone packed up and carried off 480 chests full of arms.

To the Museum is attached—solely for the use of the officers of the garrison of Paris, and consequently not open to the public—a valuable library of 6000 volumes, besides maps, plans, and naval charts.

POST-OFFICE

The French Post-office undertakes to deliver not only to every city, town, village, or hamlet in France, but to every house, cottage, and mill, within the territory of the republic, every letter that is addressed to it.

There are in France no less than 500,000 persons, including the heads of offices, préfets, mayors of all sizes, &c., &c., who can frank letters on the subject of their respective departments; but the President of the Republic and the Director-General of the Post-office, M. Edouard Thayer, are the only two individuals who have unlimited power to frank letters to any one. They do so by a few words stamped in red, of which the following is a fac-simile.

Ministère des Finances.
Directeur de l'Ad.^on G.^ale des Postes.

The council of administration, of which M. Thayer is president, is composed of M. Piron, also "administrateur" of the first and principal division of the department, and M. Langevin

On my calling at the Post-office to ask permission to see its details, M. Piron, who had happened to read a publication by me descriptive of the London Post-office, was good enough not only to insist on taking me over the whole, but he most obligingly introduced me to the president, M. Thayer, who also did me the honour to accompany me over a considerable part of the important establishment over which he presides.

The business of the French Post-office department is subdivided into five branches.

To M. Piron, as administrator, is solely committed the supervision, under various officers, of the following duties:—

1. The correspondence—the organization—and determination of the routes of the couriers, and of the transportation of the mails by railways, mail-carts, or by private contract; the preparation and dépôt of maps and plans; the arrangement of correspondence with the different offices; inquiries after lost packages of letters; the drawing up of conventions and treaties with foreign offices, and correspondence relative to their execution.

2. The general superintendence and inspection of the letter postal service; the employment of the officers of every grade; the installation of the superintendents and letter-sorters; the formation of the reports to be furnished to the Inspectors of Finance and of the Post-office; investigation and correspondence relative to inquiries after letters and newspapers.

3. Correspondence relative to exemptions and infractions; expenses of the staff in all the departments; repression of fraud; disputed matters.

4. The verification and auditing of articles and accounts.

5. Examination of dead letters and papers; also of those refused or unclaimed.

To M. Langevin is committed—

1. The creation and suppression of relays; the regulation and payment of the courier service—also of postmasters; drawing up the books of routes for the couriers; arrangement of post-horses at Paris.

2. Superintendence of the contracts for the conveyance of despatches; agreements for the construction and maintenance of the mail-carts, of the travelling post-offices and letter-carriages, and of all the matériel necessary for the conveyance of

the mails; superintendence of the couriers, porters, and messengers of the Post-office.

3. Steam-boat service.

4. Financial department.—Preparation of the budget and management of the expresses; the reimbursement of sums improperly received; payment of the salaries of the staff of Paris, and also in the departments.

5. The maintenance of steam-boats, &c.; preparation of treaties to be made with contractors; fabrication and delivery of postage stamps.

6. The superintendence of the receipts and expenditure at Paris and in the departments, &c., &c.

The remainder of the business of the office is committed to M. Chocquet, M. de Leindre, and M. Babeau, each of whom superintend details of considerable importance.

Besides the bureaux in the General Post-office, there are also in Paris twelve principal and fifteen supplemental offices, where the public can prepay or register letters for the departments or for foreign countries, or forward or receive by post, money. The principal offices, distinguished by the first twelve letters of the alphabet, are open to the public from eight in the morning till eight at night, excepting on Sundays and fête-days, when they are closed at five o'clock.

Under the system of centralization which characterizes every public office in France, an Englishman is constantly surprised to see how very simply and scientifically operations, clumsily executed in England, are performed in Paris. For instance, after M. Piron had risen from his multifarious papers to accompany me, I observed him give one gentle tap with the wooden holder of his pen against the boarded wall in front of his desk. His secretary immediately appeared. He then touched a sort of spring which caused a bell outside the opposite wall of the room to strike *one*, on which in came his messenger. Now, in England, to produce these two articles, at least twenty times as much noise would have been manufactured; indeed, in London, if one great man drives to the open door of another great man, the great man's porter immediately shuts it in the face of the great visitor's great footman, that he, the great visitor's great footman, may have an opportunity of disturbing every man of genius in the neighbourhood, by belabouring an ugly-faced knocker within half a dozen

inches not only of his own nose but of the nose of the great man's porter who within is holding the handle of the door belaboured, on purpose to open it with a flourish as soon as the rude, barbarous, unscientific operation has been fully completed.

The business of the Post-office in Paris, like that of London, is divided into two great operations, namely, the receipt and the delivery of letters.

As all the arterial postal lines, from Paris to the departments of France, and beyond them to the rest of the world, radiate for greater or less distances from the metropolis on railways, from the termini of which the letters are despatched by steamers, diligences, malle-postes, canals, &c., there are now no mail coaches in Paris. The letters to and from the main office to the metropolitan termini of the various railways are conveyed in closed fourgons, which will be described; those to and from the main office, from and to the several post-offices in Paris, in large roomy calèches. On the arrival of the different descriptions of carriages at the great post-office, all are brought into a large, light, well-ventilated room, containing long tables, upon which they are tossed down.

On one side of these tables I observed seated a row of postmen, in blue uniform coats—on one there was a medal—with red collars, whose sole duty (which does not require any very great amount of intellect) is to arrange the letters with all their faces looking the same way; and when this has been effected, they are handed to a row of clerks on the opposite side of the table, who divide them into two great classes, namely, letters for Paris, and for the rest of the world. They are then stamped by seventy-five "garçons de bureaux,"* dressed in blouses with red collars. Those for Parisians remain on the ground-flour, those for the inhabitants of the departments and for the rest of the human race, by means of a pulley and rope, are made to ascend into a region above.

I had often remarked that on French letters, and indeed, generally speaking, on those from the Continent, the postmark is much more clearly defined than on our English letters. On searching for the reason of this difference, I

* Office clerks.

perceived it to be that the lines and letters of the French stamp, in which there is a contrivance for altering the date, project; whereas, in England, they are often excavated from a flat surface.

The final distribution of the letters from all parts of the world to Paris is performed at ten tables, by fourteen men at each, all in uniform, and superintended by a "chef facteur,"* responsible for all. In this duty I beheld, quietly working in one room, 150 postmen, who were themselves to deliver the letters they were sorting. At five minutes before the time for actually starting I heard a bell ring, on which the whole 150 postmen in uniform before me rose, and all at once began each to place his batch of letters into a neat patent-leather despatch box, suspended from his neck by a black belt, and containing three compartments; one for letters, one for newspapers, and one for money. Beneath the lid is a portfolio for registered letters; and to the outside is affixed an inkstand, with a hole for a pen. Every postman, besides being in uniform, has on his breast a gilt badge, on which is his number.

As soon as these arrangements were concluded, the 150 men, in a body, left the room. We accompanied them to the interior of a hollow square, formed by the various offices of the department, where we found assembled nine omnibuses, into each of which there quickly stepped fifteen men (a table-gang); every omnibus, therefore, was a "table." As each man, wearing a glazed hat, took his place, he pulled his black shining letter-box, which in walking had hung behind him, round in front, upon his knees, where it lay as quietly as a baby in the lap of a monthly nurse. When the fourteen men, and their fourteen black boxes, were thus stowed almost as close as herrings in a barrel, the "chef facteur," who has the command of all, and who is solely responsible to the Department for the postage of the whole, gave the signal for departure; and thus, sometimes one after another, and sometimes by two or three at a time, away drove the nine omnibuses to their respective arrondissements, the postmen of that immediately around the principal office starting to their destinations on foot.

* Superintendent.

As soon as all these 'buses had merrily driven out of the yard, I returned with M. Piron to the interior of the building, to witness the assortment of the letters for the departments and for the rest of the world. For this operation is devoted the whole of the second floor, composed of spacious halls, admirably ventilated, and during the day lighted by large windows on each side, and before sunrise and after sunset by gas lamps, surrounded by green shades.

The country letters are divided into sixteen stations. Those which, by the pulley and rope, had ascended *en masse* to this floor, are poured out in about equal quantities upon a series of desks, at each of which presides an intelligent-looking clerk with mustachios, and occasionally with a beard, who has before him, at the extremity of his table, sixteen pigeon-holes, into which he rapidly throws every letter that belongs to the district written above it. While he is proceeding, looking like a gamester dealing out cards, sixteen men, each carrying a basket, proceed regularly from one sorting-table to another; and as the pigeon-holes of each are all numbered alike, as they each contain letters for the same place, every basket-man, leaning over one sorting desk after another, abstracts from the same pigeon-hole of each the letters for the same district, which, as fast as he collects, he takes to other tables, where, by other clerks in beards of every possible fancy, they are finally arranged, and then, instead of being crammed into white leather sheepskin-bags, which, in consequence of the different shaped parcels conveyed by our post-office, are deemed necessary in England, they are packed in square parcels, about 2 feet long by 18 inches broad and deep, wrapped up or swaddled in brown paper, secured by very strong string, of which an extraordinary quantity appeared to me to be uselessly expended. Indeed it was wound round twenty or thirty times without apparent method, reason, or necessity. The operation of sealing these parcels is, however, very cleverly performed. Beneath a large pot full of hard sealing-wax there is on each table of the department an alcohol lamp,—the flame of which, by a micrometer screw, can be increased, diminished, or extinguished,—of sufficient power to liquify the mass in about twenty minutes. For the important process of sealing, the wax is, therefore, always ready, in a fluid state. For the purpose of applying it, there

is affixed, at right angles, to the handle of the seal a stick, which the sealer dips into the liquid wax, and, as soon as he has transferred a sufficient quantity of it to the paper and string, by a simple twist of his wrist he applies to it the seal. Before the adoption of this ingenious process, which is only a year old, not only for every packet, but for every seal on each packet, it was deemed necessary, as is still the case in the English post-office, to raise a stick of hard wax to the flame of a candle, ignite it, wait a little, and then apply it. The smoke caused by the endless repetition of this rude operation was not only unhealthy, but it blackened the walls and ceilings of the halls. Indeed, M. Piron pointed out to me on the lintels above and outside the windows, the deep black stain of the old discarded process.

In wandering from table to table, looking at the sealing-up process I have described, I came to that portion of the establishment from which letters to foreign countries are despatched. One of these compartments I could not help measuring; it was 7 feet 10 inches long, by 9 broad. "And this," said I to my obliging conductor, "in your universe, represents 'la GRANDE Bretagne?'" M. Piron returned my smile, and at the same time pointed out to me, as was really the case, that England's little table was very much larger than that of any other nation of the globe.

On the ringing of a bell, the whole of the sealed-up brown-paper parcels were carried off by porters and other employés to the interior yard, when they were quickly pushed into well-made, enclosed, four-wheeled vans, called "fourgons," of the shape of an English hearse, painted crimson, highly varnished, and bearing on the sides the words, "Transport des Dépêches."* Each of these carriages was drawn by a pair of capital, stout, active, sleek entire horses, and as fast as they were filled were despatched, with a guard, to the metropolitan termini of the various railways. The scene was not only very animating, but, as involving the correspondence of Paris with every portion of the civilized globe, was highly interesting. While the well-made fourgons were trotting out of the great yard they were often crossed by the heavy cabriolets of the department, which, with equal energy, were to be seen

* Conveyance of mails.

trotting in, with the words "Service des Dépêches" painted on their backs, "République Française" on their sides, and drawn by stout and often well-bred horses, not only neighing very loudly as they entered, but carrying round their necks bells, which gave cheerfulness, and almost merriment, to their arrival. Indeed, between the horses that were entering and those in cabriolets that had entered—and which, without being unharnessed, without being tied up, and without any one to attend to them, were standing between the shafts of their respective carriages, with their faces to the dead wall—there was, by neighs, more or less loud, a constant interchange of post-office questions and answers, to which, however intently the mind might be occupied, it was impossible occasionally not to listen.

The whole scene—rattling of wheels and neighing included—was, however, *within* the precincts of the post office. This, in France, is very properly considered as absolutely necessary; and it was observed to me, by one of the attendants, who had been in England, that he had been much astonished to find that in London the public are allowed to crowd around so important a service as that which at the moment he was performing. I told him, however, as regards the principal office, he was mistaken, not only in his inference but in his fact: what had offended him he had probably witnessed at one of the branch offices of the London Post-office.

As soon as the fourgons were all despatched, excepting the occasional tinkling of a restless bell, or a merry interjectional neigh, the great yard was quiet. I therefore proceeded to a part of the department particularly interesting to all foreigners.

On entering a short narrow passage I saw before me three small windows, on one of which was inscribed "A to F;" on the next "G to O;" and on the third "P to Z;" thus unequally dividing the alphabet into six, nine, and eleven letters. From these three windows are delivered the whole of the letters arriving at Paris from all parts of the world, addressed "Poste Restante." In the interior, opposite to each window, is a box about three feet square, divided into small compartments, each containing the letters which alphabetically belong to it. For the duties of this office,—which is open from eight in the morning until seven at night, every

day in the week excepting on Sundays and on fête-days, when it is closed at five A. M.,—one clerk at a time is found to be sufficient.

While I was in front of these three windows a Frenchman with mustachios was bothering this poor clerk most unreasonably through the left one, to look for a letter he had lost out of his own pocket-book since he had been at the window, and which he supposed must somehow or other have got through it into the interior and into one of the compartments far out of his reach before him. With the utmost civility the clerk looked over all his compartments three times, and yet the man was not satisfied. After looking them over again, he said, slightly bowing, to a lady who was standing before the middle window, "Il n'y a rien pour vous, Madame."* The poor thing looked dreadfully disappointed, and, being evidently unable to go away, she maintained her position. I, then delivering my card, asked if there was anything for me. I got three prizes, on the receipt of which I heard the poor lady beg the clerk to look again, as she was *sure* there must be one for her. With the utmost good-humour he did as he was requested. I did not, however, wait the result.

Monsieur Piron was now kind enough to show me some of the "bureaux" by which the principal duties of the department committed to his sole charge are transacted. Without describing their details, I will briefly state that, on the whole, the arrangements of the Paris Post-office for the receipt, sorting, and distribution of letters, are very creditably performed. Indeed, in the two or three instances I have mentioned, the French have an improved management which we might profitably adopt.

In the attempt, however, which their House of Assembly has made to adopt the magnificent British system of postage invented by Mr. Rowland Hill, they have, I conceive, partly failed—for the simple reason that, under severe pecuniary embarrassments, they were afraid of sinking under the operation; and thus, unwilling to continue under their old system, and yet unable fully to adopt the new one, they have sought for refuge in a half measure, which, of course, cannot even

* There is nothing for you, Madam!

produce half results. The habits of the inhabitants of Paris are not favourable to the adoption of Mr. Hill's system of prepayment. A large proportion of the population live in regions high above the pavement of the streets; and although their letters are left for them with the concierge below, they have no servant whom they could conveniently despatch and intrust with money for prepayment; and as, contrary to our regulations in England, the charge is the same whether the letter be prepaid or not, the consequence is, that, of the letters brought to the General Post-office from the receiving-houses around it, the postage of *four-fifths* is unpaid.

Collection and Distribution of Letters in Paris.

There are daily in Paris seven collections of letters, corresponding with the seven deliveries.

The hours of the collections are regulated according to the distance between the several offices and the Central Post-office. The boxes situated at the extremities of the town are taken away at fixed hours, indicated for the commencement of each collection. One may calculate five minutes' delay for every five hundred mètres in approaching the central office. The boxes within a perimeter of 800 mètres from the central office are taken away every half an hour after those of the Fauxbourgs, those of the General Post-office an hour later. In no case does the delivery of a letter of the city for the city require more than three hours. Letters deposited in the box at the precise moment of the departure, or in those of the perimètre, are distributed an hour and a half or two hours at latest after the hour of the Depôt deposit.

The first distribution, which commences at half-past seven, and terminates all over Paris at nine o'clock, comprehends the letters of the departments and of foreign countries, also those of Paris collected in the boxes the night before, from nine to half-past nine at night.

The second comprehends, besides the Paris letters collected in the boxes from half-past seven to a quarter past eight, those of the second English courier.

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth comprehend, besides the Paris letters collected in the boxes, those which at different

hours of the day have arrived by supplementary couriers, or by the railways.

The seventh comprehends the letters of Paris for Paris, collected in the boxes from five o'clock to forty-five minutes past five at night, the letters of supplementary couriers from Marseilles and Lyons, letters from Italy, Algeria, &c.

Money Letters, or Registered Letters.

In each of the post-[illegible] at Paris, are received money letters and registered le[illegible] ll parts of France, for Algeria, and for those pl[illegible] ere France possesses post-offices. Pre-payment is [illegible]ry for money letters, and optional (facultative) for registered ones.

Both descriptions must always be presented at the offices. Money letters pay a double postage; registered letters, besides the ordinary charge determined by weight, a fixed and supplementary tax of five sous. They, as well as registered letters, are required to be placed in an envelope, secured at least with two seals in wax, covering the four folds of the envelope; both descriptions of letters are remitted on receipt at the domicile of the person to whom they are directed.

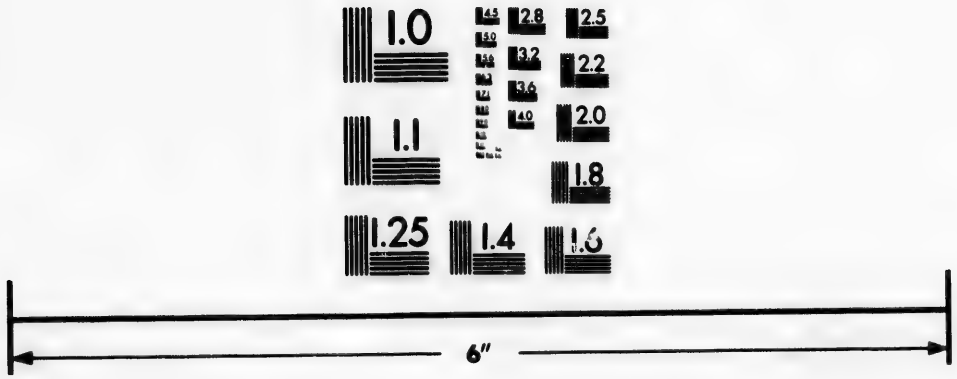
Postage Stamps.

The stamps or figures, sold by the administration, for the franking of letters, represent five different values: the first, colour bistre, two sous; second, colour green, three sous; third, colour blue, five sous; fourth, orange colour, eight sous; fifth, colour red, twenty sous, or one franc. The public is at liberty to combine these figures or stamps, the franking being complete in all cases where the stamps employed represent a value equivalent to the postage due. The stamps are sold at all the post-offices, by the postmen, receiving-houses, and by the sellers of tobacco.

Charges.

Letters of Paris for Paris are charged three sous (green stamp) when their weight does not exceed fifteen grammes; a supplementary charge of two sous is made for each additional fifteen grammes, or fraction thereof.

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

2.8
2.5
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On the 1st of January, 1849, the charges for the postage of letters according to distance were abolished, and replaced by a uniform charge of 20 centimes (2*d.*), which by the loi des Finances of the 18th May, 1850, was raised to 25 centimes (2½*d.*), for every letter not exceeding in weight 7½ grammes, addressed to any part of France, Corsica, or Algeria.

For letters above 7½ grammes and not exceeding 15.	the charge is .	50 centimes.
Above 15 to 100 grammes . . .	"	1 franc.
Above 100 and not exceeding 200 an additional.	"	1 "
Letters for *Great Britian* not exceeding in weight 7½ grammes	"	80 centimes.
Letters *of the same weight* to Belgium or Switzerland	"	40 "
Letters of *the same weight* to Belgium or Switzerland, from places which do not exceed 30 kilomètres.*	"	20 "

The following comparative statement of the amount of work performed by the Post-offices of Paris and London shows how large is the correspondence of France :—

There were despatched from Paris per day during the year 1850—

Letters	161,000
Newspapers and imprimés . .	210,000
Total . . .	371,000

There were despatched, during the year 1850, per day, Sundays exclusive, from the London Post-office, for delivery either within or without the London district—

1. Letters, books, and other packets, exclusive of newspapers, despatched by the General Post beyond the London delivery	162,000
2. Letters, books, and other packets, including chargeable newspapers, delivered within the 3-mile circle of the London district	124,000
3. Newspapers and other documents allowed to be stamped as such and despatched by the General Post, exclusive of non-chargeable newspapers (of which no record is kept), posted and delivered within the London district. . .	114,000
Total	400,000

* A kilomètre is 1000 yards English.

PRÉFET DE POLICE.

A French gentleman, who for many years had been the prefect of a department, and who had just returned from a visit to England to his peaceful domicil in the neighborhood of * *, expressed to me, as we happened to rest together on a stone bench in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, his astonishment at the good order that prevailed in London. "In England," said he, "all people appear to respect the law. Here all evade it. In solidity you English are like the ancient Romans; in vivacity we resemble the Athenians: and yet, although in England you punish crime with great severity, you appear to be ignorant of the means of *preventing* it; in fact, you require an Act of Parliament to punish notorious evils prevented in Paris by a simple order of police, and in all the smallest commune by a simple order of the maire!"

"Yes," said I, "but it is to that very *simplicity*, as you term it, that we particularly object."

The system to which he alluded is, I believe, something as follows.

France is divided into eighty-six departments, to each of which there is appointed a préfet.

Every department is subdivided into forty arrondissements, to each of which there is a sous-préfect.

The arrondissement is composed of various cantons, which are headless.

Every canton is composed of from twenty to forty communes (the smallest fractional subdivision), each of which has its maire, who, practically speaking, regulates his little district in whatever way he considers will be most beneficial to the community.

Now the prefect of the police of Paris, the only prefect of the police in France, possesses on an enormous scale the same description of arbitrary power that is confided to every little mayor; and thus, co-existent with the monarchy, the emperor, and the republic, there has existed and there does

still exist in France a despotic authority inconsistent with powers which in theory are declared to be supreme.

The prefecture of police, an organization of enormous action, is composed of various departments of active service, forming a cone of which the apex is the prefect, in whose office of government, as in a hive, upwards of three hundred busy working clerks are constantly employed. The principal person in the department is the "Chef de la Police Municipale,"* under whom there are—

1. The "*Chef des Services de la Sûreté*," commanding a brigade of exceedingly adroit men, many of whom are not only in plain clothes, but, for the purpose of capturing murderers and robbers, &c. often change their disguise three or four times a day, to suit the localities they have to visit.

2. The "*Chef d'Attribution des Hôtels Garnies*," who, besides suppressing clandestine gaming-houses, watch over all political refugees.

3. The "*Chef d'Attribution des Mœurs*," for the regulation of houses of ill-fame, &c.

4. The "*Chef d'Attribution des Voitures*, for the regulation and observation of all public carriages.

Lastly, "*Brigades Centrales*," composed of sergents de ville, who, in uniform and in various disguises, besides other duties, perform those intrusted to the London police.

In addition to the above there are, under the direction of the "préfet of police,"—

A "*Chef de Service de la Navigation*," possessing authority over every boat in the Seine, with power to regulate what it shall bring, and in what manner it shall disembark its cargo.

A "*Chef de Service de la Salubrité*," who has dominion over drains of every description, with power to visit all cesspools, which can only be emptied by people authorized to do so, and which must be inspected as soon as emptied; also the inspection of all gas-lights and gas arrangements.

A "*Chef de Service des Halles et Marchés*," who takes care of the provisions of Paris, grain, flour, &c.

Every one of the twelve arrondissements of Paris is subdivided into four "quartiers," or sections, each superintended

* Chief of the Municipal Police.

by a "Commissaire de Police," who, in his bureau in the centre of his district, is, in fact, the efficient head of the police; and yet, although every person looks only to his own commissaire, and although of the "préfet de police," it may truly be said or sung, "Oh no, we never mention him," yet all the departments I have enumerated, under his sole direction, not only work independently, but harmoniously interlace together, playing into each other's hands, giving to each other every information in their power, and even arresting for each other any one whom in the prosecution of their own duties they may observe infringing upon the regulations of any other department in the several services to which they belong; in short, every one acts, not only for his own district, but for all Paris: and thus the eye of the prefecture of police, by night as well as by day, like Shakspeare's Ariel, is here, there, and everywhere; indeed, almost a single anecdote will exemplify its powers. When Caussidière—now in London, and who was condemned with Louis Blanc—was in February, 1848, made "prefect of the police of Paris," knowing that he had long been watched, he inquired at the office over which he presided for his own "*dossier*." On reading it he exclaimed with astonishment, "Non seulement mes actions, mais mes *pensées* intimes!!"*

Again, in the case of an application for the arrest of a British subject whose eccentricities in France had been construed into insanity, and who in fact *was* mad, the police of Paris refused a wiarrant for his apprehension; and on being pressed to do so on the ground that at the very moment in question he was actually conducting himself before them as a madman, they produced his "dossier"—composed by their own agents—showing not only how much eau-de-vie he had drunk, but the places and houses at which, on that very day, he had, previously to appearing before them, swallowed "seven glasses of it," and, as it was therefore the brandy and not the brains in his head that appeared to be in fault, the application for his detention was refused.

The necessity for the police of Paris is supposed to rest upon a principle everywhere acknowledged in France, that "no one member of the community has a right to do that which is hurtful to all, and therefore that all persons should be prevented from doing so by regulations," or, in other words,

* Not only my actions, but my intimate *thoughts!*

by the exercise of despotic authority. The working of this system, composed of much good and some evil, may be exemplified as follows.

Industrial establishments, "établissements industriels," are divided by the police into three classes, namely, dangerous, unhealthy, and offensive (incommode).

As regards the first, no one in Paris is allowed under any circumstances to do what may be dangerous to the community without obtaining an express order from Government; and accordingly, under this head no steam-engine can begin to work within the city until it has passed an examination; and even then, if it be of high-pressure, it is not allowed to work, except within walls of certain thickness and under a roof of very little substance.

As regards the second, all manufactures of glue, size, and of everything deleterious to health, must be carried on far from buildings.

As regards the third, any machinery or manufactory, however safe, however innocuous, and although it may have cost a couple of millions of francs, may, by a simple order of police, be shut up, if, from noise, from smell, or from any other cause, it prove "incommode" (inconvenient) to the neighborhood.

The outside of every domicile and building is watched by the department of the police, whose duty is to see that its fabric is secure, that its chimneys, gutters, &c., are sound, and that no sign-board, blind, or anything else, projects farther than is convenient to all.

Every shopkeeper is rigidly prevented from selling anything injurious to the health of the community. For this reason no one is allowed to act as a chemist, to prepare or sell any medicine, until he has passed a strict examination; and after he has received his patent, he is prevented from selling any poisonous substance until he has appeared before the préfet de police to petition for permission to do so, and to inscribe the locality in which his establishment is situated, and even then he is restricted from selling poison except under the prescription of a physician, surgeon, or apothecary, which must be dated, signed, and in which not only the dose is designated, but the manner in which it is to be administered. The pharmacien or chemist is required to copy the prescription at the moment of his making it up, into his register, which he is required to keep for

twenty years, to be submitted to the authorities whenever required. Moreover, poisons of all sorts, kept by a chemist, are required to be secured by a lock, the key of which must be in his own possession.

Besides these securities, the commissaire de police, accompanied by a doctor of medicine, or by professors of the "Ecole de Pharmacie,"* occasionally visit the shops and laboratories of all chemists to ascertain that the drugs in their possession are of proper quality.

As a further security to the public, the préfet de police is required to arrest and punish all vendors of secret remedies which have not, as required by law, been submitted to a commission of five professors of medicine to examine the composition and price of the medicine proposed to be administered to the public, and of which the sale has not been authorised in the bulletin of the National Academy of Medicine.

No secret remedy can be sold or even be advertised by a chemist or by any one, unless it has been specially authorised by Government. It is the duty of the National Academy of Medicine to examine, and, if it approves of, to legalize, the sale of any medicine that has not been invented by a physician.

The following judgments, which I copied from the newspapers while I was in Paris, will practically explain the manner in which the public are protected from the ignorant or careless sale of medicines or poisons:—

"*Secret Remedies.*—M. Jean-Marie Toussaint, jeweller, appeared before the Correctional Police for the illegal sale of medecine, and of a secret remedy described by him as 'Poudre dépurative.' The accused alleged in his defence that this powder is a secret of his family; that he has cured, by means of this powder, many persons of distinction. The tribunal condemned the jeweller-physician (bijoutier médecin) to a fine of 100 francs."

"*Poisonous Substances.*—M. H———, chemist, of Paris, has been condemned by the Correctional Police to pay a fine of 100 francs, for having on his premises a poisonous substance not locked up."

In the west end of Paris the police have lately permitted chemists to sell Morrison's pills, &c.; as they were informed that unless they allowed the English to swallow their own quack medicines (remèdes secrètes), in short, that if they were to be stinted from their habit of taking medicine of the compo-

* School of Pharmacy.

sition of which they were utterly ignorant, they—the Bull family—would probably leave Paris in disgust.

On the same principle, and with the same objects in view, the police, attended by persons of science, inspect the cellars of wine-merchants to shield the public from adulteration or falsification. They visit cooks'-shops to see that the meats sold are wholesome, and the apparatus (usually of brass) clean. Bakers are divided into four classes, and in order to ensure to Paris a constant supply of three months' flour in advance, class No. 1 are required always to have on hand 140 sacks; class No. 2, 80; class No. 3, 60; and class No. 4, 50. The price of bread is regulated by the prefect every fortnight, according to that of grain in the corn-market; and *common* bread is required not only to be of a certain weight, but to be pure, unadulterated, and to be baked in ovens of a proper construction.

But besides watching over the lives, properties, health, safety, comfort, and food of the inhabitants of the city of Paris, the prefect of police, by stringent and very extraordinary efforts, is the supervisor of the morals—"attentats aux mœurs"—of the people.

No house of bad conduct is allowed, as in England, of its own accord to fester up and break out wherever it likes; but such evils, which it is deemed advisable not altogether to prevent, are licensed to exist in certain localities, and are forbidden from others, especially from the vicinity of any school, public institution, or church. From the instant they are established the exterior and interior are placed under the constant and especial surveillance of a particular department of the police, the regulations of which appear to have no other object than despotically to reduce to the minimum the list of evils consequent upon that which, if not implanted, has deliberately been allowed to take root. For instance, each mistress of a house of this description is obliged, within twenty-four hours, to bring with her to be enregistered at the prefecture of police every female who may be desirous to live with her. On her arrival there, the delinquent is seriously admonished to relinquish her intention; and to induce, or rather to terrify and disgust her, she is informed in detail of the surveillance to which she will be subjected. If the candidate is very young, instead of this course she is, in the first instance, carried from the brink of ruin to the hospital of St. Lazare, where work is

given to her, and endeavours are made to reclaim her. If from the country, a letter is addressed by the police to her parents or nearest relatives, informing them of her position, and urging them to save her. If no answer be received, and if her friends cannot be found out, a letter is written to the mayor of her commune, requesting him to endeavour to do so. If her friends decline to come forward, or if it be ascertained that she is friendless, a last effort is made in the hospital of St. Lazare to reclaim her, and, if *that* proves to be in vain, her name is then irrevocably inscribed; and, destitute of character and of liberty, she passes the remainder of her life under the dreadful appellation of "une fille inscrite." Not only is every change of her domicile recorded in the books of the police, but on the ticket she is obliged to bear,—and which at any hour and by any person she may be required to produce—there must be inscribed the results of the weekly professional visits to which she is subjected. At no hour, or under any pretext, is she permitted, as in England, to appear at the windows of her residence, and she is especially interdicted from appearing in the gardens of the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, or the Jardin du Roi. She is allowed only to walk in certain places; not to appear without a bonnet; she must be dressed in "toilette décente,"* must not wear clothes "trop éclatantes."† On the contrary, if they be too gaudy, or if her conduct be in any way improper or obtrusive, she is liable then and there to be arrested by any member of the police, and imprisoned in the Lazare for two months.

Of the houses to which I have alluded only a certain proportion are allowed to receive any females but their own regular lodgers.

A short time ago the Duchess of ——— happened to pay a short visit to one of these abodes. On its being discovered by the police, they insisted on her name, like that of all the rest of its inmates, being "inscribed" in the books of the department; and it was only by paying a very high fine that her Grace escaped from the regulation which would have subjected her—poor thing—for the rest of her life to the visits, at any hour and at any place, of that portion of the police who especially watch over "attentats aux mœurs."

* Decent costume. † Too gaudy.

Besides the above precautions, a party of police, principally disguised, are especially appointed to discover and to make known to the police every female, "fille isolée," in Paris of decided bad conduct—termed "clandestine"—in order that they also may be summoned and their names "inscribed," from which moment, like the most destitute, they can *never* rid themselves of the haunting presence and severe regulations of the police, which, utterly regardless of their feelings, despotically guards the public health.

The authority which the police of Paris exercises over labourers and servants of various descriptions is—especially in a republic—most extraordinary.

Every workman or labouring boy is obliged, all over France, to provide himself with a book termed "un livret," endorsed in Paris by a commissaire of police, and in other towns by the mayor or his assistants, containing his description, name, age, birth-place, profession, and the name of the master by whom he is employed. In fact, no person, under a heavy fine, can employ a workman unless he produce a "livret" of the above description, bearing an acquittal of his engagements with his last master.

Every workman, after inscribing in his "livret" the day and terms of his engagement with a new master, is obliged to leave it in the hands of his said master, who is required, under a penalty, to restore it to him on the fulfilment of his engagement. Any workman, although he may produce a regular passport, found travelling without his book, is considered as "vagabond," and as such may be arrested and punished with from three to six months' imprisonment, and, after that, subjected to the surveillance of the "haute police" for at least five and not exceeding ten years. No new "livret" can be endorsed until its owner produces the old one filled up. In case of a workman losing his livret, he may, on the presentation of his passport, obtain provisional permission to work, but without authority to move to any other place until he can satisfy the officer of police that he is free from all engagements to his last master. Every workman coming to Paris with a passport is required, within three days of his arrival, to appear at the prefecture of police with his "livret," in order that it may be endorsed. In like manner, any labourer leaving Paris with a passport must obtain the "visé" of the police to his "livret,"

which, in fact, contains an abstract history of his "vie industrielle."*

As a description of the political department of the police of Paris would involve details, the ramifications of which would almost be endless, I will only briefly state, that from the masters of every furnished hotel and lodging-house (who are required to insert in a register, endorsed by a commissaire de police, the name, surname, profession, and usual domicile of every person who sleeps in the house for a single night), and from innumerable other sources, information is readily obtained concerning every person, and especially every stranger, residing in the metropolis. For instance, at the entrance of each lodging, and of almost every private house, there sits a being termed a "concierge," who knows the hour at which each inmate enters and goes out; who calls on him; how many letters he receives; by their post-marks, where they come from; what parcels are left for him; what they appear to contain, &c. &c. &c. Again, at the corner of every principal street there is located, wearing the badge of the police, a "commissionaire," acquainted with all that outwardly goes on within the radius of his Argus-eyed observations. From these people, from the drivers of fiacres, from the sellers of vegetables, from fruiterers, and lastly, from the masters of wine-shops, who either from people sober, tipsy, or drunk, are in the habit of hearing an infinity of garrulous details, the police are enabled to track the conduct of almost any one, and if necessary to follow up their suspicions by their own agents, in disguises which, practically speaking, render them invisible.

"You are," said very gravely to me a gentleman in Paris of high station, on whom I had had occasion to call, "a person of some consideration." Your object here is not understood, and you are therefore under the surveillance of the police."

I asked him what that meant.

"Wherever you go," he replied, "you are followed by an agent of police. When one is tired, he hands you over to another. Whatever you do is known to them; and at this moment there is one waiting in the street until you leave me."

* Industrial life.

Although the above sketch, which, on the whole, I believe to be a faithful one, delineates, I am fully aware, a system which in England would be deemed intolerable, and which, indeed, I have not the smallest desire to defend, yet it must also be evident that, on the whole, it is productive of a series of very great benefits to the community.

If a population such as swarms within Great Britain could exist without any restriction whatever, it would, of course, enjoy what would justly be termed perfect liberty; but if that be impracticable, and if laws and restrictions be necessary evils, it follows almost inevitably that the enjoyment of a very small liberty ought not to be considered of greater importance than the attainment of a very great public benefit.

For instance, in a land of perfect liberty, such as California, any man ought to be entitled not only to sell medicinal drugs in any way he may think proper, but—as he has also a right to be utterly ignorant of their nature or effects—he ought to be allowed to keep coffee in one box, sugar of lead in another, tea in another, arsenic in another; moreover, he has an undoubted right, after his dinner, to go to sleep, and while he snores aloud to leave his own shop-nigger to sell for him, to men, women, and children of any age, his own goods, in his own way. Again, in such a land of perfect liberty, every man ought to be allowed to endeavour to cure anybody that wants to be cured by him. He may be wrong in supposing that a mixture of sand vitriol, and water is good for the eyes; that ink, lamp-black, and cobbler's wax, in equal parts, are good for the complexion; that a very little arsenic and soft soap are good for digestion; and that blistering a baby's feet draws inflammation from its gums: but if other free people not only agree with him in opinion, but from long distances come to him on purpose to give him two shillings and nine-pence for a packet of his remedy, he is no doubt fully entitled to sell it. In like manner, in a perfectly free country, every woman has an undoubted right to be admired or abhorred, or, in other words to lead a virtuous or an immoral life, just as she may prefer. And yet, if the laws of God and man concur in punishing one individual for murdering another, there surely exists no very great inconsistency in depriving any member of a very large community, for the public good, of the tiny "liberty" of slowly undermining the

health, destroying the happiness, and ruining the prospects of an unlimited number of his or her fellow-creatures. And yet, although this common axiom is as fully admitted in Great Britain as in France, there exists between the two countries a wide difference of opinion as to the extent to which it should be applied; and thus, while the French people, ages ago, surrendered themselves at discretion to the principles, good, bad, or indifferent, to which I have referred, the English, although they concur in the theory, very slowly and very cautiously have been and still are progressively carrying it into effect by the establishment of a "new" poor law, of a "new" London police, of laws forbidding the dead to be buried among the living, abolishing Smithfield market, preventing the sale of medicines by ignorant, illiterate people, &c. &c. &c.; and although the "*liberty*" of selling quack medicines ("remèdes secrètes") is still claimed and allowed, there can be no doubt that it, and various other little pet "liberties" of a similar description, will in due time be slowly, carefully, but effectually put to death.

Between the English and the French systems of police there of course will and always ought to remain the same difference which characterizes the tastes, habits, and opinions of the two nations. It is, however, very gratifying to observe, that in the meanwhile both are satisfied with the efforts they have respectively been making to attain the same good object. In England, the "new poor law" and the "new police" are now almost as highly praised, as on their original establishment they were execrated and condemned; nay, the establishment even of extramural burial-grounds and extramural slaughter-houses is by anticipation already far from being unpopular.

In France, the intricate system I have but faintly described also gives satisfaction to the majority of the community; indeed, it is an extraordinary fact, that, although the power of the monarchy, of the republic, of the empire, and even of the army, one after another have been swept away, and although at almost every revolution the raw will of the people has for a certain period become the sole law of the land, yet the police of Paris has never foundered in the storms which have destroyed every other authority; on the contrary, the system is about to be adopted in the great, populous, and free city of Lyons. It is also a singular fact (at least on very high authority I was told so), that, besides this feeling from wit-

out, so strong an esprit de corps exists within the police of Paris, that no individual in its regular service has ever been known to betray it. Persons of any description who give useful information to the department are paid for it; but since 1827 no man of bad character has been retained in its regular service.

As far as the narrow limits of my own observation extended, I feel bound to speak in its favour. Excepting a single habit of Frenchmen to which I cannot more distinctly allude, during my residence in Paris I never witnessed any public act of the slightest indelicacy; on the contrary, I everywhere beheld a polite and a well-conducted people, who appeared by their admirable bearing to each other, and above all to strangers, to have originated, rather than have been subjected by, the organised force which like the atmosphere everywhere prevailed around them.

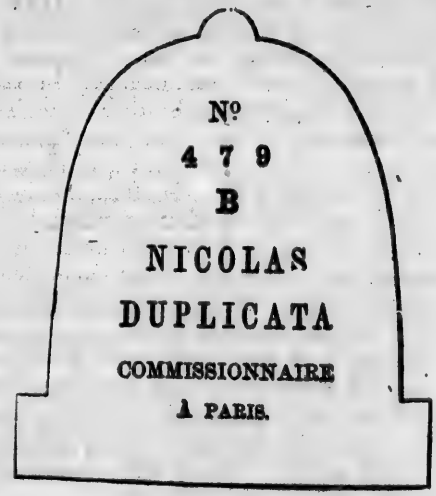
The direction of every letter I received may have been scanned,—every parcel given to my concierge may have been peeped into,—the name of every person that called on me may have been noted down:—I may have been watched,—dodged,—followed: wherever I went there may have appeared upon the walls and pavement I passed—as my shadow—the figure of a commissaire-de-police in uniform, or in disguise: but I must own that, whenever these light amusing ideas gambolled across my mind, I did the French people the justice to place into the other scale the single heavy fact, that while I, unmolested, unembarrassed, and in perfect security, could wander wherever I liked, there lay self-imprisoned throughout the day in Paris, 30,000 people who—it is a well-known fact—dare not show their faces to the police, and who are as completely subjected by its power, as the old-fashioned, bullying, window-breaking mob of what were then very properly termed "blackguards," have been by the firm, admirable arrangements of our blue-clad London police.

If in visiting Paris my object had been to conspire against the happiness of the people; to endeavour to overthrow their government; and to involve them once again in the horrors of another revolution, I should no doubt—to use a vulgar expression—have deeply cursed "the eyes and limbs" of a power that would not only have confounded my politics, and have frustrated my knavish tricks, but have punished me, promptly, severely, and arbitrarily.

THE COMMISSIONNAIRE.

It is an extraordinary fact, that while in every capital on the Continent, and even at Edinburgh and Dublin, there are at the corners of the principal thoroughfares persons of good character, well known to the community, who at a moment's warning may safely be intrusted to execute the numerous little commissions which in any establishment occasionally require a trusty messenger, no such arrangement exists in London, or in any of our English great cities or towns.

In Paris this social luxury has been so admirably supplied, that, like iced water at Naples, the community could now hardly exist without it. Accordingly, at the intersection of almost all the principal streets, there is posted by the police an intelligent respectable-looking man (there are about 12,000 of them), cleanly dressed in blue velveteen trowsers, and a blue corduroy jacket, on the breast of which is affixed a brass ticket, invariably forfeited by misconduct, bearing his occupation and number, as follows:—



The duties of this commissionaire are not only at various fixed prices to go messages in any direction, and at determined rates to perform innumerable other useful services, but he is especially directed to assist aged and infirm people of both sexes in crossing streets crowded with carriages, and to give to strangers who may inquire their way every possible assistance.

The luxury of living, wherever you may happen to lodge, within convenient reach of a person of this description, is very great. For instance, within fifty yards of my lodgings there was an active, honest, intelligent, dark-blue fellow, who was to me a living book of useful knowledge. Crumbling up the newspaper he was usually reading, he could, in the middle of a paragraph and a moment's notice, get me any sort of carriage,—recommend me to every description of shop,—tell me the colour of the omnibus I wanted,—where I was to find it,—where I was to leave it,—how I ought to dress, to go here,—there,—or anywhere:—what was done in the House of Assembly last night;—who spoke best,—what was said of his speech,—and what the world thought of things in general. On the other hand, he was, if possible, more useful to the sergeant of police of the district than to me. He could tell him where I went, what I bought, what I said, what I thought, and, above all, how I looked when I was not thinking. He could explain to him all about my eyes, how inquisitive they both were, what odd places they visited, &c. &c. When my friend was absent, as of course he often was, engaged in the service of others, I repeatedly employed a brother commissionnaire, at some distance from my lodging, who was exceedingly loquacious and intelligent. One morning as, while waiting for an omnibus, I stood talking to him, he told me he wished very much to get employment in London, of which he had heard a great deal, and, on my asking him what he could do if he was there, he burst out with such surprising eloquence on the subject, that I desired him to call upon me at eight o'clock in the evening, after I had had my dinner.

I was reclining in an easy chair when he entered. I told him that, among other investigations I was making, I wanted to understand what were the qualifications of a Paris commissioner; and I added, that, if he would explain to me what he was in the habit of doing, I would write it down, in abbreviation almost as fast as he could utter it.

Upon this, away he started, but at such a tremendous pace, that it was utterly impossible to follow him. Laying down my pencil over and over again, I told him that *that* would not do. We had I think as many false starts, as if he had been running for the Derby; at last I succeeded in teaching him the rate at which he was to canter, not gallop; and accordingly I then easily, without the alteration of a single word, copied from his curbed mouth the following long-winded, rigmarole story, which will not only explain the extraordinary volubility of tongue and facility of expression of a Paris commissionnaire, but the services, good and (I regret to add) evil, which it appears he is occasionally in the habit of performing:—

*The Statement of —— Commissionnaire.**

"Monsieur! je cire les bottes; je scie le bois; je le monte dans les appartements; je porte les malles et bagage, et tout ce qui se présente; je porte les lettres, des paquets; je frotte les appartements, puis les escaliers; je lave les parterres et les salles à manger; je fais des ménagements avec un brancard; ça se porte à deux hommes avec des bricoles en cuir; je traîne la charrette, des malles, du bois, des meubles; je bats les tapis, je les décloue des appartements, et je les porte à la barrière en dehors de Paris, oui, Monsieur! je les rapporte à les personnes à qui ils appartiennent; je les pose; je sais faire un appartement; je fais des lits dans l'appartement; je mets en couleur le parquet des appartements: je garde un malade la nuit, le jour (a shrug), à la journée (a shrug), et à la nuit aussi (a shrug); je conviens du prix avec les personnes qui m'emploient cinq francs pour la nuit, huit francs pour les vingt-quatre heures, quand les personnes ne me nourrissent pas; en outre, je garde les morts dans l'appartement pendant les vingt-quatre heures qu'ils restent exposés;

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* "Sir, I black boots; I saw wood; I take it up into the apartments; I carry portmanteaus and luggage, and whatever offers itself; I carry letters and parcels; I rub the floors of apartments and stairs; I wash the floors and the dining-rooms; I change furniture from one house to another with a hand-barrow,—carried by two men with leathern straps; I draw a cart with portmanteaus, wood, or furniture; I beat carpets, take them up out of the apartments, and carry them to the barrier outside of Paris (yes, Sir); I bring them back to the persons to whom they belong; I lay them down. I know how to arrange a room; I make the beds; I colour the inlaid floors of the apartments; I watch a sick person through the night and day (a shrug), for so much a day (a shrug), and for the night also (a shrug); I agree as to the price with those persons who employ me, for five francs the night, eight francs for the twenty-four hours, when they do not feed me; besides, I watch the dead in the apartment during the twenty-four

enfin (three shrugs) je fais tous ce qui se présente : je touche les billets de commerce à ordre, quand on me charge de la commission, et que l'on me donne le billet pour le toucher ; je rapporte l'argent à la personne qui m'a confié le billet, et la personne me paie ma commission : j'engage au Mont de Piété tout ce que le public me veut bien confier,—bijoux (a shrug), baques (a shrug), chaînes, montres, or, ou argent ; j'engage cuillières et fourchettes, en argent, à manger ; j'engage pendules, du linge ; on engage tout (a shrug) au Mont de Piété, meubles, pianos, matelas, candelabres, lustres : enfin, on engage tout ce qui a de la valeur ; et je rapporte l'argent et le papier d'engagement à la personne qui m'a bien voulu confier cette commission-là, et en même temps la personne me paie ma commission.

" Après, je dégage des effets du Mont de Piété, pour toutes les personnes qui veulent bien m'honorer de leurs commissions, pourvu que la personne mette sa signature sur le revers du papier que le Mont de Piété lui a donné le jour où elle a engagé les objets quelconques.

" Je vais en commission dans les départements de toute la France, et dans l'étranger (shrug) la même chose, moyennant le prix convenu et en prix raisonnable ; je prends les chemins de fer (shrug), la diligence (shrug) ; je vais au plus vite, et je reviens au plus vite ; je brosse un cheval, moi ! je lui donne à manger ; je lave la voiture ; je sais conduire la voiture : je fais la cave ; je rince les bouteilles ; je mets le vin en bouteille ; j'empile les bouteilles quand elles sont bouchées et goudronnées ; je descends les pièces de vin à la cave avec une grosse corde à l'aide d'un camarade, et le

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hours that they remain exposed ; in short (three shrugs), I do whatever is offered to me. I receive commercial notes, for whoever will charge me with the commission, and who will give me the note to enable me to receive it ; I bring back the money to the person who has intrusted me with the note, and the person pays me for my commission ; I pawn at the Mont de Piété whatever the public is willing to intrust to me,—jewels (a shrug), chains, watches, gold, or silver ; I pawn silver spoons and forks, for eating ; I pawn clocks, linen ; they take everything in pawn (a shrug) at the Mont de Piété,—furniture, pianos, mattresses, candelabras, lustres ; in short, they take in pawn everything of value ; and I bring back the money and the pawnbroker's ticket to the person who has intrusted me with the commission, and at the same time that person pays me for my commission.

" Afterwards, I redeem pawned articles from the Mont de Piété, for all those persons who choose to honour me with their commissions, provided that the person puts his signature on the back of the paper which the Mont de Piété delivered to him on the day when he pawned the aforesaid articles.

" I act as commissioner throughout all the departments of France, and also (shrug) in foreign countries, according to the price agreed on, and at a reasonable price ; I travel on the railroads (shrug), in the diligence (shrug) ; I go as quick as I can, and I come back as quick as I can ; I rub down a horse ; I can ! I feed him ; wash the carriage ; drive the carriage ; arrange the cellar ; rinse out the bottles ; bottle the wine ; pile up the bottles after they are corked and stamped ; lower the hogsheads of wine into the cellar

prix c'est deux francs par pièce. Dans mon pays je suis laboureur—tout ce qui concerne à travailler la terre. Je déracine les arbres; je les scie en plusieurs traits de scie; je le fends; je l'empile pour qu'il sèche; ensuite je le charge sur mûlets, et je l'emporte à la maison pour brûler à l'usage de la maison; ensuite je fauche les foins et les blés, je transporte les blés dans la grange (shrug), et le foie aussi; je bats le blé et je le renferme dans le grenier; alors on le prend au fur et à mesure pour le faire moudre et pour faire du pain. Je taille la vigne, je pioche la vigne; j'y met des échalats à chaque pied de vigne pour que la vigne ne se courbe pas; en même tems j'attache la vigne l'échalat avec de la paille qui a été trempé dans l'eau, et de la paille triée exprès pour attacher la vigne à l'échalat, pour que les raisins mûrissent mieux, et qu'ils ne se traînent pas sur la terre. Maintenent je fais la vendange, ça veut dire ramasser les raisins; je les emporte à la maison avec une hotte qui se porte sur le dos à l'aide de deux bricoles qui sont attachées et cloués à la hotte. Quand la hotte est pleine des raisins, elle pèse deux cent livres. Après, je l'emporte à la maison, et je la vide dans une grande cave, qui est faite exprès pour caver le vin. Mes vendanges durent quatre jours (shrug), cinq jours; et quand j'ai fini de vendanger ma cave est pleine: alors je m'occupe tous les jours de piger (écraser) les raisins avec un pilon en bois qui est rond et qui est fait exprès pour cette chose-là. Il est très large du bas. Ensuite au bout de quinze jours mon vin est cavé. Je le tire par dessous pendant que la cave en fournit. Ce vin là c'est la première qualité. Je le mets dans un tonneau à part, et je

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with a thick rope, with the help of a comrade, and the price is two francs for each hogshead. In my own country I am a labourer, and do everything relating to the cultivation of the ground. I root up the trees; I saw them into several lengths; I split the wood; pile it up to dry; then load it on mules, and carry it to the house to be burnt; afterwards I mow the hay and corn; carry the corn into the barn (shrug), and the hay also; thrash the corn, and put it away into the granary; from whence they take it out by little and little to have it ground and to make bread. I prune the vines; dig round them; put props at the foot of each to support it from bending; at the same time I fasten the vines to them with straw which has been soaked in water, and selected expressly to fasten the vine to the prop, so that the grapes may ripen better, and that they may not trail on the ground. Now I commence my vintage, that is to say, gather the grapes; I carry them to the house in a rough basket, which is carried on the back by means of two straps, fastened and nailed on to the basket. When the basket is full of grapes it weighs two hundred pounds. Afterwards, I carry it to the house, and empty it into a large cellar made expressly to contain the wine. My vintage lasts four days (shrug), five days; and by the time I have finished my vintage my cellar is full; then I employ myself every day in crushing the grapes with a wooden pestle, which is round, and made expressly for the purpose. It is very wide at the bottom. Afterwards, at the end of fifteen days, my wine is in the cellar. I draw it off from below as long as the cellar supplies it. This wine is of the first quality. I put it into a cask by itself, and I keep it to

le conserve pour vendre, pour payer les contributions de ma vigne. Le mare qui reste dans la cave je le prends avec des sceaux et je le porte au pressoir; là je le presse, et le vin que j'en retire c'est pour usage de ma famille. Ce vin-là est inférieur au premier (shrug) (parce que le premier vient des grains des raisins les plus mûrs qui se trouvent écrasés). Maintenant, le mare qui me reste, que je retire du pressoir, je le mets dans une cave exprès pour cela, et j'y mets sept (shrug) sceaux d'eau, et je laisse bouiller ça pendant cinq ou six jours; ensuite, ce mare-là j'en fais de l'eau de vie; je fais cuire ce mare-là dans un alambic. Au fur et a mesure que ça est cuit, la vapeur concentrée me rend l'eau de vie à 22 degrés, alors que je le réduis à 18 degrés (vu qu'à 22 degrés il est trop fort, il fait du mal au tempérament) en ajoutant de l'eau. C'est comme ça qu'on travaille chez nous; on fait son vin (shrug); on fait son eau de vie (shrug); on bat son blé; on fait du pain pour un mois. Le four où l'on cuit le pain est en commun. Il appartient à mon village. On cuit cinquante cinq pains de huit livres chacun. Quand le four a besoin d'être réparé, c'est le sindic du village qui fait faire les réparations nécessaires. Il paie avec les revenus du village, comme il y a des revenus des terres que nos ancêtres ont donnés pour une école de garçons et de demoiselles. Cette école on la tient six mois de l'année, et on donne au maître d'école des garçons soixante-dix francs, et à la maîtresse d'école pour les filles cinquante francs pour les six mois. Ces revenus là sont des terres labourables, prés et champs appartenant au village. Ces terres-là se louent à la criée: on les donne à celui qui en offre le plus haut prix;

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sell, in order to pay the contributions of my vineyard. The residue which remains in the cellar I take away in pails, and carry it to the wine-press; there I press it, and the wine I get from it is for the use of my family. This wine is inferior to the first (shrug) (because the first is made of the ripest grapes which are crushed). Now, the residue which remains, which I take out of the wine-press, I put into a cellar made on purpose for it, and I add to it from seven (shrug) to eight (shrug) pails of water, and I let it all boil during five or six days; after that, I make brandy from this residue. I warm this residue in a still. By slow degrees, as it becomes heated, the concentrated vapour produces me brandy of 22 degrees strength; which I reduce to 18 degrees (because at 22 degrees it is too strong, it is bad for the constitution) by adding water to it. That is the way we work in our country; we make our wine (shrug), we make our own brandy (shrug), we thrash our corn, we make bread enough for a month. The oven where we make our bread is in common; it belongs to my village. They bake fifty-five loaves, of eight pounds each. When the oven requires to be repaired, it is the syndic of the village who has what is necessary done. He pays with the revenues of the village, proceeding from some lands which our ancestors gave for a school for boys and for girls. This school is kept during six months of the year, and they give the boys' schoolmaster seventy francs, and the girls' schoolmistress fifty francs for the six months. These revenues are from lands under cultivation, meadows and fields belonging to the village. They are let by auction; to him who offers the highest price they are given on certain conditions; if he

pourvu que, s'il n'a pas de quoi payer la rente, il fournisse une caution solvable qui s'en rende responsable."

After a short pause and a heavy aspiration, he added—

"Revenons aux Commissions!"

"Quand il passe une belle femme, parfois, il y a un monsieur qui me dit, 'Commissionnaire, suivez cette dame-là, et tâchez de savoir son nom; 'vous me rapporterez son nom et son adresse; voilà ma carte où je de-'meure: ayez le nom bien exact, et rendez moi la réponse chez moi à six 'heures du soir; je vous payerai votre commission généreusement.' Je lui réponds, 'Monsieur, Madame reste rue (shrug), (n'importe!), &c. Elle 'se nomme Mademoiselle ——. Maintenant, Monsieur, c'est à vous de lui 'écrire si ça vous fait plaisir. Ce monsieur alors me dit, Venez demain à 'neuf heures du matin; je vous donnerai une lettre pour remettre à 'mademoiselle.' Maintenant je vais porter la lettre; monsieur me voit de retour. 'Voici la réponse à votre lettre!' 'Ah, je vous remercie, 'commissionnaire!' Eh bien! combien vous dois-je, commissionnaire?' 'Monsieur, cette demoiselle m'a fait attendre longtemps pour avoir la ré-'ponse ainsi, Monsieur, ça vaut bien trente sous; vous savez que c'est 'loin!' 'Eh bien, voilà trente sous, commissionnaire; si j'ai besoin de 'vous demain, je passerai à votre station.' Maintenant ce monsieur me fait des questions. Il me demande, 'A-t-elle un beau mobilier cette de-'moiselle là?' Je lui réponds, 'Oui, Monsieur' (a shrug). 'J'ai vu un 'bon lit, un secrétaire commode, une belle pendule sur la cheminée, et

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has not sufficient security of his own to answer the payment of his rent, he must find a solvent bail to answer for him.

"But to return to the Commission.

"Sometimes, when a beautiful woman passes by, a gentleman says to me, Commissioner, follow that lady, and try to find out her name; you must bring me back her name and address; here is my card and direction where I live: get the name very exact, and bring me back the answer to my house at six o'clock this evening: I will pay you liberally for your commission. I answer him, 'Sir, Madame lives in —— street' (shrug), (never mind where!), &c. 'She is called Mademoiselle ——. Now, Sir, you can write to her, if that is agreeable to you.' This gentleman then says to me, 'Come to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock: I will give you a letter to deliver to Mademoiselle.' Now I go and carry the letter; Monsieur sees me return. 'Here is the answer to your letter!' 'Ah! I thank you, Commissioner! Well! how much do I owe you, Commissioner?" 'Sir, this young lady kept me waiting a long time for her answer; so, Sir, it is well worth thirty sous; you know it is a long way off!' 'Well, here are thirty sous, Commissioner; if I want you to-morrow I shall pass by your station.' Now, this gentleman puts to me some questions. He asks me, 'Has this young lady got handsome furniture.' I answer him, 'Yes, Sir (a shrug). I saw a good bed, a convenient writing-table, a beautiful clock on the chimney-piece, and the floor was car-

'un tapis cloué au parterre. Ainsi (shrug), Monsieur, voilà tout ce que 'j'ai vu. Monsieur, je m'en retourne à ma station.' 'Eh bien! ça suffit, 'commissionnaire! Si j'ai besoin de vous, je vous ferai demander.' 'Je 'vous remercie. Bon jour, Monsieur' (shrug). Maintenant, quand un concierge me refuse le nom de la personne que je lui désigne, par exemple, une grande blonde qui vient de rentrer à l'instant même, qui est allée au fond de la cour, à l'escalier à droite, je dis au concierge, 'Monsieur le con-'cierge! seriez-vous assez bon pour me donner le nom de cette grande 'dame qui vient de rentrer toute seule là?' Le concierge me dit, 'Mais 'qu'est-ce que vous voulez faire de ce nom-là?' Je lui dis, C'est un 'monsieur qui m'a chargé la commission de savoir le nom de cette de-'moiselle-là (correcting himself), de cette personne-là,'—parceque je ne savais pas quelquefois si c'est une dame ou une demoiselle. Le concierge me dit, 'Si c'est ainsi, pour vous obliger, je vais vous le donner. C'est 'Mademoiselle (un tel).' Moi je fais une honnêteté au concierge, en lui payant (shrug) un verre de vin.

"Alors il y a une autre question que je vais vous expliquer. Quand un Monsieur n'a pas confiance en sa femme, il la fait suivre par un commissionnaire, quand elle est allée se promener toute seule. Alors le monsieur dit au commissionnaire, 'Suivez cette personne-là; vous me direz en 'détail partout où elle s'est arrêtée; je viendrai prendre la réponse à votre 'station ce soir.' Alors je dis à monsieur, Monsieur, Madam s'est arrêtée 'rue—(shrug), numéro—(shrug). Madame est restée une demi-heure dans 'cette maison-là; pendant ce temps-là je faisais faction en face la porte-

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peted. In short (shrug), Sir, I have told you all I saw. Sir, I am going back to my station.' 'Well! that will do, Commissioner! If I want you I will let you know.' 'I thank you. Good day, Sir' (shrug). Now, when a doorkeeper refuses to tell me the name of the person whom I describe to him—for example, a tall fair lady who has just come in, who has crossed over to the back of the courtyard, to the staircase on the right hand—I say to the doorkeeper, 'Monsieur doorkeeper! would you be so good as to tell me the name of that tall lady who has just gone in there all alone?' The doorkeeper says to me, 'But what do you want with her name?' I say to him, 'It is a gentleman who has given me the commission to learn the name of that young lady (correcting himself)—of that person, because I have not known sometimes whether she was a married or an unmarried lady. The doorkeeper says to me, 'If such is the case, to oblige you, I will tell you. She is Mademoiselle' (such a one). On my part, I show a little civility to the doorkeeper, by giving him (shrug) a glass of wine.

"Now there is another subject which I will explain to you. When a gentleman has no confidence in his wife, he employs a commissioner to follow her when she goes out alone. Then the gentleman says to the commissioner, 'Follow that lady; you must tell me in detail every place where she stops: I shall come to your station this evening for an answer.' Then I say to the gentleman, 'Sir, Madame stopped in (shrug) —— Street, Number —— (shrug). Madame remained for half an hour in that house during that time I walked up and down opposite the carriage-gate on the

'cochère de l'autre côté de la rue, pour savoir quand elle sortirait de cette 'rue-là. Madame a ètè au magasin de nouveautés, rue—(shrug), numéro '—. De là Madame a monté dans une voiture citadine, qu'elle a arrêtée 'dans le rue en sortant du magasin de nouveautés. Moi j'ai couru de 'toutes mes jambes pour suivre la voiture. Madame est descendue rue— '(en fin violà), numéro —. Madame a renvoyé la voiture après avoir 'payé. Madame est entrée dans cette maison-là, et elle y restait une 'heure et demie. De là sortie de cette maison-là, madame est allée 'directement chez-elle. Madame est rentrée à cinq heures et demie. Je 'n'ai vu personne, en fait, de monsieur qui a parlé à Madame. Ainsi, 'Monsieur, voilà tous les renseignements et tous les détails que je peux 'vous donner (shrug) pour aujourd'hui.' Le monsieur me dit, 'C'est bien, 'commissionnaire; combien vous dois-je?' Je dis, 'Monsieur, vous êtes 'assez généreux pour comprendre combien que ça vaut cette commission-'là.' 'Voici, commissionnaire, deux francs. Etes-vous content?' 'Oui, 'Monsieur, je suis content.' 'Si j'ai besoin de vous demain je vous ferai 'dire, ou j'irai vous dire moi-même à votre station.' Je lui dis, 'Oui, Mon-'sieur (shrug), c'est bien. Je vous remercie; bon jour, Monsieur (shrug), 'voilà' (shrug). Le lendemain voilà le monsieur qui arrive. 'Dites donc, 'commissionnaire, faites-moi la même commission qu'hier,—vous savez? 'Venez avec moi; vous vous tiendrez en face de ma porte-cochère; quand 'il sortira une dame—une petite brune—elle doit sortir dans une demi-'heure; elle a une robe de soie Ecossaise, un chapeau vert, et un grand 'schal, à fond bleu, à fleurs rouges—vous suivrez cette dame là; tenez-'vous à une distance, un peu éloignée, que cette dame-là ne se méfie pas

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other side of the street, in order to know when she would leave the street. Madame went to the warehouse for novelties, —— Street (shrug), Number ——. From thence Madame got into a hackney carriage, which she stopped in the street on coming out of the warehouse. As for me, I ran as fast as my legs could carry me to follow the carriage. Madame got out of it in —— Street, say Number ——. Madame sent away the carriage, after having paid for it. Madam went into that house, where she remained an hour and a half. On going out of that house, Madame went straight home. Madame returned home at half-past five. I did not see any description of gentleman speak to Madame. In short, Sir, these are all the details and information which I can give you (shrug) for to-day.' The gentleman says to me, 'Well done, Commissioner: how much do I owe you?' I say, 'Sir, you are generous enough to comprehend how much that commission is worth.' 'Here, Commissioner, are two francs. Are you satisfied?' 'Yes, Sir, I am satisfied.' 'If I want you to-morrow, I will let you know, or I will go to your station myself.' I say to him, 'Very well, Sir (shrug), it is all right. I thank you. Good day, Sir' (shrug). Well (shrug), the next morning the gentleman arrives. 'Tell me, Commissioner, can you do the same commission for me that you did yesterday? you understand? Come with me; you will keep yourself opposite my carriage-gate; when a lady comes out—a little brunette—she is to come in half an hour; she has a gown of Tartan silk, a green bonnet, and a large shawl, with a blue ground and red flowers—you will follow her. Keep yourself at a distance, some

'que vous la suivez; rendez-moi la réponse bien exacte; vous me direz 'partout où elle s'est arrêtée, le nom de la rue, et le numéro de la maison, dans toutes les maisons où elle s'arrêtera. Je viendrai prendre la réponse 'ici à votre station ce soir à (shrug) sept heures.'

"Voilà sept heures arrivées. 'Monsieur, j'ai fait votre commission bien 'exactement. Madame s'est arrêtée en partant de la maison sur le boule-'vart chez un marchand de chaussures. Madame s'est arrêtée quinze mi-'nutes; de là Madame est allée rue —, numéro—; Madame est restée 'deux heures dans cette maison-là; de là Madame est sortie, elle est allée 'au Jardin des Tuileries; Madame a causé une demi-heure avec un mon-'sieur, très bien mis, pas trop grand, un brun; un monsieur qui peut avoir 'trente-huit ans; ce monsieur porte moustaches. De là Madame a quitté 'ce monsieur; elle est rentrée à la maison à (shrug) six heures et demie. 'Voilà tout le trajet que Madame a fait aujourd'hui.'

"Quelquefois une dame me fait également suivre son mari que je connais; pour que ce monsieur ne me reconnaisse pas, je m'habille en bourgeois proprement. Mon camarade, en face, a suivi un monsieur pendant dix jours à six francs par jour: dans ces dix jours il n'a pu rien découvrir, ni rien savoir!

As soon as the commissionnaire, who, excepting to draw breath, had never once stopped for a single moment, had concluded describing to me in his own way, and in his own extraordinary words, his various qualifications, I asked him why he wished to go to England. He replied he could not now gain his bread.

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way off, so that she may not suspect that you follow her; bring me back a very exact account; you must tell me wherever she has stopped, the name of the street, and the number of the house, of all the houses where she may stop. I shall come and get your answer here at your station this evening at (shrug) seven o'clock.'

"It is now seven o'clock. 'Sir, I have done your commission very exactly. On leaving her house, Madame stopped on the Boulevard, at a shoemaker's shop. Madame stayed there fifteen minutes; from there Madame went to —— Street, Number; Madame stayed two hours in that house; from thence Madame came out; she went to the Garden of the Tuileries; Madame was talking there for half an hour with a gentleman, well dressed, not very tall, of a dark complexion; a gentleman who may be about eight-and-thirty; this gentleman wears moustaches. From thence Madame parted from this gentleman; she returned home to her own house at (shrug) half-past six. This is all the tour that Madame has made today.'

"Sometimes a lady in the same way makes me follow her husband, whom I know. In order that this gentleman may not recognise me, I dress myself decently, like a citizen. My comrade, opposite, once followed a gentleman for ten days, at the rate of six francs a-day: in those ten days he was not able to discover or find out any thing!"

"Has the revolution prevented people from sending messages?" I observed, rather incredulously.

"Monsieur," he replied, "on ne fait rien. Les choses chères ne s'achètent pas à présent!"*

"But," said I, "people have the same money as before—why don't they spend it as before?"

"Everybody," he replied, "is afraid of the future. Everybody is economical; everybody is hiding, hoarding, or saving his money, because he knows that affairs cannot continue as they are, that sooner or later there must be another revolution!"

I asked him whether, generally speaking, the commissionnaires of Paris were now as well off, better off, or worse off, than in the time of the monarchy?

His answer was, that since the revolution he had not taken one-half of what he used to gain in the time of Charles X. and Louis Philippe.

"Why have you not?" said I.

The Commissionnaire's reply struck me very forcibly:—

"Monsieur," said he, "parce qu'il n'y a pas de luxe!" After a short pause he added, "Le luxe c'est la plus belle branche du commerce—c'est ce qui fait sortir l'argent. Les choses chères ne s'achètent pas à présent parce qu'il n'y a pas de luxe!"† He then explained in very good language that the poor lived by the luxury of the rich, and that when artificial wants were discouraged the receipts of the commissionnaire were proportionately diminished. In short, he merely explained to me what two or three bloody revolutions, ending in a republic, had practically expounded to *him*.

HALLE AUX VINS.

Close to the Seine, and to the "Ile St. Louis," adjoining the Jardins des Plantes, and opposite the "Port Aux Vins," there

* Sir, nothing is going on. At present nobody buys expensive things.

† Because there is no luxury. Luxury is the finest branch of commerce. It is what causes money to move. Expensive things are not purchased now, because there is no luxury.

exists, on the site of the celebrated abbey of St. Victoire, surrounded on three sides by its own wall, and on the side looking upon the Seine by iron railings, a little city, more than a quarter of a mile long by nearly a quarter of a mile broad, founded by Napoleon in 1813, and since finished, for the welcome reception in Paris—the merry heart of France—of about five hundred thousand casks of wine.

On entering a large gate in the eastern half of the iron railings, I saw running straight before me a paved road, and at right angles to it, and consequently parallel to the Seine, another one equally broad. On the left, close to the entrance-gate, was the great Government bureau, besides which, in the space between the railings and the pavé, and also along that at right angles to it, I beheld, shaded by a triple row of trees, an innumerable quantity of little wooden, zinc-covered offices, of various colours, teeming with windows looking all ways at once, each belonging to a wine or spirit merchant, whose name was painted thereon. On the side next the Seine there were no less than 99 of these little shanties, to each of which was attached a tiny garden. The interior of this immense space, nearly surrounded by trees, is principally composed of rectangular blocks of low buildings, divided into broad streets or boulevards, also shaded by trees, appropriately designated by names suited to every palate, and, indeed, almost sufficient to make a person's mouth water to read or even write, namely,—

1. Rue de Champagne.
2. Rue de Burgogne.
3. Rue de Bordeaux.
4. Rue de Languedoc.
5. Rue de la Côte d'Or.

As a certain animal is recorded to have stood starving between two bundles of hay, so, with so many delicious streets before me, I hesitated for some time as to which I ought first to enter; at last I determined to engage as my conductor a man in a blouse, who happened to be standing near me, and, committing myself entirely to his guidance, we entered the Rue de Bordeaux, a fine, handsome paved street, sixty-six feet broad, bounded on each side, first by a double row of oaks and horse-chesnut trees, and then by a row of long, low, substantial stone buildings, divided into seven arch-doored vaulted compartments. In this street not a cab, a hackney-coach, a carriage,

person on horseback, a clergyman, gentleman or lady, on foot, were to be seen; but along its whole length there were, as might naturally be expected, arranged twelve rows of casks, full of a bright red fluid, in many instances like a blush on the human cheek, to be seen oozing through and suffusing the staves.

Over every arched door there was written upon the white-washed stones, in letters of black, the name of the wine merchant to whom it belonged. On entering one, instead of being asked what I wanted, I was with the utmost kindness invited by the master, who then immediately walked away, to remain in it as long as I liked. In various directions I heard, in utter darkness, little, refreshing, trickling, guggling noises; and as I stood listening to them I indistinctly,—by the faint light of a tallow candle, affixed here and there to a tin slide, stuck sometimes into the head of a barrel, and sometimes into its ribs or hoops,—perceived human fingers in motion, amidst seven piles, one above another, of barrels enjoying absolute rest. On coming out in several directions were to be seen a man or two rolling a barrel towards a one-horse dray.

In the Rue de Champagne, each side of which, shaded by trees, was divided into fourteen lofty vaulted cellars above ground, similar to those just described, the street was nearly full of men hammering and hooping up barrels. From the centre of this street I entered a subterranean cave or gallery of only ten yards less than a quarter of a mile!—containing cellars on each side. On the floor of this dark-arched alley, intersected in the centre by one at right angles of similar length, I observed a pair of wooden rails, along which men in white tucked-up shirt-sleeves were rolling casks of wine; here and there in the arched roof was a small square hole, through which streamed a corresponding patch of sunshine, illuminating the ground beneath. I purposely trod on one of these and instantly my boot, which I had not seen for some minutes, became visible.

In one part I heard a violent hammering, and on arriving at the point from which it was proceeding, I found men on both sides of the rails occupied by candlelight in belabouring the convex surfaces of empty casks, until each bung, as if it could stand the din of war no longer, began first to loosen,

and at last almost to jump out, which was the object desired. Within the cellars, as I passed them, I occasionally caught glimpses of men tapping casks with syphons. On arriving into the open air, we ascended by a flight of broad stone steps to a series of magazines for spirits, built of hollow bricks, of the same enormous size; indeed, after I had been for some time walking through the long galleries I have described, I fancied as I passed the casks which were being emptied of their contents that I felt almost giddy.

After taking leave of the spirit department, we proceeded to a large long shed close to the great south surrounding wall of the establishment for measuring the exact quantity of brandy contained in each butt. For this purpose, on a platform about ten feet from the ground, were ranged in a row twenty large open copper vats; above them was a small railway, upon which the barrels to be tested, hoisted by a crane, were rolled along, until each was exactly over the copper vat, into which its contents were to be decanted; the bung was then extracted, and the ardent spirit rushing out was accurately gauged by a glass tube and brass scale outside the vat; by the turning of a large cock in the bottom of the vat, by a second transmigration it again rushed back to the butt from which it had just departed, and which, during the time of its measurement, had been lowered beneath to receive it. The exact contents of each cask were then officially marked upon it in red by gentlemen inhabiting a bureau or office in the middle of the twenty vats, in front of which were lying, waiting to be gauged, several rows of large butts of spirits.

I was now conducted into an upper gallery, containing a series of cellars on each side, such as I have described, full of casks of wine of all descriptions. The odour was so strong, that, as my guide in his wooden shoes clattered along at my side, we often, I observed, were slightly disposed to reel against each other. Sometimes my hair and clothes smelt of brandy; sometimes as a whiff of claret passed me I tossed up my head and thought for the moment of "absent friends," —a younger man would probably have put it "Sweethearts and wives,"—in short, by the time I had visited the contents of the Rue de Champagne, de Bourgogne, de Bordeaux, de Languedoc, and de la Côte-d'Or, I felt that by highways and byways there had reached me rather more wine and brandy

than I had desired and yet my guide assured me that out of Paris at the Port de Vercis on the Seine, there are magazines of wine containing more than three times as much as in the whole of the cellars around us. How truly therefore may every inhabitant of Paris sing, in the air of "Vive Henri Quatre,"

"J'aimons le bon vin!" *

At the west end of the establishment I found ranged in a row, and shaded by trees, twenty-three little wooden offices, of various colours, belonging to different wine-merchants, also six large offices for "sappeurs, pompeurs," &c.

In my progress through the various streets and cellars I have described I did not see a single drunken or even intemperate-looking man, and all (it was on a Monday) wore clean shirts.

As I had now gone through the interior of the Halle aux Vins, I walked through the shaded Rue de Champagne, to the bureaux of the Government, situated close to the great gate by which I had entered. These offices, by notices over their respective doors, are described as follows:—"Conservation," "Inspection," "Contrôles et Comptes Généraux," "Déclaration de sortir pour Paris," "Recette de l'Octroi!" † above them is a story inhabited by the "employés" of the department. As I wished to speak to the "Conservateur," ‡ I asked one of the porters in attendance if he was at home. The moment I opened my mouth I perceived the old man's countenance gradually to lower, until at last out it came—head over heels—that he had been eight years in the English prison of Ports*mooth*." Poor fellow! the recollection of it naturally enough haunted him; but as he talked to me a little sulkily on the subject, I submitted to him that he had only suffered one of the numerous evils which his "Empereur" had without mercy inflicted upon the whole of Europe. The old porter shrugged his shoulders, his countenance relaxed, and we ended by a joyous talk together about war and wine.

As fast as the one-horse carts, heavily laden with wine,

* I love good wine.

† General management, Inspection, Accountant's office, Declaration for Paris, Receipt of Duty.

‡ Principal manager.

continued entering the gate, they were severally stopped by two officials in blouses, who—one on each side—walking forward, struck a gimlet into whichever barrel he fancied, extracted the instrument, held a small pewter dish beneath the tiny hole it had made, caught a little of its contents, stuck a peg into the hole, hammered it, broke it off, gave it a tap, tasted the wine, spit it out on the pavement, which was quite red with the operation, and then made a signal to the carman to drive on.

As wines entering the Halle aux Vins do not pay the octroi, the object of this analysis is merely to ascertain and record the description of fluid contained in each cask; but on my proceeding to the gate at which the wine goes *out*, and at which the octroi is levied, I found the operation conducted with greater accuracy.

The three tasters there had in front of their blouses a small pocket like that in a lady's apron full of little white pegs, the ends of one of which next for duty were almost constantly to be seen protruding from their three mouths. Every day there pass them about fifteen hundred barrels, every one of which has to be tasted. As soon therefore as a cartload arrives, each of these men, walking quickly up to it, stabs a barrel from which usually there instantly—like what is called breathing a vein—spirted out a red stream, flowing sometimes vigorously, sometimes feebly, and sometimes so indolently that it merely trickled down the cask, in which case he pushed in a long wire, on extracting which, the wine flowed in a stream.

The tasters are not only apparently steady, sober men, but I observed they had particularly clear complexions.

While one of them was very busily labouring at his vocation, I ventured to ask him what was the amount of duty which wine paid on leaving the "Halle" to go into Paris. Instead of being angry with me for bothering him, the man, with a kind countenance and with great politeness, after spitting out half a mouthful of Burgundy on the pavement between us, told me that whatever might be the quality, good, bad, or indifferent, the octroi was at the rate of twenty-one francs for 100 litres.

On going out of the gate of the Halle aux Vins, open to the public from six to six in summer, and from seven to five in winter, I found on the banks of the whole of that portion of

the Seine which bounds it on the north, a beach or paved inclined plane, sixty yards broad, on which were lying in groups barrels of wine that had just been disembarked. Beyond them in the river were moored four barges laden with wine; and as I had now seen all that I or that Bacchus himself could have desired, I told my friend in his blouse and wooden shoes I was much obliged to him, and, suiting my action to my word, I made him a little present.

"Comme ça, mon garçon," said he, holding out his hand to me that I might shake it, which I did very cordially.

" . . . Je vous remercie !" * and so we parted.

VERSAILLES.

It was Sunday, and not only Sunday, but it was the Sunday which, in the chain of Time, followed the Sunday on which there had been the great Sunday fête in celebration of the Republic. I had therefore concluded that it would be a day of rest, instead of which I found myself between Scylla and Charybdis;—that is to say, I was to choose whether I would remain in Paris, to be hurried with the crowd to see a magnificent boat-race, which by the inundation of the Seine had not been able to come off on Sunday last, or whether I would go with another crowd to a fête at Versailles. Of the two evils I thought the latter was the least, and therefore, after church, I walked to the Versailles railway-station, took a first-class ticket, and having, as it were, got into the mouth of a funnel, I found myself without the slightest mental anxiety gently pressed and pushed out of the little end into a narrow passage, which I had scarcely entered when my "bright course to the occident" was suddenly checked by two gentlemen in reddish-brown coats, with scarlet collars, scarlet edging, and scarlet stripes down their trowsers (the colour of the latter I really had not time to discover), who politely asked me for my ticket, tore a piece off it, and then giving me the remainder, pointed

* Well, my boy . . . . I thank you!

to the one of the three large public rooms for first, second, and third class passengers, which I was authorized to enter.

The two latter waiting-rooms were nearly full of persons so respectably dressed, that but a very slight shade of difference could be detected between them and the aristocratic chamber in which I had scarcely time to ruminate, when all of a sudden a large double sliding door on my right was rolled open, and, like the lifting of a curtain at a theatre, were to be seen on the wooden stage before us a number of officials in uniform in front of a long train of railway carriages, headed by a glittering engine all hot, hissing, ready, and anxious to be off.

As soon as the inmates of waiting-room No. 1—thus enjoying the precedence they had purchased—had left their handsome chamber, a door communicating from it with the waiting-room No. 2 was unbolted, and a loud trampling of great feet and little ones, of thick shoes and thin ones, through No. 1, and then along the platform, had scarcely subsided, when, by the withdrawal of a similar bolt in a similar door in the partition between waiting-rooms Nos. 2 and 3, the latter room, No. 2, having been also trapped, another rush of feet, of both sexes and of all ages, walking, trotting, and cantering, passed through Nos. 2 and 1, and along the platform, until, the whole of the passengers having, under the direction of three officers wearing scarlet collars richly embroidered (one of them I observed had on his breast the crimson riband of the Legion of Honour), taken their seats, a little flag, the emblem of liberty, fraternity, and equality, was slightly waved, the engine shrieked, gave a violent plunge, which made the heads of all passengers sitting towards it nod backwards, and the heads of those seated with their backs to it nod forwards, then a smaller one, after which, like a boat pushed from rough shingle into deep water, the train glided along, comparatively speaking, as smoothly as if its rails had been oiled.

Previous to starting I asked the superintendent why the first, second, and third class passengers had been cooped up in different waiting-rooms, instead of being allowed, as in England, to roam about the platform, and take their own places in their own way?

"If," said he, "they were permitted to congregate on the platform, they would never take their places."

"What then, would they do?" I asked.

"*Talk*," he replied, "and the train would go off without them!"

In the carriage in which to my great satisfaction I found myself, by myself, was appended a list of commandments I was especially directed not to break. I was not to enter without a ticket, or remain in it with a wrong ticket: I was not to smoke in it: I was not to jump out of it while it was in motion, or get out of it except by the door next to the station: I was not on any account to lie at full length on the cushion: lastly, I was not to do, or carry with me, anything hurtful or disagreeable to other passengers.

As Paris has no suburbs, we were almost immediately in the open country, and, as I glided along, I soon perceived that the non-observance of the Sabbath was not confined to the metropolis from which I was flying, or to Versailles, to which I was proceeding, for in the fields and nursery-gardens through which we flitted we not only passed several carts at work, but I saw on the roof of a white house as I rapidly glided close to it, several men employed in covering it with red tiles.

Between the countenances of a Frenchman and of an Englishman there exists only a trifling difference, but between the faces of France and Great Britain, said I to myself, there is no resemblance whatever!

The country was divided into little patches and long strips, in which nothing seemed to grow as it was growing in England; besides which, there were small vineyards so full of little sticks,—in fact, displaying so much more dry wood than green leaves,—that one might have fancied they were intended to grow barrels as well as wine. Excepting a young railway hedge close to Paris, and that a lath barrier, hardly strong enough to keep out chickens, nowhere in any direction, was a fence of any sort to be seen. Even the roads, which, excepting the great pavé, all appeared as crooked as if they had been traced by a tipsy surveyor, were so destitute of boundary of any description whatever, that, on riding fast along them on a shying horse, a man would inevitably sometimes find himself galloping across a bed of spinach, sometimes through a row of peas, and sometimes over young asparagus, kidney beans, early rye, &c. In the immense plain nothing was conspicuous but the acropolis of Montmartre. Every now and then there flitted before my eyes, as if it were a living milestone or direction

post, the figure of a railway guardian dressed in a blouse with a scarlet collar, with a scarlet stripe down the legs of his blue trowsers, and with a hairy old cloak of deer-skin hanging negligently but picturesquely on his shoulders. As the train rushed past him, his right hand, with its fingers extended, was invariably placed flat on his heart, and the forefinger of the other extended arm pointing to us,—upon his honour,—the way we were to go.

As we flew along, here and there I saw labouring in the fields one or two women, in carnation-coloured bonnets, with lappets of the same covering their necks. The houses were mostly white with green Venetian blinds. The station men were dressed in blouses of a beautiful blue with crimson collars. Their whistles had silver chains. Their caps black peaks edged with brass.

The four leagues we had to travel were very soon accomplished, and accordingly, almost before I had begun to enjoy my journey it was over, and I found myself walking among a dense well-behaved, well-dressed crowd, all going I knew not where, to see I knew not what; for although I had heard over and over again there was to be a "fête" and had come to witness it, of how many dishes, or of what description of cookery, it was to be composed, I had totally neglected to inquire; indeed, as I was sure I should be perfectly satisfied with the repast, whatever it was made out of, I did not even care to know.

Nearly forty years ago I had been quartered for a few days at Versailles, but it or I was so altered; it recollected so little of me or I of it; that, as I walked in procession up its streets, I could recognise nothing I had ever seen before. The shops were all open, and, as nobody within them appeared to take the slightest notice of the ascending crowd of which I was an atom, it was evident to me that the arrival of a flock of visitors from Paris on Sunday was an object of very common occurrence.

After crossing a square we at last reached the limit of the upper portion of the town, and I was intently looking over a moving mass of hats, parasols, and beautiful bonnets, at the wild, magnificent glimpse I caught of the palace, when I found a considerable portion of my companions turning to the left, through some splendid iron gates, over which were inscribed, on a temporary board, in very large letters—

"REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE.
CONCOURS NATIONAL
D'ANIMAUX REPRODUCTEURS
MALES,
D'INSTRUMENTS, MACHINES,
ET PRODUITS AGRICOLES."*

Immediately within the gate sat a man with an immense pile of pamphlets before him, and, as everybody seemed to take one, when I reached the table I took one up too. In doing so, as a matter of course, I rapidly ejaculated the word stereotyped in the mind of every English traveller, and which of its own accord comes out of his mouth whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever he is stopped, "Combien?"†

Without even raising his eyes to look at me, and yet slightly bowing to his own table, the man replied, "Rien à payer, Monsieur!"‡ and I thus found myself the proprietor of a large well-printed pamphlet of seventy-nine pages, containing the regulations and contents of the national show which all of a sudden I found myself gratuitously invited to witness.

It appears that on the 22nd of January of the present year (1851) the minister of agriculture and of commerce, in concurrence with the report of a commission authorized to inquire into the subject, ordered—

1. That a public exposition of male animals (d'animaux reproducteurs mâles) shall take place every year at Versailles, under the direction of the National Agronomic Institution.

2. That at the same time and in the same establishment there shall be every year an exposition, also public, of instruments, machines, implements and apparatus for the use of agricultural industry.

3. An exposition of the different products of agriculture or of agricultural industry.

The railings I had entered, the large open space in which

* FRENCH REPUBLIC.
NATIONAL CONGREGATION
OF REPRODUCING ANIMALS
MALES,
OF INSTRUMENTS, MACHINES,
AND AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE.

† How much! ‡ Nothing to pay, Sir!

I stood, and the magnificent buildings around me, formed the northern half of what were formerly the royal stables of the palace to which they still belong. The other half, also enclosed by similar lofty iron railings, the tops of which are gilt, and which, on the other side of the "Avenue de Paris," forms a corresponding set of stables, are now occupied by troops.

Following a crowd of people, each of whom, besides a stick, umbrella, or parasol, had the large white pamphlet in hand, I entered a magnificent arched stable 210 feet long, as high as a church, the walls coloured yellow, the floor covered with bright yellow sand, the lofty windows all open. On a litter of straw, as white and clean as if it had been just thrashed, and bounded by an exceedingly neat platted border of straw, a yard broad, there lay in line throughout the whole length of this once royal and now republican stable—in the full enjoyment of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality—seventy six bulls, so fat and so full that they were evidently careless not only of the numerous human eyes gazing at them, but of the heap of loose, coarse, fresh hay lying before them, close to the wall to which their long halters were affixed; in fact, they cared for nothing and for nobody. Everybody, however, appeared to care a great deal about them; and as moreover everybody—ladies and all—appeared first of all to look at a bull and then very inquisitively into the pamphlet for his history, I of course did the same.

My eyes rested on a red and white one my book told me was called "Vert-galant;" that he was of the Durham breed "race;" that his "father" was Vespucius; his "mother" Martinette; that his great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother, by Favourite, had been sold for one thousand guineas at the sale of Charles Colling, in 1810; and finally that by his father, the son of Europa, he belonged to a family of remarkable milkers, "une famille de laitières remarquables." Another Durham bull, called "Va-de-bon-cœur," was the son of "Willy, par Young Wellington, par Sir Thomas." His great-great-great-great-great-great grandmother had—the book said—been a cow of excellent character. The bull "Canning," who lay chewing his cud all the time I was looking at him, had, I found, a pedigree as bright as his eyes, and almost as long as his tail. After remaining for some time in this magnificent stable, in which not the slightest odour of bulls or of anything

disagreeable was perceptible, I wandered with the crowd to a very spacious yard, full of ploughs, implements, instruments, and agricultural inventions of every sort.

Among the latter there stood, performing the double duty of a scarecrow and a weather-cock, the figure of a stout man, seven feet high, wearing green gloves, a blouse, a black glazed hat, an immense black beard, with long curling mustachios; and although the very sight of such a being would be sufficient, one would conceive, to throw a cock-sparrow or robin-redbreast at once into hysterics, the fellow, as he kept turning with the wind, presented a gun which, by machinery, exploded at intervals.

There were winnowing machines, scarifying machines, "extirpateurs," carts, waggons, machines for brick-making, tile-making, and for the construction of draining pipes. Also new inventions of harness, with one of collars for heavy draft which appeared very likely to answer.

I next visited a yard in which were standing 126 rams, horned and hornless. The first on the list, a powerful white ram called "Robert-Peel," was the son of a ram which for the sum of 355 francs had been purchased by "M. le Directeur de la Colonie de Petit-Bourg." The genealogy, which I could not understand, of another personage, whose crumpled horns had attracted my attention, was described as follows:—"Ce belier appartient à la sous-race créée à la Charmoise par la réunion du sang New-Kent, du côté des pères, et des sangs solognots, berrichons, tourangeaux, et mérinos par les mères."* In another compartment I found a quantity of boars, so dreadfully fat, that as they lay on the ground on their sides, with their upper legs sticking out as helplessly as if they had been frozen, it was almost impossible for any one to succeed in making them exert themselves enough even to wink. I pulled at one of the ears of the son of "Wiley et Dulcinea del Toboso," imported from England, with nearly all my force, but in vain; he looked at me, breathed very short, but could do no more. The only exception was a lean creature, whose head was not only curved concavely, but was literally half as long

* This ram belongs to the cross breed created at Charmoise by the reunion of the blood New-Kent on the side of the fathers, and of the breeds of the Sologne, of Touraine, of Berry, and merinos on the mothers' side.

as his body; his snout turned upwards, his ears were bent, and so was his back. I never before saw such a crooked creature, and, indeed, he was surrounded by so great a crowd of people, that I could succeed in getting only a glimpse of his extraordinary outline.

I now entered another stable, as large and as high as a church, full of bulls and stallions. The latter, a lot of coarse, half-bred brutes for harness, were making a vast deal of unnecessary noise; and as it was evident to me at a glance they were fit for nothing else, I left them alone in their glory. In the catalogue, which had nothing to say in their favour, the colour of each, called in French his "*robe*," was as follows:—"Gris clair, gris de fer, bai-rouge, rouan, gris pommelé, rouge clair, bai châtain, bai-brun marqué de feu, gris foncé, gris blanc, bringée, rouge et blanche, &c. &c.

In France everything is licked by the tongue of science into a magnificent shape, and accordingly, instead of using homely names, the "show" I had just witnessed was described on a long piece of canvas, surmounted by a tri-colour flag, as "Institut Agronomique."

The prizes and medals it annually bestows for the improvement of the breed of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, and which amount to 69,024 francs, are distributed equally among eight districts ("circonscriptions régionales") as follows:—

Prizes for animals acknowledged to be the most perfect for the uses for which they are respectively destined:—

Espèce Chevaline (draft stallions), not less than 2 years old.

	Fr.	
1st Prize	1000	2200
2nd do.	700	
3rd do.	500	

Espèce Bovine (bulls) not less than 1 year old.

1st Prize	2000	4400
2nd do.	1000	
3rd do.	800	
4th do.	600	

Espèce Ovine (rams), not less than 8 months.

1st Prize	500	1000
2nd do.	300	
3rd do, ...	200	

Espèce Porcine (Boars), not less than 6 months.

1st Prize	300	600
2nd do.	200	
3rd do.	100	

All the first prizes are accompanied by a gold medal, the others by a silver one. The sum of 500 francs for each of the eight regions is awarded with a medal to farm servants distinguished by the care and intelligence they have bestowed on animals. Medals of gold, silver, and copper, are also given to the inventors of the best description of agricultural instruments, machines, and utensils; moreover to the foremen and workmen who have most distinguished themselves in the construction and execution of the machinery, and of those implements that gained the prizes.

On coming out of the iron gate, which, with a corresponding range of iron railings, gilt at top and at bottom, enclose the magnificent stables and yards I had been perambulating, I found myself in front of the palace of Versailles, on the great Place d'Armes, a noble esplanade, 800 feet broad, formed by the concentration of the Avenue de St. Cloud, 98 yards broad; the Avenue de Paris, and the Avenue de Sceaux, each 77 yards broad.

On approaching the parapet and iron railings, which separate this esplanade from the Cour d'Honneur, I mingled with, and stood for some minutes among, a crowd of gentlemen, ladies, and children, watching a large covered van, choke-full of fire-works some men were tumbling very roughly to the ground, upon which there already lay several loads; and while labourers in blouses were hauling at these fire-works, by pulleys, to raise, adjust, and fix them to the lofty temporary scaffoldings which had been constructed to receive them, soldiers were indolently smoking all round.

In the upper part of the Cour d'Honneur, surrounded by various groups of figures in stone, and by sixteen marble statues, removed in 1837 from the Pont de Concorde at Paris, I observed a splendid colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV.: on the frieze of a pediment, supported by four Corinthian columns, and at the base of which, seated on a bench, were a number of soldiers in red trousers, listening to a brass-band playing beside them, there was inscribed, in large letters—

"A toutes les Gloires de la France."*

I now proceeded with a stream of people, who, regardless of fireworks, music, soldiers, or statues, were flowing—and ever since I had been on the Cour d'Honneur had been flowing—towards a door on the left of the palace, which I had scarcely entered when a person in uniform, pointing with his open right hand to a small chamber, said to me very gravely, but with a slight bow, "Votre bâton, s'il vous plait, Monsieur."† The little hooked stick of which he spoke was a gnarled, knotted piece of common English oak, for which I had paid in London fourpence; and as at almost every institution at Paris open to the public, visitors are prevented from entering with umbrellas, or sticks of any sort, and as two sous are invariably charged for taking care of the inadmissible article, I had already paid ten or twenty times as much for my stick as it had cost; and as I naturally felt proud of the noble *ad valorem* revenue it was continually conferring upon the French people, with great pleasure I handed it and a penny to an elderly lady, whose daughter in return gave me, as she gently shook her curls, an infinitesimal portion of a smile and a blue card; and as everybody who entered this chamber left it stickless, umbrellaless, but with a blue card, I instinctively followed them into the first of a magnificent suite of rooms, with polished oak floors, full of living people, gazing at, crowding around, and gliding past, most beautiful pictures of the dead.

Almost the first that attracted my attention was a very exciting one, representing General Augereau at the battle and on the bridge of Arcole. At the head of the grenadiers of the guard, who, dressed in high fur caps, with their muskets in front of them, were impetuously leaning forward as they advanced, was to be seen the General most gallantly leading them on to glory and victory. As a contrast, however, to his excessive valour, or rather as a representation of that discretion with which it is said the virtue should be accompanied, the painter had very ingeniously inserted a short sturdy drummer, who, leaning backwards the opposite way, in the attitude of a man holding a wilful pig by the tail, was tugging

* To all the Glories of France.
‡ Your stick, Sir, if you please.

with all his force at the skirt-tails of the coat of General Augereau. A little farther on was a picture of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise, both being blessed before the altar by the Pope. I now found I had entered a labyrinth of wonders, of a very small portion of which I could only enjoy a passing glance. Indeed, for hours I went through one splendid suite of apartments after another, containing the armorial bearings of French knights who had fought in the Holy Land; colossal pictures of battles during the Crusades; portraits of the Kings of France, from Pharamond down to Louis Philippe, King of the French; pictures illustrating all the most remarkable historical events; all the principal battles, naval and military, which have, from the earliest periods, characterized the arms of France under the monarchy, the empire, and the republic.

To attempt to delineate all I saw would be as impossible as it would be to depict every leaf of a forest. I can therefore only say, that I followed the crowd through the interior of the palace of Versailles, with very little more knowledge than is experienced by a log of timber passing through the mazes of the block-machine at Portsmouth.

Of the historical pictures, as might naturally be expected, a vast number represent the progress of Napoleon, who, not only in all his battles, but often in different attitudes, and in various positions in each, is represented with a spirit and effect which must be highly exciting to the French people, and which, indeed, I felt could not be witnessed even by a stranger without emotion. As his extraordinary history approached its climax, a whole room was, and occasionally two rooms were, devoted to the victories of each year of his life. On entering room 1812 I began to feel curious and anxious to know in what manner the termination of his victories would be recorded on canvas. On entering room 1813 these feelings increased. On entering room 1814 they became intense, inasmuch as I felt that in the next room, 1815, I should see and know all! The historian, however, had it appeared suddenly broken his wand of office; for from room 1814, when I entered what I expected to be room 1815, I was altogether bewildered at finding myself in a chamber, the last but one of the whole suite, entitled 1823, containing among a chance-medley of pictures, an unusully large one of "Louis XVIII.

aux Tuileries."* At any other moment, and in any other place, the subject might have been highly interesting to me; but when the human mind is in full cry on any other scent, it cannot suddenly run riot on another. Instead, therefore, of looking at the large picture, around which almost every other spectator was crowding, for a considerable time my eyes wandered vacantly from one wall to another, until, all of a sudden, they pounced upon a small insignificant space, not only over and between the windows, but devoid of light, in which there was affixed a picture simply representing a large flagstone,—some willows weeping over it,—some figures I could scarcely decipher standing beside it, and above the whole the brief inscription,—

"Sépulture de Napoléon à St. Hélène, 1821." †

The moral it offered was so overwhelming that, to prevent observation, I deemed it right immediately to walk away into the last room, where, without a possibility of wounding the high, sensitive feelings of any one, I was enabled to rest and reflect on the beginning, the middle, and the end of the career of that extraordinary man, whose pictorial history, like a distempered dream, had for nearly two hours been rumbling and tumbling before my eyes.

But besides Napoleon's history, I had seen represented in sculpture as well as in painting the chief events of the Empire, of the reign of Louis XVIII., of Charles X., and of the battles fought in Algeria; with portraits not only of the Grand Admirals, Constables, Marshals, and celebrated warriors, who, individually and collectively, have reflected honour on the annals of France, but of persons of note (including portraits of Pitt, Fox, George IV., and Duke of York) of all ages and countries.

In the "grands appartements," which occupy the whole of the first floor of the central projecting building facing the garden, I had seen the salons d'Hercule, de Diane, de Vénus, de l'Abondance, des Etats Généraux. de Mars, de Mercure, d'Apollon, de la Guerre, du Conseil, &c. &c. I had beheld ceilings, paintings, and sculpture of great beauty; and in the

* Louis XVIII. at the Tuileries.
† The Grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, 1821.

"chambre à coucher" * of Louis XIV. I had seen opposite to the windows—the light from which shines directly upon it—the bed in which that despotic King had died. Its canopy and counterpane are of ancient tapestry; but, with very questionable taste, the ceilings and walls of the room have lately been completely covered with bright gold, which, like

> "The gay stream of lightsome day,
> Gilds but to flout the ruins grey."

From the balcony of this chamber, which had never been slept in by any sovereign since the death of the monarch whose name it bears, on the 6th of October, 1789, Louis XVI., attended by his wife and children, addressed the infuriated mob, who, notwithstanding his remonstrances, forced him from them to his prison in Paris.

In "the chambre à coucher de Marie Antoinette" I beheld the room not only in which that unfortunate Queen gave birth to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, but from which, on the fatal night of the 5th of October, above referred to, she was aroused from her bed to escape, by a small corridor leading to the "œil de bœuf," from the mob which had burst into the palace.

As I had followed the stream here, there, and everywhere—sometimes along a gallery, sometimes up a staircase, then into a chapel, then up another staircase, and then down one—I often observed with pleasure the interest which men in blouses, accompanied by their wives and daughters, seemed to take in the historical pictures, portraits, busts, statues, and monumental effigies, &c., which not only gave them a pretty good idea of the meaning of the superscription outside of the Museum—namely, "A toutes les Gloires de la France,"—but which must have the effect of elevating their ideas. At all events, I can truly say that nothing could be better behaved than the conduct and demeanour of the various grades of people with whom, in my peregrinations through the galleries, I had the pleasure to associate.

After I had feasted on infinitely more pictures and works of sculpture than I had power to digest, from one of the central western windows of the palace I gazed through the massive walls at various circles and a long, narrow, rectangular

* Bedchamber.

piece of water, ornamenting gardens, terraces, lawns, shrubberies, and walks, all swarming alive with people; and the busy scene on the foreground of the picture was strongly, strangely, and beautifully contrasted with the woodland scenery which, in its new May dress, bounded the horizon at a great distance.

On descending I found a contrast equally remarkable, for, while nothing could exceed the ease with which the various groups of people were harmoniously enjoying themselves, it is scarcely possible to describe the stiff, rigid formality of the vegetable world they inhabited.

Not only was every border in the garden as full of sharp, uncomfortable angles as an old maid, but the high, broad, luxuriant box hedge which bounded it was chopped as flat as a table. The trees—even the cypresses—were all cut into cones and pyramids; the lawns were rectangular, every path was straight; in short, lawns, paths, trees, and shrubs all looked as if, instead of being under the mild, gentle care of Nature and a Republic, they were subjected to the domination of a tyrannical sergeant-major, who, just as I had entered the garden, had vociferated to them the word "Attention!" in obedience to which nothing moved, nothing even fluttered.

After walking, or rather marching, for some minutes, I reached the commencement of the "tapis vert,"* a long lawn of grass beautifully green, but in substance as inferior to English turf as a transparent Venetian carpet is to one of those thick luxurious ones from Axminster. On this space, at all times the principal rendezvous of the little world that surrounds it, I witnessed one of the most pleasing, quiet, orderly, tranquil scenes that can possibly be conceived.

At the head of the lawn, attended by three sentinels, slowly pacing around them, was a brass band, holding in various attitudes all sorts and shapes of wind instruments, pot-bellied, straight, crooked and serpentine. In the middle of this society of odd fellows, whose cheeks sometimes appeared as plump as those of cherubim, and sometimes as concave as if they had suddenly become "sans teeth, sans everything," stood erect and conspicuous to the assembled multitude the bandmaster, beating time with his key-bugle, which he kept continually waving through the air, as if, besides giving lessons in music,

* Green carpet.

he was slowly performing the six cuts of the broadsword exercise.

Although this magic circle was surrounded by people of all classes in various attitudes of attention and of placid enjoyment, no one pressed either upon the band or upon each other, and accordingly the sentinels continued to pace to and fro, uninterrupting and uninterrupted. The music, executed with great taste, was usually soft, and consequently its occasional bursts produced a very striking effect. Among the crowd, who either stood silently around, or slowly sauntering in the vicinity, were a number of women in clean crimped white caps, and men in blouses—the national costume of Frenchmen out of Paris—clean neckcloths, and good waistcoats. About one-third of the ladies had bonnets and parasols. Moving among this mass I observed here and there a hussar, whose bright blue jacket, silver helmet, and scarlet trousers flashed like a tropical bird or a fire-fly.

On the tapis vert were to be seen a congregation of people of all descriptions and all ages, worming their way among each other with the greatest propriety; indeed, to tell the truth, I repeatedly felt the propriety of the children to be quite painful; and as I looked at little girls of ten years old, dressed as if they were "out," looking as if they believed it, and walking under parasols, with little boys of four and five years of age, one of whom, gently brandishing a cane, wore spectacles—another had a cross and scarlet ribbon at his breast—I longed to set them all together by the ears; make them cast aside their good behaviour; thump each other's faces; spoil each other's clothes;—in short, do anything rather than continue such artificial patterns of politeness.

On each side of the lawn, seated in groups, on chairs hired for a penny, and of which the number appeared to be infinite, were a number of people, young and old, the former eagerly and sometimes rather ardently conversing with each other, the latter placidly enjoying the happy scene before them.

From the "tapis vert" I strolled in various directions into the woods on either side; but, go where I would, it was always in a straight line. In fact, it appeared to me that, inasmuch as the flower-borders of Versailles have evidently been contrived by a geometrician instead of a gardener, so have the woods been intersected by broad paths for the object of demon-

strating some of those simple theorems of Euclid which begin with "Let A B C be a triangle, A B C D a rectangle, &c. &c.

On reaching the row of iron rails which separate the tapis vert and fountain of Apollo from the "grand canal," I came to a house or lodge, over which was inscribed "Secours aux Noyés,"* at the door of which there appeared—sometimes separately and sometimes together—a landlord and a landlady, grinning, happy, and in a state of violent perspiration, not so much from assisting drowning persons, as from selling innumerable bottles of beer and unwholesome-looking cakes (it was Sunday) to a group of joyous, thirsty people, seated on chairs all round their door.

In one of the magnificent, broad, green hunting rides into which the wood is here divided, I found about two hundred of the young soldiers of St. Cyr, an establishment for the instruction of officers for the French army, dressed in blue coats, scarlet trousers, blue shakos, and knapsacks, surmounted with a great-coat. While they were gambolling in a variety of ways, their muskets with fixed bayonets were piled on the grass. Just as I arrived a drum beat, on which, running towards their respective piles, they grasped their weapons, fell in, in less than a minute with trailed arms marched away, and they were thus proceeding up a green road, when all of a sudden they broke out into a loud manly song, which, keeping time with their feet, echoed and re-echoed through the woods.

On returning through the forest to the palace, I found, just arrived from Paris by the train, apparently as great a crowd as ever of people who, in endless succession, first of all deposit their sticks and umbrellas at the little door, and then, over oak floors as slippery as glass, make the grand tour of those pictures, statues, &c., which the living world, animal and vegetable, I had just left, had already almost obliterated from my memory.

On passing through the iron gates in my way to the railway station, I found on the "Place d'Armes" swarms of people watching the hoisting up of large wooden frames bristling with the fireworks, which were to conclude the fête.

In the town of Versailles, at the insertion of four large paved streets, I came to a dodecagonal grande place, in the centre of which, on a pedestal, appeared the statue of an officer

* Assistance to drowning people.

in uniform, without any hat leaning on his sword; beneath him was inscribed—

Hoche,
né a Versailles
le 24 Juin, 1768,
Soldat à 16 ans,
Général en Chef à 25,
Mort à 29,
Pacificateur de la Vendée.*

On reaching the railway station, the Paris train, heavily laden with people, almost all of whom were evidently quite full and quite happy, started, and in less than an hour those who had been enjoying the fête of Versailles, and those who, on the same Sabbath-day, had been enjoying the fête of Paris were once again mingled together.

As I was strolling towards my dinner through the Champs Elysées, I found reposing beneath the shade of the trees, at some distance from the promenade, a congregation of rush-bottomed chairs, almost new, waiting to be hired. In front of them, and along the whole length of the avenue, on similar chairs, were seated in groups leaning towards each other, and puffing into one another's faces, gentlemen dressed in the very height of the fashion: behind whom, on the cold hard stone benches of the avenue, sat ruminating, with their chins resting on their sticks, several veterans clothed in the respected uniform of the Invalides. The object of the assembled multitude was to gaze at the endless chain of carriages of all descriptions that still kept continually rolling backwards and forwards. What, however, most attracted my attention were the equestrians.

I am quite unable to account for it, but it is a fact which must, I think, strike every stranger in Paris, namely, that the French, who excel us all in walking, dancing, and fencing, are, without exception, the worst riders in Europe. In all other

* Hoche,
born at Versailles
the 24th June, 1768,
a Soldier at 16 years of age,
a General-in-Chief at 25,
Died at 29,
The Pacificator of La Vendée.

countries, a man, grasping more or less firmly with his knees his saddle-flaps, allows his body freely to partake of the motion of the horse, until, with our best riders, the two, as they skim together over rough ground, appear to form one animal.

In France, however, the rule is diametrically the reverse, for, the moment the horse begins to canter, the rider's legs become like a pair of scissors astride an iron poker, and, while they appear useless, his back assumes the shape of a new moon. In fact, the French have no more seat on a horse than a parched pea has on a shovel; and as they trot along, hopping up and down at one pace, while their fine English quadruped is boldly striding onwards at another, I have constantly expected to see, even a dragoon trotting along with a despatch, hop, hop, hop, over the tail, to his mother earth. In short, their uncomfortable appearance always reminded me of the toast proposed by an inhabitant of the State of Mississippi:—

"Gentlemen, I give ye 'A high-trotting horse, cobweb breeches, and a porcupine saddle, for the enemies of our glorious institutions!'"

While the spectators in the Champs Elysées were, like myself, each indolently employed in making his own observations on the moving objects that in delightful succession passed before his eyes, workmen were employing their Sunday in taking down the ornaments of the bygone fête of the preceding Sabbath. Three I observed busily occupied in undoing the magnificent colossal statue which had been constructed at the "Rond-Point." The arms of "FRANCE," with a crown of laurels in each hand, were still extended, and yet one man in a blouse, seated on her shoulders, and looking by comparison like a pigmy, was hammering at her neck; another was destroying her middle; of her legs nothing remained but bare poles. On the pedestal there, however, still survived the inscription:—

"Aux Gloires de la France!"

While the lower labourer, without remorse, was pulling the straw out of France's belly, with my little English oak stick I pointed at this inscription to a couple of Frenchmen who were at my side, and, with that good humour which distinguishes their race, they laughed at it as heartily as I did.

INSTITUTION NATIONALE DES JEUNES AVEUGLES.

On arriving at the corner of the Boulevart and Rue de Sèvres, I saw before me a large handsome building, forming three sides of a square, of which the middle compartment contained fifteen windows in front, the two ends six windows each,—total of windows facing the Boulevart, twenty-seven.

In the year 1784, a Monsieur Havy, who was himself sightless, benevolently established for blind children a school, which, in 1791, was created by Louis XVI. a Royal Institution. In 1843 it was removed from the Séminaire St. Firman in the Rue St. Victor to the locality above described. The day on which the public are admitted to this admirable institution is Wednesday, from one to five.

Not being aware of this arrangement, I unfortunately went there on a Tuesday at two o'clock. As, however, I had received from a person in authority in Paris a note of general recommendation in my favour, to be used if requisite, I determined to avail myself of my firman, and I accordingly informed the concierge, whose face, on my tolling the bell over which she presided, had appeared peeping through a gate which she continued to hold in her hand, that I wanted to see the governor of the establishment, and I had scarcely entered his apartment when the door opened, and in he walked. I found Monsieur Dufau, for such was his name, an exceedingly intelligent man. He was the author of a very able work on the treatment of the blind, which has been translated into German and Russian; besides which he wore in the button-hole of his coat the riband of the Legion of Honour.

The first part of the establishment to which he was so good as to conduct me, was a small airy room, in which the parents and friends of the blind are allowed to see and converse with them. Beyond it we entered the boys' dining-room, containing two long tables, at the end of which, placed transversely, was a table for the professors, all of whom are blind. Beneath these tables was a row of small pigeon-holes, in each of

which was a napkin, knife, and fork, scientifically adjusted so as, when he was seated, to be exactly opposite the stomach of the person to whom they belonged. In another part of the establishment there existed a similar dining-room for the girls.

We next proceeded into a nice garden, which we had scarcely entered when four blind boys, all walking together, arm in arm, passed us. The grounds were divided into two compartments, one for lads and big boys, the other for little ones. In both, the blind were amusing themselves by playing at ninepins, set up in a circular space of about five feet in diameter, which, as well as a passage along which they threw the balls, were sunk about a foot beneath the surface of the ground. Beneath the shade of trees many of the lads were exercising themselves at gymnastics.

On entering the first hall of study I found a gentleman, with eyes, reading to several benches of blind boys history, the taste of which they certainly did not appear very particularly to relish: however, the good labourer in the vineyard was diligently sowing the seeds of knowledge, and I felt was only to be pitied if they fell, as I fear they did, on a sterile ground.

We next entered a very large room, beautifully lighted, and, what was much more useful to those that could not see, admirably ventilated, in which there sat four blind professors, distinguished from their scholars by a uniform, the collars of which, for the purpose of distinction—lucus à non lucendo—were slightly embroidered.

On their right and left stood, indolently leaning against the wall, two large tall double-basses; before them, in rows on long benches, sat, dressed in blouses, the blind pupils they were in the habit of teaching to sing. We afterwards entered three other lecture-rooms, in which blind professors were teaching blind pupils reading, arithmetic and knowledge of various sorts.

While we were in a long healthy passage, communicating with these halls, all of a sudden, a bell rang, when up jumped the whole of the 120 students in order to proceed to their respective workshops. Several, with as much confidence as if they could see, ran by us; a few—those, probably, who had lately joined—held out their hands; but the rest, without any such precaution, walked along the passage until they

came to their respective staircases, down which they instantly disappeared from our view. Four or five I observed walking close along the side of the wall, at a particular part of which they not only stopped, but remained so closely packed that the breast of every boy, excepting the first, seemed to press against the back of the lad before him. Monsieur Dufau told me that the point at which they had halted was the door of the "Principal" Professor, and their object in doing so was to speak to him.

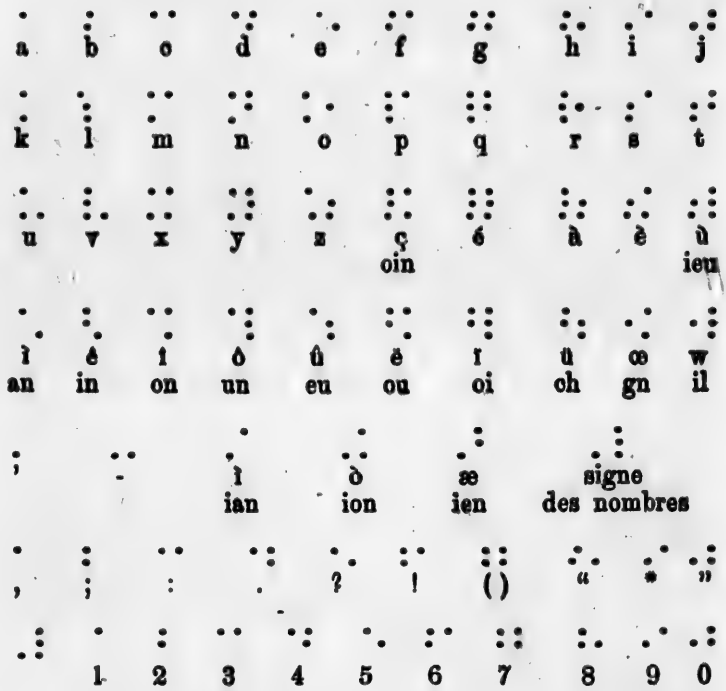
After sufficient time had elapsed to allow the blind to reach the different points of their destination, we proceeded to a room containing compositors' frames, fitted in the usual way with type, and several small printing-presses.

By desire of Monsieur Dufau two or three blind lads and boys set up some type very adroitly; but what most attracted my attention was a simple alphabet, invented by a blind professor of the establishment about ten years ago.

In England the blind are, I believe, required by *touch* to read symbols invented for the *eyes*, and which, because they are perfectly well adapted for one sense, have not very logically been deemed equally valid for another, the two not having together an idea in common; for instance, to the eye gifted with the power of looking over, almost at a glance, a territory of many miles' extent, it is but little trouble to observe the difference between the diphthongs œ and æ, or between long-tailed and short-tailed letters of equally complicated forms. To the touch, however, which is stone blind, the operation is difficult, tedious, and, after all, unnecessary.

The following will, I believe, explain the practical invention to which I have alluded:—

Ecriture à l'usage des Aveugles,
procédé de L. Braille, Professeur à
l'Institut N^l des J^nes Aveugles.



Now, not only are Monsieur Braille's embossed symbols evidently better adapted to the *touch* than the letters and figures which have been so cleverly invented for *eyesight*, but to the blind they possess an additional superiority of inestimable value, namely, that they, the blind, can not only read this type, but with the greatest possible ease *make it;* and as I witnessed this very interesting operation, I will endeavour briefly to describe it.

A blind boy was required to write down before me, from the dictation of his blind professor, a long sentence.

With a common awl, not only kept in line, but within narrow limits, by a brass groove, which the writer had the power to lower at the termination of each line, the little fellow very rapidly poked holes tallying with the letters he wished to represent. There was no twisting of his head sideways—no contortion of face—no lifting up of his right heel—no screwing up of his mouth—no turning his tongue from beneath the nose towards one ear, and then towards the other, in sympathy with the tails of crooked letters, which, in great pain and difficulty, in ordinary writing, the schoolboy may be seen successively endeavouring to transcribe. On the contrary, as the little fellow punched his holes he sat on his stool as upright as a cobbler hammering at the sole of a shoe. On the completion of the last letter he threw down his awl, took up his paper, and then, like a young author proudly correcting his press, with his forefinger instead of his eyes,—which, poor fellow, looked like a pair of plover's eggs boiled hard,—he touched in succession every letter, and, all proving to be correct, he stretched out his little hand and delivered to me his paper.

To test the practical utility of the operation, a blind boy was sent for from another room. The embossed paper (for what was a hole on one side was, of course, a little mountain on the other) was put into his hands, and, exactly as fast as his finger could pass over the protuberances made by his comrade, he read aloud the awled sentence which I had heard dictated.

I may observe that, besides letters and figures, notes of music are also done by the awl.

In the room in which we stood, besides the printing-presses, were frames for the construction of embossed maps, not only showing the positions and relative heights of mountains, but by various distinctions of surface denoting the difference between the aqueous and terrestrial portions of the globe; and as all these divisions are originally traced from ordinary maps, it was, of course, found that, when by the moistening of the paper the mountains, &c., were embossed, a proportionate contraction of the superficial area of the paper unavoidably ensued.

This inconvenience has been remedied by the very ingenious invention of a blind man, which stretches the paper exactly sufficient to compensate for its contraction by embossment.

After witnessing the various processes in the art of bookbinding executed by boys who had never seen a book, bound or unbound, we proceeded to a shop, where I found several engaged in making brushes, under the direction of a tradesman of Paris, to whom they had all been apprenticed. In another room I found a gang of blind carpenters, one of whom was working with his foot a vertical saw, which, every moment, as I stood beside him, I expected would cut his fingers off; he, however, managed it with great dexterity. In the next shop, full of turning-lathes at work, it was really astonishing to see boys stone-blind not only using, but with great rapidity continually selecting, the variety of edged tools requisite for lumps of ebony and ivory whirling beneath their faces. In a long room several were employed in weaving, others in knitting.

Monsieur Dufau now led me to a part of the building, in a room of which I found, seated at a pianoforte, a blind teacher, before whom sat ten sightless boys, listening to the air he played. In a small chamber adjoining I saw a blind professor of music, with a boy at his side, every half-hour exchanged for a fresh pupil. Several adjoining rooms contained a pianoforte and a blind boy with his mouth wide open, and the combined results of all their labours were to my ears anything but pleasing; indeed, it appeared to me that all the boys in the universe were discordantly singing together. However, I was informed that those only were being instructed who had a "disposition pour la musique"*—namely, about one-third.

I was going—I did not exactly know where—when, on entering a large and lofty door, I found myself in the chapel of the establishment, in the middle of which stood a large organ. Before me was the altar, painted blue, with pillars on each side; in front of it was burning a solitary lamp, surrounded by a quantity of candles, above which was a picture which, including angels, was composed of thirty-four persons; on the ceiling I observed a variety of gilt rosettes. Immediately in front of, and beneath, all these decorations and ornaments, in

* Taste for music

two galleries—one for boys, the other for girls—are to be seen arranged in tiers, one above another, the dull inanimate eyeballs of the blind inhabitants of the asylum. Every inmate is allowed to follow the religion in which he or she were educated by their parents. With the exception, however, of one Jew and one Protesant, all are Catholics of the Church of Rome.

We now proceed to the opposite wing of the establishment, exclusively occupied by inmates of the gentler sex. In walking down a long passage I observed through a glass door a blind girl of about fourteen playing on the pianoforte; she was in a small room, entirely by herself. As I was looking at her, a young person in black approached and passed me. It was a blind professor, in the garb of her office. Through another glass door I saw a blind teacher, reading from an awled book to a girl of about sixteen, who, from her dictation, was writing with her awl very fast. I then entered a large school, full of young persons knitting or plaiting straw; but, although I was much interested in their behalf, it was painful to me to witness in the rows of young faces before me how dull, sodden, and unintellectual the human countenance becomes when the mind of which it is the reflection has been immured—ab initio—in total darkness. Unlike the deaf and dumb I had visited, they could neither see what they themselves were doing, nor what those around them were doing; there was, therefore, no emulation; in fact, they were engaged in occupations which, though useful to the community at large, appeared to afford *them* no mental enjoyment. They are, however, all deeply indebted to the charitable institution into which they have been admitted for the absence of various sufferings to which they might otherwise have been exposed.

Their three dormitories—into which I was next conducted—are exceedingly clean, airy, healthy rooms, teeming with iron bedsteads without curtains, divided from each other by a chair. Each girl has a separate bed, which she makes herself, and as it was covered with a nankeen counterpane, ornamented with two scarlet stripes, the appearance of the whole was very pleasing. For the boys, there are, in their department of the building, five large, healthy dormitories similarly arranged.

We next entered the girls' washing-room, a light and well-ventilated apartment, on each side of which there protruded

from the wall ten water-taps, all of which flowed simultaneously into a leaden trough beneath.

On entering the infirmary, which was beautifully arranged, and which contained clean beds with white cotton curtains, we were received by one of the four Sisters of Charity who benevolently attend it.

On descending to the ground-floor I was led into an airy kitchen, larger than that of the Hôtel des Invalides, which, as I have stated, is capable of cooking for 6000 persons. It contained, however, only one hot plate, composed of ovens and caldrons, with a variety of bright copper saucepans, of various depths—indeed, some appeared to have no depth at all—which are daily in requisition. The blind inmates of the establishment breakfast at eight, generally on soup; at twelve they dine, sometimes on meat, and sometimes on eggs and vegetables; at half-past three they have each a bit of bread; at seven they have supper, and shortly afterwards go to bed.

As I fancied I had now seen everything, I endeavoured to express to M. Dufau my gratitude for the very obliging attention he had shown me. He stopped me, however, by observing, almost in the words of Portia—

"Tarry a little, there is something yet!"

and he accordingly led me into a large chamber in the vicinity of the kitchen, in which I beheld sixteen large zinc baths, besides which there were scattered over the floor thirty large round iron pots, about 18 inches in diameter, with a small hole in the bottom like a garden flower-pot; to each was attached a wooden stool. I could not conceive what these vessels and their satellite attendants could possibly be for. The utter darkness of my mind was, however, suddenly illuminated by M. Dufau kindly explaining to me that, with the assistance of the stools, the iron pots were baths for the feet; and accordingly, on M. Dufau turning one of two cocks, marked hot and cold water, there arose in all the thirty pots at once the fluid to whatever height might be desired. When the blind bathers had left their stools, by turning another cock the whole of the water they have been using disappears.

Between the bath-room and kitchen I observed two large courts, for the admission not only of provisions, coals,

&c., for the use of the establishment, but of plenty of good air.

Into this well-conducted institution pauper children, between the ages of eight and fifteen, are received gratuitously on the production of certificates of their birth, freedom from contagious disorders and from idiotcy. Children of persons capable of paying are received as boarders. On the last Saturday of every month there is an examination of the pupils of both sexes, at which foreigners are allowed to be present; and four or five times a year public concerts are held in the chapel, to which any person is admitted.

After taking leave of M. Dufau, on coming out I proceeded, as I thought, towards an institution I was desirous to visit; but somehow or somewhere taking a wrong turn, I went astray a little, then a little more, and then—as is usual—a great deal more, until I felt not only very hot and tired, but quite bewildered.

"Madame!" I said to a nice comfortable looking lady, of about forty years of age, who, grasping the handle of a parasol she held so perpendicularly that it prevented her seeing me, happened to be passing at the moment I was pitying myself, "will you be so kind as to inform me of the road to the Convent des Lazaristes?"

"Monsieur," she replied, lowering her parasol to the ground as if it had been the colours of her regiment and I her sovereign—"Monsieur," she replied, with a look of general benevolence, "vous prendrez la première rue à droite, la seconde à gauche, vous la suivrez jusqu'à ce que vous arrivez à une statue à moitié nue; c'est preque vis-a-vis."*

I thanked her, bowed, and, implicitly following her prescription, in due time I reached, first the statue, and then the building in its vicinity.

MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

In the yard of that portion of the building appropriated for the reception of pawned goods, "engagemens," there appeared

† Sir, you must take the first turning to the right, then the second to the left until you come to a statue half-naked: it is nearly opposite.

before me four covered hand-carts, just trundled in, laden with effects that had been pledged at the branch establishments.

On entering the portion of the department headed "Engagemens," I proceeded up stairs, and along a rather crooked passage, to its "bureau," a little room in which I found a stove, a large open sort of window with a broad counter before it, and round the other three sides of the apartment a wooden bench, on which were sitting in mute silence, with baskets or bundles on their laps, ten very poor people, of whom the greater portion were women. As I entered I was followed by an old man with a parcel in his hand; and without noticing or being noticed by any of those who had come before us, we sat down together side by side on the bench, where we remained as silent as if we had been corpses.

Before me was the back of a poor woman, looking upwards into the face of an employé wearing large long mustachios, who was untying the bundle she had humbly laid on the counter before him. In about a minute, like a spider running away with a fly, he disappeared with it; very shortly, however, after the poor woman had returned to her hard seat, he reappeared, looking as if he had forgotten all about it, and received from a man a parcel of old wearing apparel—"most probably," said I to myself, "to be converted into food for a starving family!" The scene altogether was so simple and yet so sad, that I felt anxious to decamp from it; however, before doing so I was determined, whatever might be the penalty, I would peep into the window; and accordingly, walking up to it, and to the broad counter before it, I saw on the right of the gentleman in mustachios a large magazine fitted up from ceiling to floor with shelves, upon which were arranged the heterogeneous goods as fast as they were pledged. In hurrying from the scene of misery I had witnessed, I almost ran against a man in the passage holding in his hand a frying-pan he was about to pledge, and into which I managed to drop a small piece of silver which fortunately for him happened to be lying loose in my waistcoat pocket.

In an adjoining still smaller room, the furniture of which also consisted solely of a stove and wooden benches against the walls, and which was devoted, I believe, entirely to "bijouterie," or jewellery, I found a similar window and broad lattice, at which a poor woman was pledging a ring. After

she had left it, there walked up to the pawning hole, leading a thin dog by a very old bit of string, a young girl, who deposited a spoon. There were four or five other women, all of whom, as well as myself, became cognizant of every article that was brought to be pawned.

Within the window before me, as well as within that of the chamber I had just left, there existed, out of sight of us all, an appraiser, whose duty it is to estimate everything offered, in order that the regulated proportion, namely, four-fifths of the value of gold and silver articles, and two-thirds of that of all other effects, might be offered to the owner of each.

"Huit francs, Madame!"* said the man at the window who had received the ring: the poor woman, whose heart had no doubt erred in over-estimating its value, began to grumble a little. Without a moment's delay a voice from within called the next number (for every article as it is taken is numbered), and the clerk in the window briefly informed the woman to whose property it had applied the amount of money she might obtain. Those satisfied with the sums they were to receive had to appear before a little door on which was written the word "Caisse,"† and underneath it "Le public n'entre qu'à l'appel de son numéro."‡ Accordingly, on the calling out of each number, I saw a poor person open it, disappear for a few seconds, and then come out with a yellow ticket, an acknowledgment by the Mont de Piété of the effects held in pawn, and for which, from the hands of the cashier within, at a wire-work grating, covered with green dingy stuff, upon which is inscribed "Parlez bas, S. V. P.,"§ she received her money. There exist several bureaux similar to those above described.

Having very cursorily witnessed the manner in which, with the assistance of one "succursale," two other auxiliary offices, and twenty-two commissions, established in different quarters of the city, the Mont de Piété of Paris has received on an average of the last fifteen years, 1,313,000 articles, on which it has advanced per annuum 22,860,000 francs, averaging 17 francs 40 centimes for each, I proceeded to a different part of the building, upon which is inscribed "Comptoir de

* Eight francs, Ma'am!
† Cashier's office.
‡ No one to enter until his number is called.
§ Speak softly, if you please!

la Deliverance,"* in which I entered a large gloomy room, full of benches, separated by an iron rail from a narrow passage leading close round the walls of two sides of the apartment to a small window. By this simple arrangement no one can take his seat on the parterre of benches until he has received from this little window, in acknowledgment of the repayment of the money he had borrowed, a small ticket, on which is inscribed his "numero," and which forms his passport through a narrow wicket-gate, sufficient only for the passage of one person to the benches, in front of which is a long square opening, which can be closed by a sliding shutter.

On the right of the benches, on which were seated in mute silence about twenty persons, many of whom were very respectably dressed (one was a poor woman with a baby fast asleep on her lap, or rather, on the brink of her knees, for although her eyes were fixed upon it, she did not touch it with either of her hands), was inscribed on the walls the following notice:—

"Toute personne qui aura attendu pendant trois quarts d'heure la remise d'un nantissement est priée de se plaindre de ce retard à Messieurs les Chefs du Service du Magasin."†

At the large open window stood an employé who successively called out the numéro of each person seated before him. In obedience to his voice, I saw one respectably dressed woman rise from a bench, walk up to him, produce her numéro, in return for which he handed over to her a bundle of clothing and a cigar-case. To another woman, on the production of her numéro-paper, he professionally rolled out upon the counter about a dozen silver spoons; in short, as in the case of the act of pawning, everybody saw what everybody received.

One respectable-looking woman of about forty, dressed in deep mourning and in a clean cap, on untying the bundle of linen which she had just redeemed, and which, in the moment of adversity, she had negligently huddled together, carefully folded up every article, and then packed it in a clean basket, the lid of which was held open for the purpose by a nice

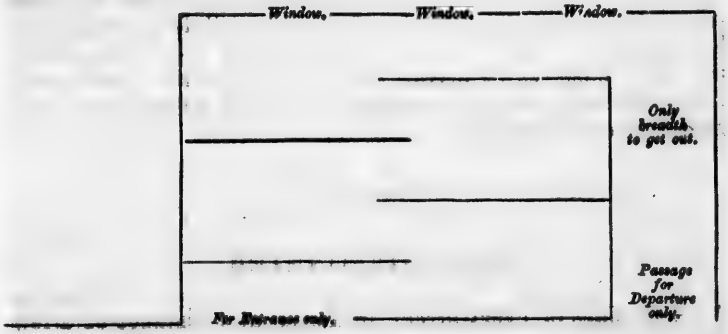
* Delivering Department.

† Any person who shall have waited three-quarters of an hour for the restoration of his pawned goods is requested to make a complaint of the same to the Superintendents.

little girl at her side:—the storm had blown over and sunshine had returned!

As soon as each transaction was concluded, the recipient of the goods departed with them through a door pointed out by the words "Dégagemens sortie." In the vicinity is another hall, similar to that just described.

For the redemption of articles of jewellery a rather different arrangement is pursued. At the end of a long passage I observed written upon the wall the words "Délivrance des effets."* Close to this inscription appeared three windows, over which were respectively written—1ère Division, 2me Division, 3me Division. To prevent applicants from crowding before these windows there had been constructed in front of them a labyrinth of barriers reaching to the ceiling, of the following form:—



By this simple sort of sheepfold management, characteristic of the arrangements which at Paris in all congregations for business or amusement are made to insure the public from rude pressure, every person in the order in which he arrives successively reaches the line of windows, from which, on the presentation of his number paper, is restored to him the articles of jewellery he had pledged. There exist seven bureaux of this description.

In another portion of the building, on the ground-floor, I visited the department for "Renouvellemens," in which in a number of very little rooms I found a quantity of mustachioed clerks writing. The approach to this department, the princi-

* The delivery of articles.

pal duty of which is to renew the duplicates of those unable to redeem goods according to their engagements, is guarded from pressure by a series of barriers such as have just been delineated.

There are throughout France forty-five Monts de Piété, conducted on the principles above described. In 1847 there were pledged therein 3,400,087 articles, valued at 48,922,251 francs.

A system of such extensive operation must, of course, be liable to error, and occasionally to fraud. I must own, however, that although the interior of the Monte de Piété was repulsive to witness, I left its central establishment with an impression which reflection has strengthened rather than removed —that that portion of the community of any country, whose necessities force them occasionally to pawn their effects, have infinitely less to fear from an establishment guided by fixed principles, and open every day from nine till four to the public, than they would be—and in England are—in transacting the same business in private, cooped with an individual who, to say the least, may encourage the act which nothing but cruel necessity can authorize.

THE CHIFFONNIER.

At both sides of every street in Paris, at a distance of a few feet from the foot-pavement, and at intervals of twenty or thirty yards, are deposited from about five to seven o'clock in the morning, a series of small heaps of rubbish, which it is not at all fashionable to look at. Every here and there, stooping over one of these little mounds, there stands a human figure that nobody cares about. By nearly eight o'clock the rubbish and the figures have all vanished. By the above process twenty thousand people, termed chiffonniers, maintain themselves and their families; and as I therefore, notwithstanding the furious part they have taken in the various revolutions, could not help feeling some interest in the subject of their avocation, in my early walks I occasionally, for a few seconds, watched the process.

As soon as the heaps begin to be deposited, for they are

ejected from the various houses very irregularly, there are to be seen in each street two or three men and women walking upright with, at their backs, a long narrow basket, rising a few inches above their shoulders. In their right hand they carry —swinging it as they walk—a little thin stick, about a yard long, with an iron pointed hook at the end of it. Bending over a heap, each chiffonnier first of all rakes it open with his stick, and then, with great dexterity, striking the sharp hook into whatever he deems to be of value, he whisks it high over his right shoulder into the basket on his back. The object is to get the first choice of every heap; and accordingly, while the chiffonnier is greedily hastening from one to another, the heaps he or she has scratched abroad are often almost immediately afterwards again overhauled by another. The contention is one of considerable excitement; and although it was apparently conducted by the chiffonniers under certain rules of their own, I one morning saw an old woman, wearing black gloves, bright gold ear-rings, and a handkerchief wound round her head, like a vulture at its prey, drive away with great fury from the heap she was scratching at a young chiffonnier boy of about fourteen, who, at a few yards distance, stood, wolf-like, eyeing and longing to approach it.

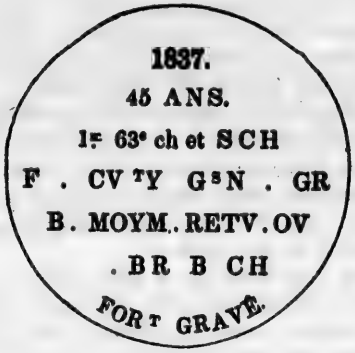
As their time was valuable, I did not like to trouble them while they were at work with any questions, but I told a commissionnaire to select one of experience and good character, and to bring him to my lodgings after his work was done. Accordingly, two or three days afterwards, as I was sitting in my room writing, a hard lean knuckle struck my door, and, on my calling out "Entrez," * there appeared at it my commissionnaire, dressed in his usual suit of blue velvet, and a slight, thin, erect old man, in a blouse, whom he informed me was the chiffonnier I wanted. The introducer, with a slight bow, instantly retired, shutting the door, close to which the poor man remained standing.

"Avancez, mon ami!" † I said to him, pointing to a chair beside me. For some time he seemed very unwilling to do so: at last I prevailed upon him to sit down; and, as he was evidently alarmed at the sight of me, my papers, my pens and my ink, I talked to him about the weather, and about the fête, until by degrees he became comparatively at his ease.

* Come in! † Come forward, my friend!

His manner was exceedingly modest, mild, and gentle, and although he was very poorly dressed, he had under his faded blouse a white and almost a clean shirt.

He told me he was fifty-nine years of age—he looked seventy—and that fourteen years ago, having sustained an injury which incapacitated him from heavy work, he purchased from the police, for forty sous, the plaquet of a chiffonnier, which was on his breast, and to which he pointed. It was a round brass plate, bearing in hieroglyphics—which, although he could not decipher them, were no doubt well enough understood by the police—the following description of his person, &c :—



With reference to his vocation, he informed me that, by a law among themselves, the heap from every house is considered to belong to the first chiffonnier that reaches it, but that they usually work constantly in the same districts, where they are known.

My principal object was to ascertain what were the articles they obtained, and, although I fully expected my friend would be exceedingly eloquent and well informed on the subject, I had the greatest possible difficulty in extracting it from him.

"But what do you *get* from these heaps?" I repeated to him for the third time.

"Tout ce qu'il y a! Monsieur," * he replied, in a faint, gentle voice.

"And of what is that composed?" I repeated, also for the third time.

* All that there is!

"Toutes sortes de choses,"* he answered; and when pressed for an explanation he again added, with a shrug of despair, as if I was torturing him with most difficult questions, "Enfin, Monsieur, je ramasse *tout ce qu'*il y a!"†

At last, by slow degrees, I extracted from him that "toutes sortes de choses" was composed of the following articles, sold by the chiffonniers at the undermentioned prices:—

Bones	8	francs per 100 kilos.
Scraps of paper	9	"
Chiffons (rags) of linen	30	"
Ditto of cloth	2½	"
Bits of iron	8	"
Broken glass	2½	"
Brass	120	"
Broken china	20	"
Old shoes } Old clothes }	according to their value.	
Corks of wine-bottles sold to the chemists, who cut them into phial corks	2½	

The rest of the rubbish, consisting principally of salad, cabbage, beans, refuse of vegetables, straw, ashes, cinders, &c., considered by chiffoniers to be of no value, is, at about eight o'clock, carried away in the carts of the police.

He told me that sometimes the chiffonniers pick up articles of great value, which they are required to return to the houses from which the rubbish had proceeded, in failure of which the police deprives them of their plaquet. A few weeks since he himself had restored to a lady a silver spoon, thrown away with the salad in which it had lain concealed. Some years ago, a chiffonnier, he said, found and restored to its owner a portfolio containing bank bills amounting in value to 20,000 francs. If they find coin, they keep it. He informed me that on an average he found a silver ten-sous piece about once a fortnight; "Mais!" said he, very mildly, with a light shrug, "ça dépend de la Providence."‡ He added that the chiffonniers of Paris worked during the hours at which people put out their rubbish, namely, from five in the morning till ten; and at night from sunset till eleven; that the latter hours were contrary to the regulations of the police, but that, as it was the habit, they were always in attendance. Lastly, he informed me that the unmarried chiffonniers principally lodge in the Faubourg St.

* All sorts of things! † In short, Sir, I pick up all that there is!
‡ But that depends on Providence!

Marcel, where they obtain half a bed for from two to four sous a night, which they are required to pay in advance.

I asked him how much the chiffonniers obtained per day. He replied that the value of the refuse depended a good deal on the district, and that accordingly they gained from ten to thirty sous per day, according to the localities in which they worked. He added that for several years he himself had gained thirty sous a day, but that since the departure of Louis Philippe he had not, on an average, gained fifteen. "In the month of February," he said, "we did nothing, parceque le monde s'était retiré."*

"But now that tranquillity is restored," said I, "how comes it that you do not gain your thirty sous as before?"

"Monsieur," he replied, "depuis la révolution le monde est plus économe; la consommation est moins grande dans les cuisines; on jette moins d'os et de papier dans les rues."† He added that some families that used to consume ten pounds of meat a day subsisted now on only four, and consequently that the chiffonnier loses like the butcher.

"Si la tranquillité vient, nous ferons peut-être quelque chose; mais," he added, very pensively, and apparently without the slightest idea of the important moral contained in the words he was about to utter, "quand il n'y a pas de luxe, on ne fait rien!"‡ (a shrug).

"What a lesson," said I to myself,—looking at his brass plaquet, faded blouse, and pale, sunken cheeks, which, beneath his thin whiskers, kept quivering as he talked,—"am I receiving in the Capital of the Republic of France from a poor, half-starved chiffonnier! What would the Radical Members of both Houses of the British Parliament, who unintentionally would level the distinction and wealth they themselves are enjoying, say, if they could but hear from the lips of this street scavenger the practical truth that, when they shall have succeeded, they will deprive, not only the lower, but the very lowest classes of their community, of one half of the sustenance they are now receiving from the 'luxury' of the rich!"

* Because everybody had left.

† Sir, since the revolution people have become more economical; the consumption in their kitchens is less; people throw less bones and paper into the streets.

‡ If tranquillity comes, we shall, perhaps, do something; but when there is no luxury we can do nothing.

MY LODGING.

On my return from my stroll, at about ten o'clock P.M. of the day of my arrival in Paris, to Meurice's well-appointed hotel, I was conducted by one of the waiters to my "appartement;" and as on introducing myself to, or, to speak more correctly, *into* its bed, I found it to be a particularly warm, comfortable poultice, which seemed to draw from my body and bones every ache or sensation of fatigue, I soon ceased to admire it, France, England, or indeed, any body or any thing.

"Heaven bless the man who first invented sleep!"

The next morning early, awakening quite refreshed, and with a keen appetite for novelty of any description, I was amused to find not only that I myself had become, and as I lay in my bed was, a great curiosity, but that apparently the whole hotel was looking at me! My room, an exceedingly small one, on the middle floor of six stories, owned only one blindless, shutterless, window, upon which, from above, from beneath, from the right, and from the left, glared, stared, and squinted, the oblong eyes of the windows of three sides of a hollow square, so narrow that it appeared like an air-shaft, excavated in the middle of the enormous building of which in fact, it was the lantern.

On each side of my window, like the lace frills on either side of a lady's cap, there elegantly hung a slight thin muslin curtain; but, as in point of fortification this was utterly inadequate for the defences I required, I ventured after

breakfast to ask for a larger room that looked anywhere but into that square.

Nothing could be more polite than M. Meurice was on the subject, but eighty thousand strangers had flocked to Paris to attend the grand Fête of the Republic: his hotel was perfectly full; and as it was evidently impossible for him to alter figures or facts, I sallied forth to seek what I wanted elsewhere.

My applications were at first to the best hotels, then to the middling ones, and at last to the worst; but good, bad, or indifferent, they were all full. "Monsieur, il n'y a pas de place!"* with a quick shake of the head, and with or without a shrug, was said to me not only everywhere, but usually on the threshold.

Finding it impossible to obtain shelter in a caravansary, I determined to take refuge in a lodging, and observing on a board close to me the very words I was in search of, namely, "Chambres à louer,"† rang at the bell. On the door opening of itself I walked into a clean-looking court, and addressing the concierge I had scarcely said two words when, as if she had become suddenly and violently disgusted with me, she shook her head, waved her hand before my face, and said, "Non! Non!! Non!!! Monsieur!" and turning on her heel left me.

I had scarcely proceeded along the same street—the Rue de Rivoli—fifty yards, when I had come to an exactly similar announcement, and as, on ringing the bell, I was very nearly, as before, interrupted by the same signs, the same actions, and the same demonstrations of disgust, I asked the porter, with a very small proportion of his own impatience, why, if he had no lodgings, he continued to display his board? "Pas garnies, Monsieur!"‡ he briefly replied, and he then very civilly and good-humouredly explained to me that, had I not been a stranger, I should have known *that*, from his advertisement being on *white* paper, whereas, by an order of the police, rooms to be let furnished must invariably be placarded in *yellow*.

Brimful of knowledge, I now felt myself to be a Parisian, and accordingly, shunning the alluring invitations of several white boards, I determined with an air of importance, to pull

* No room, Sir! † Lodgings to let. ‡ Not furnished.

at the bell of a yellow board. In vain, however, I searched for one; and although I was quite determined to emancipate myself from the domination of those three Argus-eyed walls, the windows of which were still haunting me, I was beginning almost to despair, when, on passing a commissionnaire sitting reading a newspaper at the corner of a street, I enlisted him in my service, and then told him what I wanted.

"Menez, Monsieur!"* he said with a smile which at once promised success; and sure enough, after walking and talking for some little time, he suddenly halted before a *yellow* board, on which were beautifully imprinted the words I wanted.

By the daughter of the concierge I was conducted up a broad stone staircase composed of innumerable short flights of steps and little landing or puffing places up to the very top of the house, where I was introduced to the proprietress, a pleasing-looking, respectable, short lady, aged about forty, to whom, without hesitation, apology, or preliminary observations of any sort, I at once, in French, popped the important question,

"Have you, Madame, a furnished apartment to let?"

Not only her mouth, but her eyes, and every feature in her healthy countenance, said "Oui, Monsieur!"

On my asking her to allow me to see the room, she conducted me towards a door on the upper floor, on which she herself resided. On opening it I saw at a glance that its interior possessed all the qualifications of the simple hermitage I desired. Nothing could overlook me but the blue slated roof of the houses on the opposite side of the broad, clean, handsome Rue de ——, one of the finest streets in Paris.

Outside the window, which opened down to the floor, was a narrow promenade, that ran along the whole length of the street, and which, in case of fire, would, said I to myself, fully atone for the extra trouble in ascending to such a height. A secretaire with shelves, two chests of drawers, a cupboard, and a clock, were exactly the sort of companions I wished to live with; and accordingly, without a moment's hesitation, I told the landlady I should be delighted to engage her apartments. As, however, instead of looking as happy as I looked, there

* This way, Sir!

was something latent in her heart which evidently remained to be divulged, I feared I had been too abrupt in concluding my arrangements in so few words. At last, out it came that she had a similar apartment, two stories lower, which was also at my service in case I should prefer it.

Now I had taken such a fancy to the aërial abode in which I stood, that I felt quite disappointed at her intelligence. However, as in Paris high life is low life, and low life high life—that is to say, as it is reckoned a fine thing to live very near the earth, and unfashionable to approach the blue sky—I descended with her to the second story of her house, where she introduced me to an apartment, a secretaire with shelves, two chests of drawers, a cupboard, and a clock, all exactly like those I had left, excepting they were all decidedly better dressed. The floor was more slippery, the furniture more highly polished, the dial more richly gilt; lastly, in the price of the whole there decidedly existed more silver.

Had I been fairly left to myself I should have remained faithful to my first attachment; but Fashion, Folly, and Pride, first joining together hand in hand and then dancing around me, bewildered me with such a variety of false reasons, that, seeing the landlady was also entirely on their side, I ended the short unequal struggle by telling her I would abandon the apartment above for that in which I stood. "Bien, Monsieur!"* she replied, with placid satisfaction; and, as I had now become her lodger, instead of acting as if she felt that nothing remained but to get her rent and as much as she could besides, she instantly evinced a desire to shield me from every possible imposition and to render me every friendly assistance in her power—duties, or rather virtues, which, during my residence under her roof, she unremittingly performed.

As my hotel was scarcely a hundred yards off, I returned there for my portmanteau and letter-box, and after parting with M. Meurice, who again very civilly expressed his regret at his utter inability to accommodate me, I put my small amount of luggage into a voiture de place, and, walking by its side, returned to my own street, my own porte-cochère, my own concierge, my own staircase, and—on entering my apartment and dismissing the porter who had followed with my baggage—to my own home.

* Very good, Sir!

Everything within it looked quiet, comfortable, and substantial; and as in the book of one's every-day life there is nothing like beginning from the very beginning, before I allowed myself to go into the street, or even to look out of my window at the charming novelties—for every thing in Paris was new to my eyes—that were passing and repassing, I unpacked my little property, put my clothes into my two chests of drawers, my papers into my secretaire, my portfolio, inkstand, pens, and pencil on a good-sized table, and then, completing my arrangements by carrying to and placing before the latter a comfortable arm-chair, like Robinson Crusoe I looked around me with an inward satisfaction it would be difficult to describe; and I was standing very much in the attitude of a young artist joyously admiring the painting he has just concluded, when, with great volocity, there shot past my nose—to tell the truth, it actually hit it—an arrow of air, about a foot long, but thicker than a piece of packthread, that did not smell as it ought to do. "It is the breath of envy," said I to myself, "mortified at my happiness!" and discarding the green-eyed monster from my thoughts, and again admiring my location, I bade it a short adieu, and descended into the street.

At about six o'clock I returned to my apartment, and, like a young lover, was again admiring its charms, when another little arrow, from an unpleasant quiver, flew by me.

"It's all fancy!" said I to myself; "it can't come from my kind landlady, nor from my chests of drawers. I'm two stories above the drains, and two stories below the gutters of this world. Paris is outside my window, and a passage outside my door. The thing"—I did not know exactly what to call it—"is impossible."

I had a most amusing dinner. I had left it entirely to my landlady to decide what was good for me; and as I sat alone, sometimes I could scarcely help laughing aloud at her prescription, and from the end of a silver fork I was placing between my lips a small portion of one of the unknown ingredients, for the purpose of analysing its composition, when, as nearly as I could guess, about an inch and a half above it there whizzed by another very little arrow. In less than the twinkling of an eye it had completely passed, and where it had come from, or where it had gone to, I was alike utterly ignorant.

After dinner I rambled about the streets until il was time

to go to my bed, which proved clean and comfortable. In the morning—quite contrary to my habit—I awoke with a slight headache, and I was lying on my back conscientiously recapitulating the nameless items of my dinner, when there rushed past the uppermost feature of my face, not an arrow, but a javelin.

During the day, on being half a dozen times similarly assailed, I became slightly dispirited for a few moments, until, rallying my forces,—I mean looking at my chests of drawers, secrétaire, and other comforts that surrounded me,—and muttering the words "home, *sweet* home!" I determined during the day not to notice the contemptible little demon that was assailing me, but at night to remove my bedding from its alcove to the floor near the window. I did so; but again awaking with rather a worse headache, I felt it was in vain to endeavour to hold out, and that I had therefore better at once sound a retreat. Accordingly, ringing my bell, I requested the garçon to ascertain whether Madame would be visible to me?

In a few minutes she entered my room, with the same placid smile which had adorned her countenance when it last left me.

"What," she kindly inquired, "could she do to serve me?"

It required the whole of my resolution, and, indeed, almost more than I possessed, to answer her friendly query by telling her, in broken sentences and in faltering accents, that the room was in every respect all I could desire, "BUT that . . . it . . . had . . . at times . . . . a very unpleasant smell."

"Non, Monsieur!" she replied, with great gentleness. I assured her it was the case.

"Non, Monsieur!" she replied, with greater gentleness.

"Madame," said I, "it has twice over given me a headache, from which," laying my right hand flat on my forehead, "I am suffering at this moment."

"Non, Monsieur!!!" she replied, so gently and so faintly that I could hardly hear it.

"But, Madame," I added, "I have no desire to leave you. Would you be kind enough to allow me to remove to the apartment at the top of the house which I first saw, for which I should wish to pay the same as for this one?"

"Certainement, Monsieur!"* she replied, gently bowing

* Certainly, Sir!

her head, and looking as placid, as kind, and as anxious to oblige me as ever, and, accordingly, in less than a quarter of an hour, with the assistance of the garçon and a commissionaire, not only the migration but the distribution of my property was effected.

> "On retourne toujours, toujours,
> A son premier amour!"*

From the above anecdote, trifling as it may sound, Mr. Chadwick and the Board of Health would no doubt be able to draw a most important moral. Leaving them, however, two stories below me, to trace to its secret source a tiny cause which in a region high above cesspools and drains had created a stratum of impure air, which, had it been inodorous, I should most certainly have remained in, and which, in a locality where nobody would look for it, has been and ever is ready to nourish fever, I must proceed with the history of my new abode, the outward appearance of which was, as if in a looking-glass, "veluti in speculum," reflected to me from the opposite side of the street by a range of windows each forming a sort of portico, opening to the floor exactly as mine did, and communicating with a narrow leaded passage, protected by a line of substantial iron balustrades.

In the roof above me there was (at least so I conjectured from what I saw in the opposite houses) a tier of garrets inhabited by human beings of whom nothing was to be seen but occasionally a hand pushing a few inches upwards a glass window that lay flat on the slates, and which opened like a valve at the bottom, the upper part being fixed by two hinges. The chimneys were as lofty, and the chimney-pots as grotesque, as those in London, and yet never, during the short periods that I looked at them, could I see exuding from them the slightest appearance of smoke.

In the handsome, broad-paved street, which, on looking over the balustrades, appeared to be at an immeasurable distance beneath, were to be heard the rattling of carriages—the rumbling now and then of a heavy diligence—the trot of cavalry—the beating of drums—the sound of bugles;—in short, the sense of hearing at Paris has no protection. Every morning, from half-past seven till nine, martial music of all sorts an-

* One always returns to one's first love!

nounced the march beneath of various bodies of troops to their respective guard-mountings. Sometimes fifteen soldiers would pass, preceded by a key-bugle;—then eighteen, headed by a single drum.

As they and their musical accompaniment passed, I almost invariably—stepping out on the leads—peeped over my balustrade. A lady from the window adjoining mine as regularly did the same. I never looked at her—never spoke to her. She could have walked along the leads into my room, but in the exalted region in which we lived it was a point of honour not to do so, and her honour, I am exceedingly happy to say, she never broke.

In Paris a man may live like a gentleman in all sorts of ways—in a lofty palace, or "au sixième" in a house containing hall, parlour, bedroom, kitchen, &c. all squatted as flat as a pancake; but, although the altitude of his lodging does not depress his position in society, although rather an uncomfortable smell in his staircase is passed perfectly unnoticed, although economy is respected, and although a person of small fortune in Paris is never by the French allowed to *feel* he is poor, yet no wealth can sugar over an ill-mannered man.

I had hardly been in my new domicile two hours, when, all of a sudden there flitted by me, not an arrow or a javelin, but, without metaphor, an exceedingly strong smell of warm, nourishing soup. Although almost in the clouds, I was evidently in the neighbourhood of a capital kitchen! "however," said I to myself, "I am not to be driven from a post of importance by the smell of hot onions!" indeed, I found I had only to contrast this smell with t'other one, quite to enjoy it; during, however, my residence in Paris, it never came again, and in every respect my lodging pleased me.

My housemaid was a lad of about eighteen, who used, while he was sweeping the floor with a hair broom, to polish it with a brush affixed to one of his feet. To every wish I expressed he had a particularly soft gentle way of replying, "Bien, Monsieur!" His only fault was, that when I pulled at my bell he did not come; but others, on five different floors, were pulling for him at the same time.

My breakfast consisted of a large white cup a quarter of an inch thick; a coffee-pot not so high as the cup; a shining tin cream-jug, with a little spout about the thickness of the

small end of an English clay tobacco-pipe; a long roll, and, on the first day, *one* pat of butter of about the size of a Spanish dollar, and as thick as the skin of a mushroom.

"More butter!" I exclaimed in French.

"Shall I bring another portion?" said the garçon.

"No! half a dozen of them!" I answered.

"Bien, Monsieur!" he gently and politely replied, to an order as preposterous, I dare say, in his mind, as if I had ordered for my dinner half a dozen legs of mutton.

Just within the entrance of my porte-cochère lived in a small room my concierge, his wife, and his daughter. The first time I descended my staircase, the old woman, who was nearly seventy years of age, made a sign she wished to speak to me. On going into her room, she asked me to be so good as to give her my passport, that she might take it to the police to apprise them of my residence in the house. Happening to have it in my pocket-book, I instantly complied with her request, and was about to leave her, when she very politely asked for my card, in case any person should call to see me. I immediately put one into her hands. She looked at it—handed it to her old husband, who looked at it too. They then both looked first at me—then at my card—then at each other. They were evidently quite puzzled. I had no gender! I was not a monsieur, a madame, a mademoiselle, an admiral, a general, colonel, captain, or lieutenant! My name they could not pronounce; and so, after turning it into exactly twice its number of syllables, they bowed, and, with a very slight shrug, placed the enigma on their little mantelpiece, to speak for itself.

By the time I left Paris I had become thoroughly acquainted with my staircase.

Within the porte-cochère, and immediately opposite to the tiny residence of the concierge, were two steps, leading to a swinging glass door, behind which, on the right, were ten steps, rising to a landing-place, on which was a mat. From it twelve steps led to another landing-place, in which, close to the ceiling, was a high window of two panes. Then came seven steps, leading to a landing-place, on which was a door marked A. Then, again, ten to a landing-place, on which, apparently for variety's sake, was a small window of two panes close to the floor, also two panes touching the ceiling

(the one too high to look out of, the other too low). Then came seven to a landing-place, on which was a mat and three doors, on one of which was inscribed "1er Etage," on first floor. By a similar series of steps, passages, and odd windows, I ascended to floors 2, 3, and eventually to my aërial paradise, No. 4.

Within the door marked "1er Etage" every lodger throughout the house was expected to deposit, on a hook numbered consecutively, the key of his room, which, whenever negligently left in the door, was invariably brought to this rendezvous by any of the servants of the house, or by "Madame," the instant they or she discovered it. Under the arrangement just described it of course became necessary for every lodger to call at this point for his key. I found it, however, quite impossible during my short residence in Paris to learn this French rule, and accordingly, when after a heavy day's walk, I had ascended, quite tired, to my door, I almost invariably had to descend three stories to get my key, which I had negligently passed in my ascent. As soon as it became dark every one of these keys were taken from their hooks and deposited, according to their respective numbers, each on the brass bed-room candlestick that belonged to it. One evening, at twilight, I was looking among this row for my candle, which, like all the rest of the lot, was about the thickness of my fore-finger.

"Monsieur," said a servant, popping out of a small room adjoining, and making me a low bow, "votre flambeau n'est pas encore descendu."*

On the "premier étage," or first floor, was a spacious drawing-room, very handsomely furnished, open to every lodger in the house. I, however, never entered it, and only once peeped into it.

On taking my first prescription from Dr. S. to the chemist, I ascertained that the ointment with which I was to rub my forehead and temples four times a day was as nearly as possible as black as new ink. This affliction, which was indeed a very great one, and which lasted almost the whole of the time I was at Paris, seemed at first not only to forbid my seeing any sights, but to make *me* a sight for any one else

* Sir, your flambeau has not been brought down yet.

to see; however, after sitting in my sky-parlour for some minutes in an attitude of deep reflection, I determined to dispose, and accordingly I did dispose, of my misfortune as follows:—

At five I used always to get up, and, after my usual ablutions, I obediently blackened myself in the way prescribed; and, ornamented in this way, I occupied myself for an hour and a half in writing out the rough notes which, while walking, talking, and often while rumbling along in 'buses, I had taken on the preceding day. At a quarter past seven I unsmutted myself, and walked about the streets until eight, when, on returning to my lodging, I rubbed my forehead black again, and sat down to breakfast. At a quarter before ten I—what maid-servants call—"cleaned myself," and, like Dr. Syntax, went forth in search of the Picturesque. At six I returned, and *dressed* for dinner,—that is to say, I anointed myself again. After my repast I unniggered my brow and went out. At ten o'clock P.M. I be-devilled myself again, and, after a sufficient interval, ended the strange process of the day by going to bed.

While I was seated at breakfast or at dinner, painted like a wild Indian in the extraordinary way I have described, it repeatedly happened that, after a slight tap, my door was opened, sometimes by a shopman with a band-box, inquiring if I had ordered a hat; sometimes by a boy, bringing a letter addressed to he knew not whom; and two or three times by a lady, sometimes an old one, and sometimes a young one, who called on me, intending to call on somebody else. In all these cases a long apologetic dialogue ensued; and although my visitors had thus abundant opportunity to observe my grotesque appearance, which in England would, I truly believe, have made even the Bishop of London bite his lips or smile, yet such is the power of politeness in the French people, that in no one instance did any one of my visitors allow me to perceive from his or her eyes, or from any feature in his or her countenance, that he or she had even observed the magpie appearance of my face.

While I was following my prescription I explained to the concierge that in case anybody called—I had no acquaintances in Paris—I was not at home. When it was over, which was only two days before I returned to England, the

old woman walked up stairs to congratulate me, and then, addressing me and my tiny apartment, as if we were of vast importance, she said to me, "A présent, Monsieur, que vous pouvez recevoir votre monde!"*

On the day I left Paris I received from my obliging landlady her account, in which in no instance was there the slightest departure from the agreement I had verbally made with her. I gave the servants and concierge what I chose, but no demand whatever was made upon me. And, "Adieu, Monsieur! bon voyage!!"† were the last words of the old wife, as she waved her shrivelled hand to a foreigner whose occupations were incomprehensible, whose appellation was doubtful, and whose name was unpronounceable.

IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE.

In the year 1552 Francis I. first established in the Louvre an Imprimerie Royale, a portion of which, under the appellation of Imprimerie des Bulletins des Lois, was in 1792 transferred to the Elysée Bourbon, inhabited at present by Prince Louis Napoleon. In 1795 these two establishments were united in the Hôtel de Toulouse, now the Bank of France, and in 1809 they were finally transferred to their present locality.

This public establishment is shown to visitors every Thursday, and accordingly, at ten minutes before the hour "precisely" indicated in the ordinary printed permission which, in compliance with the advice contained in Galignani's guide-book, I had obtained, I knocked at its gate, and walking across a court and up a staircase, I was directed to go to the waiting-room, in which I expected to have found a hard stool or two to sit on, and sundry drops and slops of ink on the floor to look at. However, on reaching the landing-place I was shown into a drawing-room handsomely carpeted, con-

* Now, Sir, that you can receive the world!
† Good bye! a good journey to you!

taining four pier-glasses, one on each wall; a scarlet damask ottoman; a scarlet cloth sofa; fourteen scarlet chairs; scarlet curtains; white blinds; and in the middle a fine mahogany table covered with green cloth.

As I was the sole monarch of all I surveyed, I reclined on the sofa, and was admiring the arrangements made everywhere in Paris for the reception of strangers, when the door opened, and in walked a gentleman with two young ladies, who had scarcely looked at themselves—"vue et approuvée"—in the glass almost immediately above me, when in walked four more young ladies and a gentleman, then three middle-aged ladies and two gentlemen.

As soon as the clock of the establishment struck, there stood at the door a porter, making dumb signals to us to advance, and accordingly nine bonnets and five black hats hastened towards him into the passage, where we found waiting, and ready to conduct us, an exceedingly pleasing-looking intellectual young man of about twenty years of age. Everybody, excepting myself, appeared to be in tiptop spirits; but as the object of my visit was solely to make myself acquainted with a very important establishment, I could not help for a few moments inwardly groaning when I reflected that a guide of twenty years of age for thirteen people—were he even to be fairly divided among them all—would be equal only to a sucking tutor rather more than a twelvemonth old for each; besides which, it was but too evident that as my nine sisters, in the exercise of their undoubted prerogative, would very probably not only constantly encircle the young guide, but would each and all at once be continually asking him questions of different degrees of importance, I should not only have no instruction at all, but should be obliged to go through the establishment exactly at the unequal rate the nine ladies might prescribe; that I should have to stop whenever they stopped, and, what was still worse, to hurry by whatever they happened at the moment to feel indisposed to notice.

As the disorder, however, was evidently incurable, I resolved to join in and get through the merry dance as well as I could. I therefore introduced myself to a partner, who, in return for the confidence I reposed in her, very obligingly teazed the young guide until he told her whatever I wanted;

and by means of this description of spoon-diet, I obtained, I think, rather more nourishment than my share.

Our first introduction was to a room which none of the ladies would stop to look at, surrounded by mahogany presses, containing the punches, matrices, and ligatures (the largest collection in Europe), including those for Greek type, for a fount of which, in 1692, the University of Cambridge applied.

On entering the exceedingly well-lighted hall, No. I. of the Imprimerie Nationale (in the whole of which nearly a thousand people are employed), the first object that caught my eyes was a large tricolor flag, upon which was inscribed in gold letters,—

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

In different directions there appeared seven stoves, around four of which were standing, closely shaved, without coats or waistcoats, and in very clean shirts—the sleeves of which being tucked up disclosed their bare arms—five men at each stove, engaged in what a novice of their art might have supposed to be some strange religious ceremony, for they kept stretching out their right arms,—then closing both hands,—then jerking them four or five times over their heads,—pausing; and then, extending their right hands, they repeated the operation commonly called type-casting, which may be explained as follows. From the stove before him each man with a ladle dips out a small quantity of liquid metal, which pouring into a small matrix he jerks upwards, until, cooled by its rapid passage through the air, he is enabled to drop the type he has created on the table before him, and repeat the process.

From these stoves the fluid metal, in the mode described, is converted into the type of forty-eight different alphabets, speaking the languages of almost every nation on the globe. Indeed, while Pope Pius the VII. was inspecting the establishment, the Lord's Prayer was not only printed in one hundred and fifty languages, but was bound up and presented to him.

As satellites to the seven furnaces, I observed several men employed in breaking off to its proper length, as fast as it was cast, the type, then handed over to four old wo-

men, each wearing on her thumb and forefinger a thick black leather case, with which she first made each rough-cast letter smooth, and then — as our Universities treat "a freshman" — she polished it. These types, packed in parcels, containing each only one letter, and which resemble octavo volumes, are then shut up in a dark closet adjoining, where they remain until summoned to perform their high literary duties.

On entering a room of 150 feet in length, my heart rejoiced within me at the welcome sight of two long rows of compositors, all dressed in blouses and black silk neckcloths. At proper intervals were also to be seen, each within a wire cage, that valuable, well-educated member of every printing establishment—a reader. On the first coup-d'œil the whole appeared in busy operation; as, however, we passed along, one might have fancied we were a body of magicians, witches, and wizards, whose breath had power to stop the whole system; for however sedulously the compositor had, from the small "case" before him, been snapping up letter after letter to fill his "stick;" whatever might be the subject on which he was engaged; he stood spell-bound in his operation, not only while we were approaching, but for several seconds afterwards he was to be seen standing with a type between his finger and thumb.

> "I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
> The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool."

The sudden appearance of six young ladies and three rather old ones produced upon 150 French compositors the strange symptoms above described. Indeed, every workman — even the jaded reader — stopped to enjoy a good, long, hearty, refreshing look at them; after which one by one faithfully returned to his work. In another room, about 180 feet long, were distributed in a similar manner a double row of compositors, closely packed along each wall. On descending to the ground floor we passed through a long, dark storeroom, which reminded me of a coal-mine, about 150 feet in length, filled almost from the floor to the ceiling with "type in forms," that is to say, in the square frames in which they had been fixed, and in which they were reposing until again

required for a reprint. Twelve thousand of these forms were so arranged that, like the tray of a wardrobe, any could at pleasure be drawn out without moving the one above or below.

The very first compartment of this dark receptacle, principally filled with government publications, was labelled—

"GUERRE."*

From it we passed into a beautiful yard, covered with skylights like a greenhouse, and surrounded on every side by low cisterns, above each of which appeared, protruding from the wall, one or two cocks for filling them with water. In this cheerful workshop we found several men employed in damping paper for the press.

We next entered a beautiful printing hall, 180 feet long —with hand-presses on each side—in which, in a glass frame, I observed inscribed in large letters—

"ATELIER DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE."†

On walking down this gallery we found it intersected in the middle by another at right angles of about 100 feet in length, also occupied by a double row of printing-presses. From this point the cruciform view was extremely interesting. Two hundred and thirty printers in shirts (it was Thursday) as clean as the paper they were imprinting, were to be seen at 115 presses, working not only the white paper to which I have just alluded, but of all colours, especially pink, blue, red, and yellow. Strange as it may sound to people accustomed to the cold, steady business habits of England, which nothing can either excite or subdue, the whole establishment stopped working, and for some minutes assumed a grin of delight at the sight of the ladies. Several of these pressmen, who were all remarkably well dressed, shook hands with three or four, who appeared to be well acquainted with them. One pressman, with very long block mustachios, offered the prettiest of the young ladies a pinch of snuff, which she accepted, and which caused her to stop—I suppose merely to thank him —a considerable time; and as our guide for the moment

* War. † Workshop of the Republic.

was completely deserted, I managed to elicit from him that all the pressmen, as well as the compositors we had just left, work from seven in the morning till seven at night, excepting from twelve to two, which period they devote to "dinner and recreation;" lastly, that they are paid according to the amount of work they perform. In these halls are daily struck off on an average above 350,000 sheets, besides about 12,000 sets of what are called in England court cards; namely, kings, queens, knaves, and aces, the printing of which, in France, is monopolised by the Government.

So many of the pressmen were talking to our "ladies," that the young guide had some little difficulty in inducing them to follow him into a long chamber, in which we found seated nearly in pairs, and very busily at work, twelve young well-dressed men, with mustachios, and twelve very pretty-looking young ladies in caps of all colours. On the table at which they were seated stood basins full of flowers. The work they performed consisted mainly of now and then making a dot—then a little scratch—then a slight turn of the head—then a smile—then a very long scrub—then three dots—and so on; in short, they were correcting and finishing off lithographic maps, painted in most beautiful colours; at which they continue to work from seven to seven, with two hours of "recreation," as aforesaid, which very probably consists of the dissyllable imprinted in the left hand corner of a London "At home" card of invitation, namely, "DANCING."

About this happy hall we found sixteen lithographic presses, which besides the maps from below, were busily striking off government papers of various colours and sizes. At several tables I observed otherwise occupied well-dressed and apparently well-conducted persons of both sexes, and yet, as indeed throughout the whole establishment, it was evident that at a single blast of a trumpet the men, like Roderick-Dhu's "warriors true," would have, one and all, started up soldiers!

Below stairs we entered a room full of larger lithographic presses, and then a magazine that looked like a universe of white paper.

We were now conducted into a large, light, airy chamber, in which were to be seen, hard and steadily at work, four huge steam-presses, each of which, as compared with the

strength of the human beings that environed it, looked like Gulliver snoring in the land of Lilliput.

On the summit of each of these powerful machines, instead of a boy, as in England, I observed sitting up aloft a young girl, who, at every aspiration of the giant over which she presided, fed him with a large sheet of cool damp milk-white paper, no sooner in his power than it was remorselessly hurried over a sort of iron cataract, at the bottom of which it came out printed, on both sides, into the hands of a young woman, a little older and a little stouter, by whom it was scarcely laid aside when, the operation having been repeated by the angel above, there came out, for our weal or woe, another sheet full of the knowledge of good or evil. With the assistance of its two hand-maidens, and of some men seated at tables close behind them, employed in preparing the paper for the operation above described, each of these great presses, which cost 10,000 francs, strikes off from 1000 to 1200 sheets per hour.

In an adjoining room we witnessed a simple and very ingenious invention for rapidly drying the paper thus imprinted. A hot iron cylinder, of about six feet in diameter, encircled by coarse brown canvas, and made to revolve by the power of steam, is attended by a woman, who keeps putting between the heated metal and its linen covering one sheet after another of printed paper, which is not only dried in the hotbed in which it is obliged to revolve, but, as in the case of the printing presses just described, is delivered into the hands of another woman seated by her side to receive it. There are three of these machines, each attended by two deliverers and two receiving women.

In the kaleidoscope we were viewing there next in an open yard appeared, guided by men, a powerful machine for cutting paper; and in an adjoining well-ventilated chamber we found sixteen women and girls, very quietly and neatly dressed, employed in placing each printed sheet between two pieces of glazed pasteboard, and in then submitting the whole to a hydraulic pressure of 300,000 pounds.

We were next conducted to a department of the establishment called "La Reglure," a long room, containing eleven machines for ruling lines of various sorts. Each was attended by three young women; one for regulating it; one for feeding it with paper; the other for receiving the paper when ruled.

The lines, twenty-eight of which can be made at once, were drawn by pens supplied with ink from a roller. For official documents, in which the lines required were so numerous that they exceeded the breadth of the machines, other young women were employed in executing them by hand, by means of combs, the teeth of which, confined in an iron frame, were made to correspond in number and position with the lines required. In consequence of this room being rather overheated, the young women employed in it had all a very high colour; they were, moreover, not only exceedingly well dressed, but apparently quite as well behaved. Indeed, from their appearance and demeanour, no one in England would have judged them to be mechanics.

In a small chamber we came to four tables, at each of which were sitting six young women, busily occupied in folding and sewing sheets, under the direction of a superintendent, securely seated in a wired caged cell at the bottom of the apartment, which opened into an immense room, 400 feet long, in which we found in full operation the Binding Department, in all its branches. For nearly 100 yards we passed through piles of half-bound books—principally edged either with bright yellow or bright scarlet—waiting to undergo that variety of tailoring and millinery operations necessary to enable them to appear before the literary world in quarter, half, or full dress. The labourers in this immense and important workshop were, as nearly as I could judge, composed, in about equal parts, of young men and young women; and with the curiosity natural to their age, they all stopped work as our party passed the tables on the right and left, at which they respectively were seated; however, I could not but feel they had as much right to be curious about us as we had about them.

Like a hen preceding a brood of motley-coloured chickens, our young conductor now led us along a passage to the summit of a very broad staircase, where, gradually stopping, he turned round, took off his hat, and, with a slight bow, announced to us that "we had seen all." My right hand, as in duty bound, dived straight into my pocket; but as I felt it was grasping at a quantity of loose silver, of all sizes, without knowing how much to select, in a whisper I asked my fair interpreter who had been labouring hard in my behalf, to be so good as to ascertain for me what I ought to give. Our young

conductor must have instinctively understood the question I was asking, for, with that pleasing manner and mild expression of countenance which had distinguished him throughout the many weary hours we had been bothering him, he said to me, before the whole party, "Monsieur, il nous est expressément défendu de rien recevoir!"* Indeed I could not induce him to accept anything.

His parting words, and a sketch of the interior of the drawing-room in which strangers are received in the "Imprimerie Nationale" of Paris, ought, I submit, to be hung up in Prince Albert's Crystal Palace, as a specimen of French politeness, not only to be admired, but to be copied by the governments and by the people of every other nation on the globe.

LA MORGUE.

At Paris every face I met appeared to be so exceedingly happy and so remarkably polite that from the hour of my arrival I had been in the habit, without the slightest precaution, of walking anywhere at any time of day or night. Happening, however, to mention to a French gentleman the late hour at which, entirely alone, I had passed along a certain district, he told me, very gravely, that there were in Paris—as indeed there are in all countries—great numbers of men, never to be seen in daylight, who subsist by robbery and occasionally by murder; that after dark they haunt lonely spots, and that not unfrequently, after knocking down and robbing their victims, they have summarily chucked them over the bridges they were in the act of crossing into the Seine.

"You must, my dear ('mon cher'), be more careful," he said to me, with very great kindness, "or you will find your way to the Morgue!" and as I had often from others heard it was the place in which all dead bodies found in the streets of Paris or in the Seine are exposed, and as on the following day I had occasion to be in its neighbourhood, I determined I would fulfil my kind friend's prophecy by "finding my way

* Sir, we are expressly forbidden to receive anything!

to it." Accordingly, walking along the Quai, I perceived on the banks of the Seine, close before me, touching the extremity of the Marché Neuf—indeed, the nice, fresh, green vegetables in the last of the booths ranged along the wall of the Quai actually touched *it*—a small, low, substantial Doric building, constructed of massive, roughly-hewn stones, as large as those commonly used in England for a county jail.

On gazing at it attentively for a few minutes, a stranger might consider it to be a post-office, for a certain proportion of the crowd that was continually passing along the thoroughfare in which it stood, kept what is commonly called "popping in," while about the same number—just as if they had deposited their letters—were as regularly popping out, and then proceeding on their course.

On the east wall of this little building there hung, singing in a cage, a bullfinch, belonging to one of the vegetable-selling women in the market. On the right, standing on a chair and surrounded by a gaping crowd, was a travelling conjuror, who appeared to possess the power of making every face of his attendant assembly smile or grin with more or less delight.

After standing for some time, listening sometimes to the bullfinch, sometimes to the conjuror, but more constantly looking towards the little building between them, I approached its door, from which, just as I entered it, there walked out arm-in-arm two well-dressed ladies, with flowers in their bonnets. On entering a small room—it was La Morgue—I saw immediately before me a partition, composed of large clean windows, through each of which a small group of people, looking over each other's heads, were intently gazing. Within this partition, on the wall opposite to me, was hanging, and apparently dripping, a long, thin mass of worthless and nondescript substance that looked like old rags. On approaching the smallest of the groups I saw close to me, on the other side of the glass partition, five black inclined planes, on one of which there lay on its back, with a nose crushed flat like a negro, with its cheeks swelled out exactly as if it were loudly blowing a trumpet, the naked, livid corpse of a robust, well-formed young woman of about twenty years of age. The face, throat, chest, arms, and legs below the knees were deeply discoloured, and yet, for some reason, the thighs were quite white! The soles of her feet, which were stiffly upturned,

had been so coddled by the water in which she had been drowned, that they appeared to be almost honeycombed. From the wall above there projected eight little streams, about the size of those which flow from the rose of an ordinary garden watering-pot, arranged to fall on her face, throat, neck and legs (round her middle there was wrapped a narrow piece of oil-cloth), to keep the body wet and cool.

Above her, hanging on pegs, was the miserable inventory of her dress: a pair of worn-out shoes, ragged stockings, shift, and the dripping mass (her spotted cotton gown and petticoat) which I had already observed. A more revolting, ghastly, horrid, painful sight I fancied at the moment I had never before beheld; and yet the living picture immediately in front of it was so infinitely more appalling, it offered for reflection so important a moral, that my eyes soon turned from the dead to the various groups of people who were gazing upon it; and as my object was to observe rather than be observed, I managed, with some difficulty, to get into the right-hand corner of the partition, where I was not only close to the glass, but could see the countenance of everybody within the "Morgue."

At first I endeavoured to write down, in short-hand, merely the sexes and apparent ages of the people who kept dropping in; the tide, however, in and out was so great, the stream of coming-in faces and departing backs was so continuous and conflicting, that I found it to be utterly impossible, and I can, therefore, offer but a faint sketch of what I witnessed.

Among those whose eyes were steadily fixed upon the corpse, were four or five young men with beards; among them stood several women, old and young, two or three of whom had children in their arms. One boy, of about five years old, came in, carrying an infant on his back. Many people entered with baskets in their hands. One man had on his shoulders, and towering above his head, half a sack of coals. "*Oh, Dieu! que vilain!*" said an old woman in a white cap, uplifting the palms of both hands, and stepping backwards as her eyes first caught sight of the corpse. Then came in two soldiers; then a fashionably and exceedingly well dressed lady, with two daughters, one about sixteen, the other about eleven, all three with flowers in their bonnets; then a well-dressed maid, carrying an infant. "MON DIEU!!!" exclaimed

an old woman (the old women appeared to me to shrink from the sight most of all), as on a glance at the corpse she turned on her heel and walked out; then in ran a number of lads; a wrinkled old grandmother, with all her strength, lifted up a fine, pretty boy of about three years old, without his hat.

The point at which I stood, I was afterwards informed, was that which had been selected by a well-known French actress, who, with an esprit de corps, to say the least, of an extraordinary character, has been in the habit of repeatedly visiting La Morgue professionally to study the sudden changes of countenance of those who, as they continually pour into it, first see the ghastly objects purposely laid out for their inspection; and certainly a more dreadful reality could not be beheld, and yet, the more I reflected on what I saw, the more dreadful it appeared. The flashes of horror and disgust that suddenly distorted the faces of most of those who consecutively approached the glass windows, were certainly very remarkable; and yet the utter nonchalance of others, both young and old, and of both sexes, approaching sometimes almost to a smile, was infinitely more appalling, because it but too clearly proved how easily and how effectually those beautiful feelings in the human heart which are most admired may, by the scene I have imperfectly described, be completely ruined.

Of the dreadful history of the bruised, livid, young creature lying prostrate close to me, I was, of course, utterly ignorant. Her mind might have been ornamented with every virtue; she might have fallen into the river by accident. On the other hand, she might have committed every description of crime, and in retribution thereof have been murdered by some one as criminal as herself, with whom she had criminally been living; and yet, whatever might have been her guilt, to be exposed for three days (for such was the time she had been sentenced to lie in La Morgue) naked, in a great metropolis, to the gaze of all ranks and conditions of life—to men of all ages—was, I deeply felt, a punishment so cruel and inhuman that it might almost be said to have exceeded her offence; and yet, if she could have felt the shame that was inflicted upon her, her sufferings individually would have been utterly unimportant when compared to the wholesale injury—and, may I not add, disgrace?—which the people of Paris were suffering, from the possibility of being, first, by curiosity al-

lured, and, after that, by vicious inclinations habituated, to a scene more contaminating to the morals of all classes than anything it could be conceived the ingenuity of man could have devised. Indeed, when I looked at the mingled faces of young men, young women, children, infants, and old people, all pointing towards an object which modesty, nay, which common decency would have told them—at all events in combination—to avoid, I could scarcely believe that I was existing within 800 yards of the Louvre, the guest of a brave and intellectual people, whose politeness and amiable civilities I had so much reason to acknowledge! And the more I reflected, the greater was my astonishment; for not only was the exposition before me cruel to the dead, and destructive of the morals of the living, but, after all, it was utterly useless!

A person's clothes, instead of being an impediment, are the greatest possible assistance in substantiating his identity; and accordingly in a court of justice it is not unusual for a witness, who had previously been unable to recognise the prisoner at the bar, to exclaim, the instant the latter is forced to put on his head the hat he had been holding in his hand, that he *is* the person who had committed the crime alleged against him.

A set of dripping-wet clothes and rags, hanging on pegs over a body which, when living, had probably rarely, if ever, been seen by any one uncovered, are, practically speaking, almost useless; whereas, if a corpse were to be exposed in the well-known dress in which it had been found, not only every garment individually, but all collectively, would form the best possible evidence of its identity. In short, leaving morality out of the question, nothing surely can be more foolish than for a nation, a government, a police, and a people, to devise together a mode of identification which, while it jumbles and conceals all useful data, exposes in their stead data which, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, are practically useless. Indeed, the fallacy of the system was lately demonstrated as follows:—A poor mountebank, in passing La Morgue, following the example of many of the gentlefolks who had walked before him, strolled into it for a lounge. On one of the black inclined planes he beheld, lying between the naked corpses of two men, his own "auld respected mither!" To redeem her from such a neighbourhood, and from such neighbours, he determined to spend, if necessary, all he had; and accordingly,

with praiseworthy affection, he followed her to her narrow grave, in the "fosse commune" of the cemetery of Mont Parnasse.

He was, however, so haunted by the horrid picture he had witnessed, that, to relieve his mind, and also to console his only surviving sister, he determined to return to his distant motherless home, and on his arrival at its door he was, as he well deserved, most affectionately embraced—by . . . . his mother! It need not be said that the person he had seen lying on the table of La Morgue, disfigured by death, was not hers; whereas, had the corpse, instead of being naked, been dressed, he would, no doubt, have at once perceived that it was not his mother, whose costume du pays, and particular dress, were, of course, imprinted in his mind.

The number of bodies annually exposed for three days in La Morgue amount to about 300, of which above five-sixths are males. The clothes of one of the latter who had been buried without being reclaimed were still hanging near me. A considerable proportion of the corpses are those of suicides and of people who have been murdered.

On the whole, I left my position in the corner impressed with an opinion, since strengthened by reflection, that La Morgue at Paris is a plague-spot that must inevitably, more or less, demoralise every person who views it. On going out of the door I observed dangling over my head a small tricolor flag, garnished as usual with the words "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality."

DOG MARKET.

At Paris, on one day in every week, namely, on *Sunday*, there is a dog market, held in a place which on Wednesdays and Saturdays is a horse market, and which, wearing, as is lawful in heraldry, its highest title, is called "Le Marché aux Chevaux."*

On proceeding there on Sunday, at about half past one

* Horse-market.

o'clock, I found myself in a rectangular open space, 240 yards long by 44 yards broad, surrounded by a high wall, divided lengthways down the middle by a stout oaken post and rail fence, on each side of which was a paved road, bounded by grass, shaded by a triple row of trees. In the centre of the oak fence was a large fountain of water. Beneath the trees, and parallel with the two paved roads, were stout oaken rails divided into pens, each bearing the name of the horsedealer to whom it belonged, and which, even if empty, no one unauthorised by himself can use. The horses, affixed to these rails by rings which continue the whole length of the market, stand shaded by the trees. Near to them is an office on which is painted, in large black letters, "Bureau du Vétérinaire et de l'Inspecteur chargés de la surveillance du Marché aux Chevaux."*

At the entrance of the market there exists a little wooden office, on which is written, in letters bearing in size about the same proportion to those of the above superscription that a dog does to a horse,—

"Le concierge reçoit le signalement des chiens perdus, et en fait les recherches. S'addresser sous la vestibule en face, la porte à gauche."†

Taking off my hat, I introduced myself as a stranger seeking for information to the concierge, or keeper of the dog market, before whose tiny office were arranged on a table—several were hanging on both sides of the door—a great variety of muzzles to be hired for the day by dogs, none of whom are allowed, under any pretext, to enter the market without one.

After talking some time to the concierge during the short intervals in which he was not professionally engaged, I entered the market, in which I found about 280 arrant curs, all wearing very odd-looking wire nose-gear, which, projecting about two inches beneath their lower jaws, gave their mouths the appearance of being what is called "underhung."

Dogs were barking—dogs were yelping—dogs were squealing in all directions. Several were surrounded by a crowd of

* Office of the veterinary surgeon and of the inspector charged with the superintendence of the horse-market.

† The concierge receives the description of lost dogs, and endeavours to recover them. Apply under the archway in front, to the left.

spectators, silently gaping down at them. In one direction I saw a fox-dog—retained by a string tied to the oaken horse-rails—on his hind legs, pawing with both feet to get to another dog about twenty yards off, that appeared equally anxious to come to him. On the ground there lay panting a large, coarse-looking Newfoundland dog; near him a basket of fat puppies whining; behind them a woman nursing one of the family in her lap. A servant-maid, as she kept strolling about, was leading, as if it had been a child, an Italian greyhound. One sandy-coloured dog, little bigger than a very large rat, and with cropped ears which made him look as sharp as a flea, I was assured was a year old. Near him stood a dog barking to get at his master, dressed in a blouse, who had not only tied him to a post, but who every now and then "sacrebleued" him for barking. Beside him, looking at the faithful creature with infinitely kinder feelings, was standing in wooden sabots, with a crimson-coloured handkerchief wound round her head so as to leave the ends sticking out, the dog's master's wife,—in short, his own "missus," who evidently did not like to see him sold. In another direction I observed a great mastiff standing near two women, one of whom held in her arms two puppies, the other a small dog with very lank rough hair, that stuck out all around him like the prickles of a hedgehog.

Close to a very savage-looking yard-dog tied to a rail, which no one seemed disposed to approach, two women were seated on the ground, each with a dog in her lap. Near them a stout, tall peasant in a blouse held out and up in one hand, at arm's length, a puppy, looking, in comparison to his own size, like a mouse. On the ground were seated several men, with baskets full of yellow greasy-looking cakes; beside them appeared stretched out for sale an immense dog-skin.

The owner of every dog pays for the use of the muzzle—if he has hired one—five sous, but the animal himself is admitted into the market free; whereas on Wednesdays and Saturdays each horse pays 10 sous, carriages on two wheels 15 sous, on four wheels 25 sous, goats and asses 4 sous apiece.

At the farther end of the market is a place of trial of strength of the draught horses, composed of a steep, circular, paved ascending and descending road, surrounded by posts

and rails, and shaded by trees. At the entrance stands a small bureau, for levying a payment of five sous for each horse, and a chain for preventing its admission until the money has been paid.

As there is nothing like getting to the bottom of a subject, on leaving the dog-market I walked for some little distance to the Rue Poliveau, a large paved street, principally bounded on each side by dead walls, between which meeting an old woman, I asked her to be so good as to tell me where "La Fourrière"* was. A dog, about thirty yards off, immediately answered my question by a loud melancholy bark; and as the woman pointed to the direction from which it proceeded, and as I now distinctly heard there other barks, I walked towards them, until, entering a large gate, I found in a small yard seven or eight poor unfortunate dogs, tied up by chains and collars to a rail inserted in the wall.

I was in the dog-pound of Paris, to which all dogs straying about the streets are sent by the police to be kept for a week, and then, if not owned, to be sold, if they are worth anything, and, if not, to be killed. The dogs impounded—who were evidently leading a very dull life, and who all looked at me with more or less attention—consisted of two Italian greyhounds; a mastiff, with a collar and a padlock; a mongrel pointer; a dog very ill, that never moved, and that lay coiled up in a circle, with his dry nose resting on his empty flank; and various other curs. One, standing at the extremity of his chain on his hind legs and pawing at me, whined and barked incessantly. The latter noise was so sharp that it went entirely through my head and partly through my heart. The poor creature seemed to know he was going to be hanged merely because he was friendless, and his pawing proposal to me was that *I* should be his master; in short, by noises, as well as by gestures, he entreated me to take him away.

In the yard there was nothing but stables, and I could find no human being to converse with, until, looking upwards, I saw the face, shoulders, and stout arms of a great, strong, coarse-looking woman, looking down at me from a second-story window, over which, and immediately over the lady's head, was written on the whitewashed stone in buff letters the word "FANNY."

* The pound.

I talked to her a short time about dogs in general, and about the dogs in the fourrière, over which she and her husband presided, in particular; but as she answered my questions rather gruffly, and as the poor dogs' countenances had told me all and infinitely more than I desired to remember, our missuited acquaintance soon came to an end.

After leaving the poor animals to their fate, I passed, as I was walking along a large street, an immense timber-yard, in which the scantlings for a large roof were all planned and lying on the ground. Among the [illegible] with bare throats and moist faces, I saw, hard at work, th[illegible] dressed in blouses. Further on I observed forty or fift[illegible] and partly by Government and partly by the city, bus[illegible] employed in completing the demolition of a condemned street. It was Sunday. I may here remark that, out of the seven days of the week, the second Sunday in May of the fourth year of the presidentship has, by a law of the Republic, been selected for the hardest political work known, namely, the election throughout France of a new President.

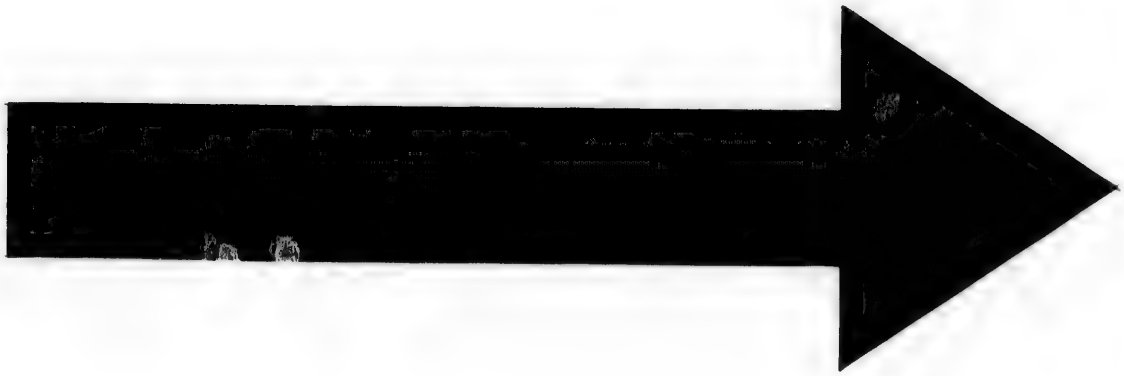
HOSPICE DE LA VIEILLESSE.

With my mind overrun in all directions by dogs whining, yelping, and barking, I proceeded along the Boulevart de l'Hôpital until I found myself on a large esplanade of grass, dotted with trees. Across it were two paved roads converging to a handsome Doric gateway, supported by a pair of massive lofty columns, above which were inscribed in black paint, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and beneath, deeply engraved—

Hospice de la Vieillesse
Femmes.*

This magnificent hospital, commonly called "La Salpêtrière,"—from its standing on ground formerly occupied as a

* Hospital for Aged Women.



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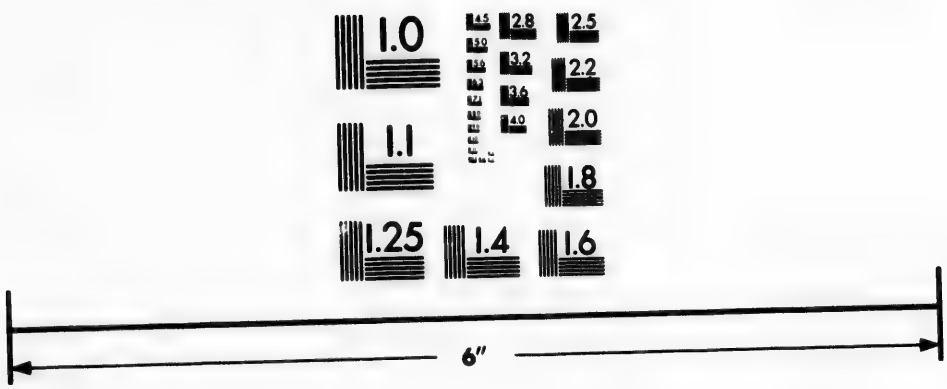

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saltpetre manufactory—and which in the year 1662 contained nearly ten thousand poor, is 120 yards more than a quarter of a mile in length, by 36 yards more than a fifth of a mile in breadth. On arriving at its gate, always open to the public every day in the week, from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, I was accosted, and after a few words of civility on both sides, was accompanied, by a very intelligent red-faced official, dressed in a blue coat, scarlet collar, with cocked hat worn crossways à la Napoléon, and ornamented with a tricoloured cockade, who conducted me into a fine, large, healthy, grass square, teeming with old women, surrounded by trees, bounded in the rear, right, and left by buildings, and in front of the entrance-gate by a very handsome church, subdivided cruciformly into four chapels. As we were walking across this spacious promenade my guide informed me that there were present in the Hospice about five thousand old women, all of whom—excepting on Sundays and fête-days, when they are allowed to dress as they like—wear the uniform of the establishment, which is blue in summer and grey in winter. He added that their qualification for admission was either bodily or mental infirmities, or without either of those afflictions, having attained seventy years of age.

On the principal of the four altars in the church, I found *eighty* wax candles standing before a statue of the Virgin, behind which was the wall, painted light blue, thickly covered with silver stars. In front of the whole of this costly finery I observed upon her knees, on the hard pavement, a poor old woman. Beyond the church I was conducted through a variety of extensive gardens, grass plots covered with trees and intersected by paths, in which old women in all directions were enjoying themselves; indeed, although the institution is, I believe, the largest of its sort in the world, it had the appearance only of a place of pleasure.

Here were to be seen old women ruminating on benches; there others seated in groups on grass emerald green. On Sundays and Thursdays their friends are allowed to come and see them; and accordingly, in many places I observed a young woman neatly, and, by comparison, very fashionably dressed, sitting on a stone bench by the side of her aged mother clad occasionally in the uniform of this noble charity.

On entering the laboratory, a detached building, instead of finding in it, as I expected, nothing but a strong smell of rhubarb and jalap, I perceived several persons engaged in preparing, in five great caldrons, what they called "*tisane*," a sort of weak gruel, which in large zinc pails—a variety of which of different sizes were in waiting—is carried all over the establishment. Adjoining is the "*Pharmacie*," a light, airy room, in which, ranged on shelves, were a number of bottles containing the various elixirs—whatever they may be—that are good for old women, and which appeared, at all events, to be inodorous.

I was next conducted to the hospital, a splendid detached building of twenty-four windows in front, and three stories with an attic in height. On entering its iron gates, adjoining a porter's lodge, I found myself in a court full of lilacs in blossom. In this hospital, which can contain 400 persons, there were 300 sick old women in twenty-four "salles des malades."* In walking through one of them I found, in twenty-four beds protected by white curtains, and arranged throughout the whole length of the hall in two rows, very nearly two dozen of old women, who, apparently without sufferings of any sort, were just going off, or rather out. Naturally attached to the fashions of their early days, most of them had tawdry-colored handkerchiefs wound round their heads; and as the bright eyes that still enlivened the fine features of several were consecutively fixed on me, as I slowly walked by them on a floor so slippery that every instant I expected to fall on the back of my head, I could not help feeling that I had lived to see withering before me many of those beautiful flowers which, in the year 1815, when they were in full bloom, had been unkindly accused of assuming as their motto, "Vivent nos amis les ennemis!"

In the garden attached to this hospital, and which was full of large beds of tulips, &c., in flower, I found only one old woman. She was sitting on a chair, reading, with her right foot resting on a pillow lying on a stool. At a little distance beyond her I came to a "rotunde," entitled "salle aux bains,"† containing sixteen baths, each surrounded by white curtains, and heated by a large "chaudière"‡ adjoining.

* Sick-wards. † Bath-room. ‡ Stove.

After meeting and overtaking a number of old women crawling and hobbling in various directions, I was conducted into the kitchen of the establishment, a long, narrow room, containing, in separate compartments heated by coal, three hot plates, each comprehending twelve coppers. There was also an oven for roasting. The gods and goddesses of this creation consisted of seven young men-cooks, in white jackets, white waistcoats, white trowsers, white night-caps, and two maids in nice black gowns and black caps edged with white.

From the kitchen I proceeded to an eating-hall (there are five of them), admirably lighted at both sides, containing three rows of tables of light oak colour, at which on rush-bottomed chairs, 700 old women, in two batches, dine per day.

It appears that between sunrise and sunset these toothless old goodies are fed three times, as follows: from seven to eight, in two squads, they drink, in their second infancy, warm milk; between eleven and twelve they have soup, with the beef that made it; between four and five they munch "légumes et dessert,"* the precise meaning of which it would be very difficult to detail.

There are forty-six dormitories, some of which contain 100 beds. The one I entered, and which, as is usual at Paris, was lighted throughout its whole length on both sides, contained in three rows forty-six beds. The pillows, counterpanes, and window curtains were all white.

In a large detached building are 1200 lunatic women, who, I have been informed, are admirably attended to, but whom the public are very properly not allowed to visit.

I was now conducted to a range of buildings, built by Cardinal Mazarin, upon which I observed inscribed "Bâtiment Mazarin, 1ère Div. Reposantes," a receptacle for aged and infirm women who, during their youth, were servants in the establishment, and who, in consideration thereof, besides gratuitous lodging, have the same food which they had been in the habit of receiving, but no wages. In 1662 nearly ten thousand poor people were received here. At present the number of "reposantes" amounts only to 350, divided into three grades:—

* Vegetables and dessert.

1st. Those who were "surveillantes"* have three rooms each.

2nd. "Sous-surveillantes,"† two rooms each.

3rd. "Filles de service,"‡ one room each.

Beyond this building is the "cours d'ouvriers,"§ containing shops for carpenters, joiners, carriages, and eight horses for bringing provisions to the establishment.

As I had now hastily gone over this magnificent hospital, I returned with my guide through the great green entrance square, and a more merry, happy scene I never beheld. Not a bonnet was to be seen, but either in caps white as snow, or in gaudy-coloured handkerchiefs, the old women were walking, talking, and sitting with their friends, who, as I have stated, on Sundays are allowed to visit them from twelve to four, during the whole of which time a sergent de ville (agent of police), in his cocked hat, uniform, and sword, is to be seen walking magnificently up and down before the great entrance gate, to guard the establishment from improper intruders.

CONSERVATOIRE DES ARTS ET METIERS.‖

From the Hospice de la Vieillesse I hastened in a small four-wheeled citadine to a vast building in the Rue St. Martin, formerly the ancient abbey of "St. Martin des Champs," upon the outside of which is inscribed—

"Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers:"

a magnificent establishment, maintained by the public purse, for the instruction,—by gratuitous lectures, especially on Sundays, and by the exhibition of machines, models, drawings, and apparatus of the most scientific nature,—of mechan-

* Superintendents.
† Assistant ditto.
‡ Female servants.
§ Work-yards.
‖ Museum of Arts and Trades.

ies and workmen of every description. In this laudable object are employed fifteen professors of practical geometry and mechanics, natural philosophy, manufactural economy, agriculture, manufactural mechanics, descriptive geometry, manufactural legislation, practical chemistry, and the ceramic art.

On entering the great gate of this college for the industrial classes, gratuitously open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays, from ten to four, and before which I found pacing two sentinels, I passed through, in succession, a series of splendid exhibition rooms, of which I can only attempt to give a very faint outline.

In the lower halls I found, admirably arranged and beautifully lighted, models of cranes and of machines of various descriptions, of powder-mills, and of the apparatus employed for elevating the obelisk of Luxor to its present site on the Place de Concorde. At the latter a mechanic, dressed in a blouse, was very clearly explaining to three or four workmen, similarly attired, the power and application of the ten sets of double blocks that had principally performed this mechanical feat. Adjoining, two soldiers in green worsted epaulets were pointing out to each other the operative powers of a spinning-machine; a little farther on, groups of people were looking in silence at models of silk-mills under glass, of various powerful processes, furnaces, gasometers, &c.

In a large arched hall, lighted at both sides, I found in two divisions a variety of ploughs, spades, shovels, and tools of all possible and impossible forms of application; waggons, carts, harrows; model of a horse skinned, showing the position and mechanical bearing of all the great muscles; models of windmills, threshing machines, farm-buildings, farm harness, &c., &c.

After ascending a very handsome double stone staircase, I entered on its summit a fine hall, close to the door of which was appended the following notice:—

"Avis-Conformément aux ordres de M. le Ministre de l'Agriculture et du Commerce, et de l'Avis du Conseil de Perfectionnement:—'La belle collection d'instruments de physique que possède le Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers sera ouverte à l'avenir,—

"'Aux physiciens, aux artistes, aux ouvriers en instruments de physique, etc., les Jeudis et les Dimanches, à partir du Jeudi, 24 Janvier.

"'L'Administrateur du Conservatoire,

"'A. MORIN.'*

"Paris, 22 Janvier, 1850."

In a room headed "Physique et Mécanique," besides chemical and physical instruments of various sorts, were collected models of railroads, locomotive engines, tenders, carriages, furnaces, air-pumps, galvanic batteries, also a powerful electrifying machine, which apparently possessed the faculty of attracting to itself every human being within sight of it. On approaching it I perceived a circle of faces, all convulsed with laughter at the sudden loud, healthy squall of a fine-looking young woman who, from possessing in her composition a very little of Eve's curiosity, had just received a smart shock.

"Tout-partout!"† she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered herself, to the inquiry of her little sister, who, with an uplifted face of fearful anxiety, affectionately asked her "Where it had struck her?"

In a department headed "Verrerie" I found on one side models of glass houses of various constructions, and on the other an omnium-gatherum of locks, padlocks, mechanical instruments, and models of various descriptions. In this room I passed, carrying an infant, a maid-servant dressed in a conical cap like a sugar-loaf, more than a yard high.

In a hall headed "Géométrie" were models of breakwaters, bridges, arches, staircases, cast-iron roofs, of all descriptions; also, a model of a temple. In a splendid gallery 136 yards long, and headed "Céramique," were various specimens of glass, porcelain, &c. In a room headed "Chauffages, Eclairages" were patterns of lamps, stoves, and furnaces.

* NOTICE.—By order of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and by the advice of the Council,—

The beautiful collection of instruments, &c., for the improvement of arts and trades, shall be opened in future,—

To men of science, artists, and workmen, on Thursdays and Sundays, from the 24th January.

A. MORIN,
Chief of the Museum.

Paris, 22nd Jan., 1850.

† All over me!

In one, not very correctly named "Acoustique, Géodésie," I found almost every visitor within it congregated in the vicinity of some mirrors that so distorted the countenances of every one who looked at them that several ladies, in spite of the most earnest entreaties, positively refused to approach them. The few who did, suddenly screamed, and, putting both hands before their faces, ran away amidst roars of laughter. On looking into the first I was introduced to my own face flattened in so extraordinary a manner that it resembled John Bull himself, under a free-trade pressure that had made his features twenty times as broad as they were high. On standing before the next I appeared as if I had suddenly had the honour of being created President of the United States, for my face, which was a couple of feet long, was as sharp and narrow as the edge of a hatchet, and yet every feature was distinctly perceptible.

On coming out of this admirable institution I inquired of a very intelligent young man dressed in a blouse the way to the General Post Office, at the "Bureau Restante" of which I had been informed there were lying some letters to my address; and although it was raining, he insisted on accompanying me through three crooked streets, in which he said he was afraid I should otherwise lose my way.

As we were walking he told me he was a "mécanicien," and that he had just returned to Paris from the Great Exhibition in London, where he had been employed to unpack and arrange the machinery he had taken over. I asked him how he had fared. He replied, "Parfaitement bien!"* but after praising the intelligence of the English people, he said, "Il y a trop de sévérité dans leurs mœurs;"† and he then theoretically explained to me what apparently unconsciously he was in person practically demonstrating, namely, the advantages to a country of politeness. In reply to these remarks I repeated to him the observation of an American who, in preaching on the same text, very cleverly and truly said "I guess, my friends, you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar!"

* Perfectly well!

† There is too much severity in their manners.

PANTHEON.

On getting out at the office of the Omnibus, I saw immediately before me, in the middle of a great square, a magnificent building, composed apparently of an ancient temple and a church.

The former—which forms, in fact, the portico of the latter, and which stands above a flight of eleven steps, extending for its whole length, and overlooking the iron railing that divides it from the square—is composed of a triangular pediment 129 feet long by 22 feet high, supported by eighteen very handsome Corinthian columns 6 feet in diameter and 60 feet high.

The church-looking building contains three domes—a very large one, a smaller one, and a lantern surrounded by a gallery and balustrade—one above another.

The object of this splendid pile—for it is not a church—is sufficiently explained by a series of figures in relief by David, representing on the triangular pediment of the portico, France, a figure 15 feet high, attended by Liberty and History, surrounded by, and dispensing honour to, Voltaire, Lafayette, Fénélon, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Manuel, Carnot, David, and, of course, Napoleon and the principal heroes of the republican and imperial armies. Beneath, in letters of gold, is the following inscription:—

"Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante."*

On entering this splendid edifice, the interior of which, 80 feet high, is a cruciform, 302 feet long by 255 broad, enlightened from above by the beautiful dome and cupola, surmounted by the lantern I have described, and by six semi-circular windows in the massive walls of the building, I was much surprised to find that, comparatively speaking, it was as empty as an empty barn! From the lofty cupola there slowly vibrated a pendulum, the lower extremity of which, slightly touching some

* To great men by a grateful country.

loose sand on the pavement, was very beautifully demonstrating the earth's movement round the sun.

Within the immense almost vacant space I observed three statues, namely, of Clemency, of Justice, and, lastly, of Immortality, who, in June, 1848, while she was standing with a pen in one hand to record the "deeds" of Frenchmen, and with a crown of glory in the other to reward them, was suddenly almost shivered to pieces by a cannon-shot, which for the moment threatened, so far as *she* was concerned, for ever to destroy the immortality she was so generously dispensing to others. After, however, having been very cleverly stuck together again, she returned to her everlasting occupation and, so far as I could judge from looking at her, is not a bit the worse for the accident.

On the four pilasters that support the great dome there is inscribed—

"Noms des Citoyens
Morts pour la défense des Lois et de la Liberté,
Les 27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830."*

Their names were, however, in letters so small that I could not read them, and I was beginning to think I had come a long way to see a very little, when I observed a handsome-looking priest, three or four soldiers, and two persons dressed en bourgeois following an official very finely attired, who had a lantern in one hand with a few tallow candles dangling in the other; and I had scarcely joined the party when we were conducted by our magnificent guide to a door or opening, where we descended some steps into a series of vaults containing, in various descriptions of tombs, the bones of great men, whose names the guide repeated so monotonously, so glibly, and so fast that it was with difficulty I could only occasionally comprehend him. At the tomb of Voltaire, whose splendid talents had been so grievously misapplied, I had but just time very hastily, by the light of one little thin tallow candle, to copy the following inscription: "Aux manes de Voltaire,

* Names of Citizens
who died in the defence of the Laws and of Liberty,
on the 28th, 27th, 29th of July, 1830.

l'Assemblée Nationale a décrété le 30 Mars, 1791, qu'il avait mérité les honneurs dus aux grands hommes !"*

From it the guide, in mute silence, led us circuitously into a corner in which was apparently nothing at all to be seen; he however, struck the wall very violently with a board, lying on purpose beside it, and there immediately resounded from all directions a loud report which echoed and re-echoed along the passages and over the bones of the dead.

We now retraced our steps through darkness rendered visible by the gleam of light the thin little candle occasionally cast upon the soldiers' bright buttons and on the gold lace of the cocked hat of our guide. On ascending into the world—that is to say, into the Pantheon—we all trudged hastily across its stone and marble pavement to the foot of a small staircase, leading by 441 steps to the highest of the three domes. The young, idle soldiers abandoned the undertaking, but the two citizens followed the guide, the priest followed them, and I followed him.

On reaching the top of the first dome, from which we were enabled to look down into the great Pantheon beneath, "Monsieur l'Abbé," as we all called him, who, I had observed, had been slightly puffing for some time, took out from underneath his very handsome gown, a large tobacco-bag, a lucifer-match, a small pipe, which he lighted, and then, adjusting his three-cornered hat, and looking at us all very good-humouredly, he stuck the thing into his mouth, its wire cover, suspended by a short, little, silvered chain, dangling beneath it. He was a remarkably fine, handsome, able-bodied, useful-looking man of about thirty-five years of age, and his black bands, edged with white, ornamented a neck and throat of unusual strength and thickness.

On arriving at the top of the interior dome, supported by thirty-two Corinthian columns, resting on the lower dome, we all found ourselves more or less out of breath.

"Sacre nom !"† said Monsieur l'Abbé, wiping his brow with his hand, as his stout foot attained the last step. Above us on the ceiling of the dome I beheld a picture, containing 3256 superficial feet, of Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, Louis

* To the Manes of Voltaire, the National Assembly decreed on the 30th of March, 1791, that he had merited the honours due to great men.

† Holy name!

XVIII., and three gigantic fluttering naked angels, holding in their hands a scroll, on which, in large letters, was inscribed the word "Charte,"* garnished with innumerable heads and wings. During the third ascent, the staircase, although not very narrow, was so steep that my face was constantly within a few inches of the black, stout balustrade calves of the legs of Monsieur l'Abbé, whose gown, twitched up by a loop, left them at liberty; and somehow or other I was thinking of English "navvies," when, happening to look upwards, I saw descending, feet foremost, a pair of white-stockinged legs of a totally different description. I can say no more of them, for infinitely sooner than I can write the words there rustled by me a lady's silk gown.

On arriving at the object of our ambition—the small balustrade surrounding the lantern which forms the summit of the Pantheon—there burst upon us all a magnificent panorama it would be utterly impossible to describe. The whole of Paris—every window, every chimney, were distinguishable; and as the atmosphere was as clear as that of the ocean, and as the sun was shining with its full power, the contrasts between strong lights and deep shadows was most beautiful. Immediately beneath was the green water of the reservoir. From it my eyes irregularly wandered—or rather revelled—along the course of the Seine with its various bridges, to palaces in all directions; to the Tuileries; to the Louvre; to the Arc Triomphale de l'Etoile; to the dome of the Invalides; to Montmartre; to the distant Fort St. Valérien; to the Gardens of the Luxembourg; to the gilt, dazzling, Mercurial-looking figure on the summitt of the monument on the Place de la Bastille, &c. Amidst the mass of houses in all directions prostrate beneath me, two or three broad, straight paved streets, diverging to their respective destinations, were strikingly contrasted with the innumerable crooked ones which here, there, and everywhere appeared for a short distance until they dissolved into roofs and stacks of chimneys of different colours and shapes. In an ancient picture of Paris forty-six years before Christ, which but the day before I had been looking at, the isle of Paris only contained a few rudely-constructed huts without chimneys! The view was as instructive as it was fascinating, and I should say no one can truly declare he has seen the metropolis of France who has not witnessed it.

The Charter.

On the summit of the Pantheon I was so impressed with the utter insignificance of the deeds of "great men," in comparison with light, air, and other natural beauties and blessings of creation, that I would fain have enjoyed my location. As, however, my worthy comrades, Monsieur l'Abbé, and the rest of my party, had, I found, on looking around for them, left me, and as I was afraid if I remained I might be locked up, I descended to the cold pavement of the interior beneath, and after again wondering at its emptiness I determined to take my departure. On approaching the door I observed on the walls the following notice, which appeared at the moment to be rather inconsistent with the inscription on the magnificent triangular pediment above it:—

"L'Inspecteur du Panthéon soussigné déclare que les huit gardiens de ce monument n'ont d'autre salaire que ce que donnent les visiteurs.—BOUCAULT." *

On coming into the warm open air my ideas of grandeur were also, I must own, a little disconcerted by seeing on the iron railings which encircled the Pantheon, on a tiny tricolor flag, affixed to a staff not bigger or longer than a mopstick, the words "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité."

Crossing the square, I descended in a cabriolet on two wheels towards the Seine, through a street (the Rue St. Jacques) so delightfully crooked, irregular, and so sociably narrow, that people living in opposite houses could, apparently, from their windows shake hands with each other. Beside me, in the carriage, sitting on a piece of sheep-skin doubled, was the driver, dressed in rusty black, with a broad piece of dingy crape round his hat. He had a club-foot, only half a nose, but was, nevertheless, loquacious, and so, almost of his own accord, he explained to me that a small four-wheeled public carriage that passed us was called "un milord;" that a "citadine" is also sometimes called a "coupé;" and that a "fiacre" has two horses.

As, according to custom in Paris, he was driving me on the wrong side of everything we met, I asked him whether he found any difference, good or bad, in his occupation since the Revo-

* The Inspector of the Pantheon declares that the eight guardians of this monument have no other salary than that given to them by visitors. Signed BOUCAULT.

lution? He answered he did not gain now *half* as much as before.

"Why?" said I.

"Monsieur," he replied, "quand le commerce marche"—here he gave his poor horse a hard whip on his shoulder—"il y a beaucoup de gens qui font leurs courses; quand il n'y a pas de commerce, ils font leurs courses à pied." *

"Have you ever been to the top of the Pantheon?" said I, ruminating on the magnificent prospect it had afforded me.

"No, never," he replied. "I have been thirty years in Paris," he added, "but have never mounted to that!"

HOSPICE DES ENFANS TROUVÉS.

Once upon a time, a gentleman, entering a fiacre after rather too good a dinner, desired the coachman to drive him "*to the Devil.*" After rumbling through Paris for some time the carriage stopped suddenly at the corner of a street. "Quel numéro, Monsieur?" † said the driver, speaking very quietly over his shoulder. The gentleman, on looking to his right, saw just above him, inscribed on the wall, "Rue d'Enfer"! ‡ In the same street, almost immediately opposite to that magnificent observatory—the eastern front of which is considered to be the latitude of Paris; in one of the rooms of which French philosophers have also traced its longitude; in which are telescopes for looking into the heavens; an anenometer for indicating the direction of the wind; pluviometers for ascertaining the amount of rain that falls at Paris during the year, astronomical instruments of every description; a theatre capable of holding 800 persons, in which M. Arago gives his lectures; also a magnificent library of 45,000 volumes—I came, *before* dinner, to a small tricoloured flag, dangling at the end of a sort of barber's pole, pointing upwards, over a square hole in a wall, about 18 inches high by 20 inches broad, filled up

* When trade prospers, a number of people ride; when there is no trade, they walk.

† What number, Sir?

‡ Hell-street.

with a black circular board, that looked as if it were a letter-box, but which is in fact, a "tour," or little turn-about, for the reception of "babbies;" and as the idea, on the mere showing of the case, appeared an odd one, and as the institution is open to the public, I rang at the large gate, and as soon as it was opened I was intending to explain the object of my visit, when the porter, who knew what I wanted before I mentioned it, told me to sit down on a bench in the hall, and then, ringing a bell, added that a person would almost immediately come to attend me.

With the concierge or porter, who now walked into a small room in front of me, there sat a nice, homely, benevolent-looking Sœur de la Charité, placidly occupied in mending, through spectacles, her coarse rough blue serge gown, which having, for that purpose, been turned up on her lap, showed me about a foot and a half of a white, very thick, soft, warm, comfortable-looking cotton petticoat. After I had been sitting about three or four minutes, the bell I had pulled rang again, and the porter, who had admitted me, opening it, a woman in a bright scarlet cloak, surmounted by a white cap with a profusion of blue ribbons, entered, stating she had just come from Valenciennes to see her niece.

The porter looked as stout as if he himself were going to be confined,—I mean by gout. His collar was red, his face was red, and, apparently from constitutional reasons, rather than from any other cause, it instantly became much redder. Somehow or other, the woman in scarlet, rightly or wrongly I know not, had inflamed it. She very quietly, after passing by me, walked into the little room opposite.

"Madame est très cavalière!"* said the porter to the sœur, pointing to the person who had offended him; the sœur, however, desisting from her work, but without dropping her gown, spoke to the culprit softly, gently, and kindly.

A door on my left now opened, and I perceived a respectable-looking woman, who, without entering, by a signal with her hand gave me to understand she was ready to accompany me. As soon as I was beyond the door she had opened, I found myself in a large hollow square, formerly the convent of the Prêtres de l'Oratoire, surrounded by the buildings of the institution. In the centre of the front range, three stories high, there beamed that emblem of order and regularity which cha-

* Madame is rather too free!

racterises every public establishment in Paris, a clock. On the left were inscribed over two adjoining doors the generic words "Bureaux," "Economal." On the right was a lofty chapel, containing two tiers of windows.

About eighteen years ago there were in France no less than 296 foundling-hospitals, into which babies—often carried through the streets three or four together in a basket at the back of a porter employed to collect them—were injected without the slightest inquiry. In 1833, in consequence of the great mortality that had been observed to take place among them, and for other equally cogent reasons, the permission to do so was so far restricted that it was deemed necessary the infants should be presented with "a certificate of abandonment," signed by a commissary of police, who, although he was permitted to admonish the mother or person abandoning the child, was not authorised to refuse the certificate required. This check, natural as it sounds, reduced the number of foundling hospitals to 152. The restraint, however, was so unpopular that in 1848 forty-four councils general, out of fifty-five, voted for its abolition; and accordingly at present babies are received through the black turn-about as before. They are also received from almost any mothers who declare themselves unable to support them; besides which, by order of the Prefect of Police, the establishment is obliged to accept orphans (from two to fourteen years of age), and also the children of any persons who will certify that they are too poor to maintain them.

Almost as fast as the babies arrive, the healthy ones are despatched into the country to women who receive for them, at first, four francs per month, which, *if* they live to grow older, is gradually increased to eight; and it has not unfrequently happened that a young mother, who had abandoned her own child, has applied to the foundling hospital into which she had poked it, to job, for the sake of the money, as a public nursling, an infant who, for aught she knows, may possibly be her own!

With these extraordinary data rumbling about in my mind I followed my attendant, who was evidently in a great hurry, into a very large, long apartment, called the "Crèche."

Before me, but rather to the left, I saw, as might be expected, the head of a baby noddling in the arms of a woman, and, walking up to her, I found seated with her, on sixteen chairs which touched each other, sixteen country-looking wo-

..., each in a peasant's dress, every one of them with a baby's head resting or noddling on her left arm; and the reason of its noddling was, that the whole of the rest of its person was swaddled as tight as if it had been a portion of the limb of a tree.

As several of these women appeared to me to be old enough to be grandmothers, I was not at all astonished at hearing several of the infants, as I walked in front of them, cry; the noise, however, was altogether greater—the chorus infinitely louder—than I could account for, and I was alike stunned and astonished by it, when, on reaching the end of the line, I saw, to my utter astonishment, lying in one tray, jammed closer to each other than the notes of a piano-forte, in little black-edged caps, twelve babies, apparently born at the same minute, rather less than a week ago.

Such a series of brown, red, yellow, pimpled, ugly, little faces I never beheld. Every one of them were not only squalling, but with every conceivable, as well as inconceivable, grimace, were twisting their little lips from one ear towards the other, as if all their mouths had been filled with rhubarb, jalap, aloes, mustard, in short, with anything out of the pharmacopœia of this world but what they wanted. There appeared to be no chance of their ever becoming quiet; for one squalled because its tiny neighbour on each side squalled, and that set them all squalling; and indeed, when the chorus, like a gale or wind, for the reasons explained in Colonel Reid's history of hurricanes, to a slight degree occasionally subsided, their little countenances evinced such real discomfort, that if they had had no voices, and for want of them had made no noise at all, it would have been impossible to have helped pitying them. Nobody, however, but myself took the slightest notice of them. The nurses walked about the room; the sixteen women, leaning their bodies sometimes a little backwards, and sometimes a little forwards, seemed to be thinking only of lulling to rest their own new charge.

For some time my attendant had been trying to hurry me away to what she considered more important scenes, but, without attending to her repeated solicitations, I stood for some minutes riveted to the ground; and afterwards, in turning round to take a last, lingering, farewell view of the tray-full of babies, I observed, pinned at the back of each of their caps, a piece of

paper, which my attendant told me was the infant's number, which, in the register, records the day or night and hour at which it was received,—but too often that is all that is known on earth of its unfortunate history.

As I was walking through this lofty and well-lighted room, the floor of which I was astonished to find so polished and so slippery that, even without an infant in my arms, I could scarcely keep on my legs, I perceived, on looking around me, that I was in a little world of babies; in fact, there were no less than 120 iron cradles full of them. In different places I observed several women feeding them with flat glass bottles, intended to represent their mothers. At the end of the room stood a statue of our Saviour.

My attendant now led me into a hall full of babies' cradles on one side, and beds for matrons on the other. Then to another room, containing thirty-eight cradles; but as soon as, on the threshold of the door, she informed me they were full of infants with all sorts of diseases in their eyes, I whisked round, and, without giving her my reasons, told her I had rather not enter it. I, however, followed her through a long room full of cradles, surrounded by blue curtains, within every one of which was a sick infant, many afflicted with the measles; and such a variety of little coughings, sneezings, cryings, and here and there violent squallings, as loud as if the child had some cutaneous disorder, and they were skinning it, it would be very difficult to describe.

There were two rows of buildings, which I had observed from the windows, and which my attendant told me were full of great children, whom the public are not allowed to see. She, however, with evident pride, showed me a large laundry, two stories high, and a drying ground; a farm-yard for cows and pigs; some large gardens; and an establishment of thirty yellow 'buses, with a cabriolet on the top, for transporting sixteen country nurses at a time (the very number I had seen sitting in a row waiting for their 'bus), with their sixteen babies, to the various termini of the railways on which they were to be injected into the country.

My attendant told me that the number of babies and children the establishment received last year amounted to about 5000; besides which, they have, in what she called "en depôt," 1500, belonging to women who are ill and in hospital, in which case the establishment relieves them of all their children. Of

the 5000, all will be supported by the "Hospice" until they are twenty-one years of age, or are apprenticed, or otherwise provided for. Besides the necessary amount of servants and nurses, there are thirty-four Sœurs de la Charité, three Priests (frères), and one "Instituteur." The total expense of the institution amounted, in 1848, to 1,378,213 francs.

My attendant now led me to what, instead of the last, ought to have been the first letter of her alphabet, namely, the "tour," or turn-about, in which babies, as soon as the lamps are lighted, are received. At first I saw nothing but a small piece of dismal-looking dark wood, but on turning it round, there gradually opened to view a little cushion of straw, covered with faded green stuff; and yet, simple as it was, I felt it impossible to look at it without being deeply impressed with the political fallacy that, with good intentions, offers to the women of France in general, and of Paris in particular, a description of relief and assistance which, strange and dreadful to say, of all the animals in creation, no other living mother but a woman would accept!

On inserting an infant into this tiny receptacle,—which not only severs it for ever from maternal care, but which I have no doubt has produced, on the hard pavement of the dark street in which the act has been so repeatedly committed, unutterable feelings and raving attitudes of misery, altogether beyond the power of the poet or the painter to describe,—a bell is either rung by the depositor, or, on the child squalling, it is turned round by the guardian in waiting, lifted out, numbered, and on the following day baptised with a name.

I was now at the door at which I had entered; but as I had been thinking of a few statistics I wished to obtain, after remunerating my attendant, I walked by myself across the interior hollow square into the department headed "Bureaux."

The superintendent was out, and, seated in the office, I was awaiting his return, when, looking into an interior room, I saw several of the clerks engaged in kindly trying to pacify a gentleman who, for some reason or other, appeared considerably excited, and who, after various gesticulations, such as placing his two elbows almost together in front of his chest, opening and clenching the fingers of both hands, and lifting up one foot after another, as if the floor was unpleasantly hot, at last, in a very squeaking tone, and with tearful eyes and cheeks, expressive of the most bitter grief, cried exactly like a child. The picture under any circumstances would have attracted a

moment's attention; but what rendered it to my mind more than ordinarily amusing was, that the fellow had a very long, well-combed, black beard, which, as he shook it in crying, kept tapping the buttons of his waistcoat!

LEFAYE ET LAFITTE.

My purse, when I left London, had contained but little money, and as that little, for a variety of very small reasons, no one of which could I recollect, had every day grown rather less, unlocking my writing-box, I opened my letter of credit, which, I felt quite proud to read, was adressed to what appeared to me to be the California of Paris—namely, "Lafitte and Co, Maison Dorée,* Rue Lafitte." Carefully putting it into my pocket, I descended my staircase into my street; and while everything, influenced probably by my letter, was appearing to me "en couleur de rose," I saw approaching me a 'bus, driven by a coachman in a beautiful glazed, bright yellow hat, a crimson waistcoat, a nice chocolate coat with crimson facings, and fine blue trousers, perched high above two white very little punchy horses, carrying their heads low, and at perfect ease.

The picture exactly corresponded with my mind, and accordingly, holding up my stick, I soon found myself in the interior rumbling sideways along the Rue de la Paix. Unfortunately, however, alike unknown to myself and to her, I had sat on the cowl of a young Sœur de la Charité. I had never seen her face, and probably never should, had it not been that, as I sat in silence by her side, I felt a very little twitch, and, looking round, to my deep regret found that, in turning her head, her cowl had twisted itself,—or rather I had twisted it,—so that what ought to have been exactly under her chin was on her cheek. I looked very sorry; she looked very kind; as quickly as I could I jumped up; she gently shook her feathers, and then everything appeared as delightful as before.

After proceeding a short way along the Boulevart des Ita-

* The gilt house.

liens, the conductor stopped the carriage, and, moving his hand at me, I walked along the 'bus, descended the steps, and at the corner of the street before me read the cheering words "Rue de Lafitte." On inquiring in a shop for the house of Monsieur Lafitte, I was desired to go nearly to the end of the street, to No. 24. As, however, I approached my goal, I began to feel that either I or the numbers of the houses were a little tipsy, for above my head I read 15 and 21, then 17 and 23, and then 25. At last, after gaping around me for at least two minutes, I discovered over a rich substantial-looking door the number I wanted, and, accordingly, ringing at the bell, I told the concierge, apparently I have no doubt rather haughtily, but really and truly with harmless joy, that I wanted to see "Monsieur Lafitte."

"Il ne reste plus ici, Monsieur!" said the woman; and on my declaring to her that he *did*, she added very quietly, "Non, Monsieur, il est mort, et sa femme aussi!"*

"He can't be *dead*!" said I to myself, as, slowly walking away, I took from my pocket the letter of credit which had so delightfully inflated me.

I was wondering where in the whole world I should find the house of "Lafitte," when, close before me, I saw, in large letters, the word "LEFAYE."

The house of Lefaye, as it stood before my eyes, was composed of a thin narrow shop-door, immediately above which was a little dark boarded-up window, flanked on each side by a Venetian blind, a few inches long and broad, giving air to some dark interior cupboard. Above, was a tiny window of four panes, surmounted by an arch. One side of Lefaye's door from top to bottom was garnished with a bunch of onions, a small bundle of feather brushes, some dry and very old lettuces, six little rush brooms, and four bundles of yellow things that looked like carrots stunted by adversity into radishes. On the other side of the door, above a tiny window, was inscribed in three lines—

Bouilon
et
Bœuf;

on the right of which, one above another, hung four bundles of yellow radishes, a little salad, and a bunch of carrots.

* No, Sir, he is dead, and his wife too.

The whole of the house of poor "Lefaye" occupied a space of about twelve feet broad by fifteen in height, and as I looked at it I could scarcely believe that close to it in some direction or other was the "Maison Dorée" of "Lafitte."

As, however, the above address was contained on my letter of credit, with the utmost reliance on its integrity I asked the first gentleman I met to be so good as to tell me where was the "Maison Dorée." With a kind bow he informed me it was at the corner of the Boulevart des Italiens, and, accordingly, retracing my steps to the point indicated,—that at which I had descended from the 'bus,—I saw sure enough a large house, of which the doors, windows, balconies, and spikes on the roof were all gilt! The whole of the lower floor, however, consisted of a magnificent café; and as that I knew was a place for spending money and not for receiving it, I ascended a staircase which conducted me into rather a handsome passage, at the end of which I indistinctly saw a harmless, infirm-looking gentleman, towards whom I walked, intending to ask him whereabouts in the Maison Dorée I could discover Monsieur Lafitte? On approaching him, I found he was myself! or rather a reflection of myself in a very handsome looking-glass, which covered the whole of the end of the passage. I turned back, and in due time, at the end of the opposite passage, I saw myself again! and as I could see nobody else, I descended the staircase, and, going into the café, ascertained that Lafitte and Co. lived within the porte-cochère adjoining the staircase I had ascended; and, accordingly, within a very handsome yard, and occupying very good apartments, I succeeded, after shooting so often at the large target of Rue Lafitte, in placing my arrow into the golden ball.

In returning homewards through the Boulevart des Italiens, I found the whole breadth of the footway occupied by a crowd of well-dressed people watching a man balancing four eggs on the points of four spikes which he had affixed in the ground.

A little farther on was rather a smaller crowd around a man jabbering praises, till he almost foamed at the mouth, in behalf of a combined inkstand, penknife, and pencilcase, the parts of which, with a great deal of action, and with the finger and thumb only of each hand, he kept separating and

then uniting. Beside him, with a tuft of hair on the point of his chin, and with his sword pendent at his side, was pacing very slowly a sergent de police, but, as is usual with respect to every thing that affords amusement in Paris, no notice was taken of the obstruction of the highway, which in London, where pleasure is subservient to business, would not have been allowed to exist for two minutes.

Farther on a tall man in mustachios was selling cotton cravats. He trhew down on the pavement, with a theatrical air, a large bundle of them, from which, after extolling them for a long time, he selected a black one, then a green one, then a spotted one, which with much action he successively tied round his own handsome bare throat, the eyes of the crowd gravely following every handkerchief throughout its various manœuvres. A short dowdy-looking shopkeeper, stepping forward, purchased a red one, with which he walked off, no doubt expecting that it would look as well around his neck as it had just appeared around that of the tall seller.

As I was observing this group there passed me several girls of about 13 or 14 years of age, dressed in white, and half veiled, exactly like brides. Many were accompanied by boys of their own age, in new clothes, with a white and silver scarf on one arm. On inquiry I found they were going to be confirmed, and I then recollected having observed, in shop windows, a quantity of little manniken shirt-fronts, with turned down collars, over which were inscribed, "Chemises pour 1rs Communistes."*

On turning round the corner I almost ran against four soldiers, carrying on their shoulders a bier or tressel, concealed by little hoops about two feet high, covered with brown canvas, and evidently containing a human body. On inquiry I ascertained it was a sick soldier, going to hospital.

The streets of Paris at once announce to any stranger that he is in a dry climate, inhabited by a gay people.

In passing along them, on whatever subject I was reflecting, the extraordinary startling clearness of the atmosphere, which descended to the very pavement, continually attracted my attention. I used sometimes to fancy I saw before me the picture of a town with people walking about it, in which

* Shirts for first Communicants.

the painter, like the man who built his house without a staircase, had forgotten to insert the smoke. The air was as clear as, indeed much clearer than, English country air usually is. Early in the morning the roofs and grotesque shapes of the tall crooked chimneys were to be seen reflected in sunshine on the opposite houses, while the remaining portion of the buildings, as well as the pavement, which had just been swept, were cool, clean, and distinct.

But the streets, especially the narrow ones, have at all times a picturesque appearance, the cause of which I was unable, for some time, to comprehend After a little observation, however, I found it proceeded from the jumbled combination of an infinite variety of façades. For instance, even in the Rue St. Honoré, the houses are like a box of mixed candles, composed of short sixes, long fours, "bed-rooms," and rushlights; and, besides being of different heights, the alignements are different. Some of the houses have stepped a few inches forward, some have retired backward: again, some have attics, some have spikes on the roof, others neither the one nor the other. Some have balconies only at top, some only at bottom, others from top to bottom. Again, the shops are not only on the basement, but often in the middle, and occasionally at the very top of a house. There exist scarcely two together of the same height. Some have two, some three, advertising boards over them. Above the row of shops on the ground floor there exists an entresol, or low, intermediate story, exhibiting a stratum of windows of the most astonishing variety: one contains a single pane of glass, in the next house are seen two one above another, in the next two alongside of each other, then sixteen, then four, then an arched window. In one single compartment of the Rue St. Honoré, namely, between the Rue des Frondeurs and Rue St. Roch, the number of panes of glass in this stratum eccentrically run as follows,—20, 4, 8, 12, 12, 4, 16, 2, 2, 8, 8, 8, 9, 4, 9, 16, 16, 12, 12, 12, 12, 4, 12, 2, 2, 8, 2, 12, 8, 8, 16, 6, 2, 18, 12. Of the above the smaller number often form larger windows than the greater, and of those marked 16 and 12 almost all are of different shapes. Lastly, the chimney-stacks and chimney-pots are of every possible shape, size, and color; and as the street itself is not straight, but writhes, its motley-colored architecture appears twisted and convulsed into all

sorts of picturesque forms. But besides this extraordinary variety I found, at first to my utter surprise, that the houses of Paris during the day actually change their shapes, and that an outline, which in the morning had been imprinted in my memory, appeared in the evening to be quite different, simply because every house in the French metropolis has Venetian blinds, which, according to the position of the sun, and occasionally in spite of the sun, at the whim of the inmates of the different stories, are opened and closed in an endless variety of forms. There is one other change which often attracted my attention. In driving through Paris towards the east, I always observed that, as the poor horse that was drawing my citadine slowly trotted on, the wealth of the shops, especially in the Rue St. Honoré, appeared gradually to die away.

During spring, summer, and autumn, the people of Paris, as might naturally be expected, are infinitely fonder of their atmosphere than the inhabitants of London. Besides balls and concerts in the open air, in the boulevards, avenues, and outside all the great cafés, crowds of people are to be seen seated *al fresco* on chairs. The windows of the 'buses, no one of which has a door, are, even when it is cold, usually all down, and not only are many windows in the streets wide open, but they are almost invariably made with a contrivance for keeping them throughout the day ajar.

But the climate of Paris has two extremes, and I was informed that in winter, just as if all had suddenly become chilly, the clear, fresh air, so profusely enjoyed in summer, is carefully shut out from almost every habitation.

THE ÉLYSÉE.

As the ordinary Paris fiacrés, which go anywhere within the city for twenty-five sous, are not allowed to drive into the great gate of the Elysée, the residence of the President of the Republic, and as the "entrée" is granted to those of forty sous, regardless of expense I hired one of the latter, and had not rumbled in it a hundred yards when I came to the line

of carriages proceeding there. As my coachman, however, was for the occasion gifted with an ambassador's pass, we were permitted to break the line, and we accordingly at once drove into the court, in which I found assembled a strong guard of honour. On walking up the long steps, and entering the great hall, I saw in array before me, in very handsome liveries ornamented with broad lace, several stout, fine-looking, well-behaved servants, one of whom took my hat, for which he gave me a slight bow and a substantial round wooden counter. I then proceeded into the first of a handsome suit of small rooms, in which I found Prince Louis Napoleon, surrounded by a circle of people, principally in uniform. He looked pale and, generally speaking, pensive, but he had something kind to say to everybody; his manner was exceedingly mild, affable, and gentlemanlike; and yet it was interesting and at times almost painful to me to observe that, although at every new introduction his countenance beamed with momentary pleasure, it almost as invariably gradually relapsed into deep thought; indeed, his position—from what is termed the mere showing of the case—was evidently an impracticable one.

For a considerable time his visitors, of their own accord, appeared around him in a formal circle, of which he was the ornamental centre, and then all of a sudden—like the change in a kaleidoscope—the party broke into little groups, and he stood almost alone: nay, in the mere act of bowing, at one moment the scene, as it were instinctively, represented monarchy—and the next, as if the visitors had suddenly and uncomfortably recollected something, a republic.

Nevertheless, throughout the whole of the rooms, there existed that striking anomaly which characterises the French nation—a crowd without pressure. In conversing with one of the principal aides-de-camps I asked him which was the room in which Napoleon had passed his last night (I did not say *slept*) before he took leave for ever of Paris. In reply he was obliging enough to take me into a private chamber, when, pointing to the ceiling above our heads, he said to me —"Le voilà!"*

On returning to the suit of rooms which, constructed in 1718 for the Count d'Evreux, had since been the residence of

* This is it!

Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., of the Marquis de Marigny, of M. Beaujon, (a great banker), of the Government Printing office, of Murat, of Napoleon, of the Emperor of Russia, of Napoleon again, of the Duke of Wellington, of the Duke de Berri, of the Duke de Bordeaux, and now of Prince Louis Napoleon, President of the Republic, I stood for some time close to two of the bearded party called Red Republicans, and, having thus rapidly glanced at all I desired, I retired into the entrance-hall, where I received my hat from one richly-dressed servant, just as another liveried menial of Democracy, with a magnificent voice, was calling out very lustily and with becoming importance—"La Voiture de Madame la Comtesse de . . . . . !"*

As the strange political history of the building I was leaving flitted across my mind,

"Here," said I to myself, "we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round!"

MARCHÉ DU VIEUX LINGE.†

"WHAT do you lack? What do you lack?"—"Qu'est-ce que vous cherches, Monsieur?"‡ said a young woman to me very sweetly: "Qu'est-ce que vous désirez?"§ repeated one of my own age, rather hoarsely, "qu'est-ce qu'il vous faut?"‖ "Dites donc, Monsieur!" said another.

What I really wanted was to be allowed to walk through the busy hive I had entered unmolested, but that I soon found was utterly impossible. I had evidently come to buy something, and innumerable mouths of all ages, on my right and on my left, one after another, and occasionally half a

* The Countess of . . . . . 's carriage stops the way!
† Rag-market.
‡ What are you looking for?
§ What do you desire?
‖ What do you want?

dozen together, were anxiously inquiring of me what that something was: "Qu'est-ce que c'est que Monsieur désire?"*

The ancient Temple of Paris built in 1222, originally contained—besides the Palace of the Grand Prior of the Order of Knights Templars of Jerusalem, with hotels, gardens, and dwellings in which debtors might seek refuge from arrest—a large tower flanked by four turrets, in which Louis XVI. and his family were not only imprisoned, but from which, on the 21st of January, 1793, he was separated from them for ever, to be murdered on the Place de Louis XV.

In 1805 the tower—every dog has its day—was demolished, and in 1809 Napoleon, whose extrordinary mind in the middle of all his victories conceived the formation at Paris of a rag-market! converted a portion of the ancient Temple into the present "Marché du Vieux Linge," which consists of an establishment of 1888 little low shops, about the size of an English four-post bedstead, covering a space of ground 580 feet in length by 246 in breadth, divided by a cruciform path, in the centre of which, isolated from the hive, is a bureau full of Argus-eyed windows looking in all directions. Besides the four divisions I have mentioned, this rectangular space, covered by an immense wooden roof, is subdivided lengthways into thirty-six alleys or paths, barely broad enough for two persons to walk together; and breadthways into thirteen passages of the same narrow dimensions. Each little shop is usually composed of two large sea-chests, which at night contain its property and by day form its counter.

From the name which this market bears I had fully expected to find within it nothing but a sort of rag-fair, instead of which, its little shops contain an infinite variety of cheap millinery, linen, clothes, boots, shoes, and iron-work, old and new.

As, like Gulliver, I strolled through the strets of this Lilliputian city, which appeared to be almost exclusively inhabited by females, I was pleased to find as much propriety and politeness within it as could exist in the Rue St. Honoré; and accordingly, although everybody was bargaining for rags, &c., with more or less energy, I heard "*Oui*, Madame!" "*Non*, Madame!" resounding from various directions.

In one tiny shop as I passed it I observed a lusty paysanne, with a good deal of agony in her countenance, sitting

* What does the gentleman desire?

with her sturdy right leg cocked out and up as if it had been of wood. "Ca vous va *très* bien, Madame!"* observed the lady of the shop, who had just succeeded in forcing her customer's big foot into a little narrow shoe, at which, with well-feigned admiration, she kept bowing her head with delight.

As I was sauntering through the next alley I saw a woman all of a sudden dart out of a shop and whip a diminutive, new, bright blue satin cap on the head of an infant in the arms of a very short countrywoman, who for some time had been demurely waddling on before me, and who, indeed, was so stout that there had been hardly space enough for me to pass her. The poor good mother had no more intention of buying a little bright blue satin cap than I had, but her child looked so beautiful in it that she evidently had not heart enough to take it off, and I left her firmly fascinated to the spot, which I have no doubt she never quitted until she had been persuaded to buy the cap.

Again, a milliner had inveigled in a shop, about the size of a sea-steward's cabin, a young lady who, as I passed, was in the dangerous attitude of looking into a large glass, while the woman, with a delightful smile on her face, was gracefully tying under her victim's chin the strings of a new bonnet.

For a considerable time I wandered between shops full of old iron, locks, thousands of old keys, warming-pans, saws, sauce-pans, rat-traps; then through a region of old and new slippers, shoes, half-boots, boots, and jack-boots. Then I got into the latitude of darned stockings, as clean as new; shirts, old and new; empty stays that had, once upon a time, evidently been brimful; faded handkerchiefs, washed till the spots had almost disappeared; gloves, blankets, coloured gowns, that had—as if in the river Styx—been washed into the pale ghosts of what they had been. In one of these shops I observed an old woman trying to sell an old sheet to another old woman, whose shrivelled forefinger was unkindly pointing to a great hole in it.

On changing my longitude I found myself amidst new millinery, artificial flowers, fine gold sprigs: "Qu'est-ce qu'il vous faut, Monsieur?" said a pretty milliner, screwing up her mouth, to me as I passed her. Then I came to parasols, and my mind finally rested on a whole world of mattresses.

* It fits you beautifully.

On entering the little isolated glass "bureau," or office, in the middle of the establishment I had just visited, I found two officers, one of whom, to a question that I put to him, briefly replying, "Je ne sais pas, Monsieur,"* walked out. As soon as he was out of sight the other officer, with great politeness, expressed to me his regret that, as a stranger, I should have received an answer "si malhonnête;"† he begged me to pardon it, to give myself the trouble to sit down, and to allow him to afford me every information in his power. Accordingly, he told me that the 1888 shops committed to his surveillance, and open from sunrise to sunset throughout the year, are let by the week at one frank and forty centimes each, with an extra charge for insurance of five sous a-week, for which the chef of the establishment not only furnishes guards by day and four watchmen by night, but holds himself responsible for theft, which he added had, although a large portion of the goods are left on the counters at night, scarcely ever been committed; indeed, the demand for these shops is so great that there are many respectable people who have been applying for one to the police for upwards of three years.

He added, that the four squares formed by the two cruciform roads, which in each direction bisect the establishment, are—

1. The "Palais Royal," containing modistes, soieries, robes de bal; in short, said he, it contains "tout ce qu'il y a de beau!"‡

2. Le Carré-Neuf, containing "modistes et lingeries."§

3. Le Carré, containing "batteries de cuisine en lingerie."‖

4. The Forêt Noir,¶ containing shoes, with old ironmongery of all descriptions.

He informed me that in the establishment many persons had occupied their stalls since they were originally constructed by Napoleon in 1809, and that several had made "fortunes colossales."** Lastly, he told me that underneath the "Marché du Vieux Linge," in the centre of which we were sitting, are subterranean vaults which for many ages had been used as prisons.

At a short distance eastward from the market just de-

* I don't know, Sir.
† So uncivil.
‡ Milliners, silks, ball dresses, every thing that is beautiful.
§ Milliners and linen.
‖ Kitchen utensils and linen.
¶ The Black Forest.
** Colossal fortunes.

scribed is a circular building, erected in 1788, when the Temple was a sanctuary for debtors, called the "Rotonde," composed of arcaded shops overflowing with all sorts of old uniforms, from that of a drummer to a field-marshal. In one I saw piles of old epaulettes, belts, and shakos; in others, knapsacks, pouches, and red tufts; in another, bales of dragoons' old leather-lined trowsers, neatly folded; in another, a medley of military gloves, cocked hats, and gaiters; in another, heaps of blue trousers; in another, a quantity of old trunks, also balls, two feet in diameter, of broad woollen list.

With brains almost addled by the variety of old clothes I had been visiting, on leaving the Rotonde I stood for a few moments before the only part of the Temple that now exists, namely, the ancient palace of the Grand Prior; which, built in 1566, was converted in 1814 into a convent belonging to the "Dames Bénédictines de l'Adoration du St. Sacrement." Over the entrance-gate of the ancient chapel of the Temple I observed, deeply engraved, the words "Venite adoremus:" and strangely mixed up with this sacred invitation there appeared on each side, painted in large black letters,

"LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ."

LA CRÈCHE.

In the Rue St. Lazare, over a gateway, No. 148, leading into a small yard, I observed, printed in letters of various sizes, the following inscriptions:—

"Le Roy, Peintre."*
"Lia. Ride, Serrurier."†
"Fleury, Tourneur sur Bois en tous genres." ‡

Lastly,—

"Crèches St. Louis d'Antin."

On the right of the gateway, on a board, was written, "A

* Le Roy, Painter. † L. Ride, Lockmaker.
‡ Fleury, Turner of wood of all sorts.

lour de suite, grand et petit atelier."* On the left was affixed a little red box, bearing the word "tronc,"† and in white letters below,—

"Pour les pauvres petits enfants."‡

In the yard I saw the staircase of the crèche I had come to visit, and accordingly, ascending it, after two little turns, hardly worth recording, I found myself in the first of a suite of three small rooms lighted by ten windows, several of which were closed only by Venetian blinds. The rooms were full of iron cradles, and the cradles were full of babies, and the babies were evidently brimful of something or other, for they were as silent and quiet as if they were dead. At the end, on the wall of the first room, was a statue of our Saviour on the cross. In the second, dressed in coarse black gowns, on the shoulders of which hung a white napkin, covering the head, stood two Sœurs de la Charité; and as one, wearing a long black rosary terminating in a black cross, on which there appeared a figure of Christ in silver, was very young and pretty, I addressed myself to the other, a nice, warm, comfortable, honest-faced, ruddy woman, of about forty-five, who was leaning against a desk, over which was affixed a statue of the Virgin and Child, with the following inscription:—

"Ils trouberent l'enfant couche dans une creche, et, oubrant leurs tresors, lui offrirent des dons."§

In each of the twelve arrondissements of Paris is established a "crèche," or house of reception for enfants, under the following regulations:—

1. That the mother be poor.
2. That she works out of her own house.
3. That she conducts herself well.
4. That her infant is not sick.
5. That it has been vaccinated.

* To let, a large and a small workshop.
† Money-box.
‡ For the poor little children.
§ They found the child lying in a manger, and opening their treasures they offered him gifts.

6. That its age does not exceed two years.

Each crèche is governed by a Conseil d'Administration, composed of two or three priests, three or four gentlemen, and two or three ladies; a committee of ladies, composed of Madame la Présidente, six vice-presidents, Madame la Trésorière, the President of the Medical Committee, and about forty or fifty Ladies Inspectresses; a Medical Committee, composed of three or four physicians and an oculist; and, lastly, a Lady Treasurer. These twelve little petticoat legislatures are under the direction of a central committee or parliament, which from time to time frame and issue general regulations for the government of the whole.

Every crèche is open from half-past five in the morning till half-past eight at night every day, excepting fête-days, for the reception of all who have been recommended by the ladies vice-presidents, and infants examined by one of the physicians of the crèche. The mother is required to bring her child in a clean state, to furnish linen for the day, and, if she can afford it, to pay twenty centimes (2*d.*) per diem for its management. She is required to suckle it when she brings it; to come and repeat the dose twice during the day, and again at night, when she takes the thing ("la creatura") away; for under no circumstances is it permitted to sleep in the crèche.

The kind sister, having very good-humouredly explained to me these preliminaries, conducted me into room No. 1, in the centre of which there was what she called a "pouponnière," or pound, in which those little errant infants that can stand are allowed to scramble round a small circular enclosure, composed of a rail, just high enough for them to hold. Within it were seven or eight, all dressed in red caps, little blue frocks covered with white spots, and very clean white pinafores, in winter exchanged for colored ones with sleeves. Every child on its arrival in the morning is stripped of its own clothes, which are hung up in a closet, and instead thereof it wears throughout the day the costume, or, as my sœur termed it, "l'uniforme de la crèche," as described. At night it is again washed and re-dressed in its own clothes.

Around the pouponnière, against the walls of the room, there stood shaded by white curtains fourteen little iron bedsteads, 2 feet 8 inches high, on each of which was appended a

black plate of iron, bearing, in white letters, the name of the charitable person who had given it (the bedstead, not the baby) to the crèche. The bedding consists of two clean mattresses, both filled with oat-chaff, a soft white pillow, blankets, but no sheets.

In every one of these cradle bedsteads, in each of the three rooms, I found, as, in passing along with the sœur, I peeped into it, an infant in a pink cap fast asleep. One, as I gently withdrew its curtains, suddenly twisted round, as if I had stuck a long pin through it. Another lay quite exhausted, with its little toothless mouth wide open, and with a fly on its nose. One had flushed cheeks like roses. Another, only twenty-five days old, looked flabby, and breathed very quickly. Another was sleeping with a fist on its left eye. Another had his right arm extended, with its tiny empty hand wide open. Some were lying on their sides, some on their backs. One, with its eyes open, was sucking the whole of its hand. Another was crumpled up with its head under the clothes, and its little wrong end on the pillow. One slept with its elbow up; one, with its hand under its cap, was pinching and pulling at its own ear. Of one nothing was to be seen but the back of its pink nightcap.

In each room, close to the windows, which were all wide open, stood a row of white basins, with two small sponges in each. In the middle of the room hung a thermometer. Outside the windows of the three chambers, in a balcony 30 feet long and 4 feet broad, covered with a chequered awning, and wired at the sides, I found a number of infants in "uniforme," enjoying the fresh air.

The sœur, now taking hold of a bunch of polished keys, which, beneath the black rosary, had been dangling by her side, led me to the door of a cupboard, quite full of bottles of nauseous-looking medicine of various sorts. She then showed me the "lingerie," a large wardrobe, replete with blue and white clothes, neatly folded, and beautifully clean; a passage, in which the clothes belonging to the children were hanging for the day; a small kitchen, about 10 feet square, containing in the middle a hot plate, not a yard square, with a number of little pans hanging on the walls; and, lastly, a little room, containing two rows of exceedingly small, low, rush-bottomed chairs, all possessing a certain strong family likeness, which need not more accurately be described.

As we were walking through the establishment, I observed, attending to the children, three or four young women, dressed in blue gowns, with white handkerchiefs covering their heads, and ending in a corner down their backs. Each of these "berceuses" is required to take charge of six infants not weaned, or twelve that are weaned, or twenty that can eat and run alone. The youngest, besides the natural nourishment their mothers are required to give to them, are kept quiet (*i. e.* full) during the day by means of what the sœur called a "biberon," Anglicè, a bottle with a zinc top. The weaned are collected together into a pouponnière, where they are filled with soup and bread.

Among a long list of very sensible regulations, by which the crèches of Paris are conducted, and which the sœur was good enough to explain to me, the following are submitted for the consideration, not only of such of my young readers as may lately have happened to set up a baby, but of any one who secretly believes that some of these days he, she, or both, may perhaps have one or possibly two :—

No flowers are admitted into the crèche.

No bonbons—no cakes—no painted toys to suck.

The curtains of cradles should never be entirely closed.

Every baby should enjoy "pieds chauds, ventre libre, tête fraîche." *

It should never be lifted by one arm.

It should be caressed, but—(the following regulation applies only to the *baby*)—seldom kissed.

It should not be awakened when asleep.

It should be seldom scolded—never beaten.

If an infant begins to squall, the best way to quiet it—"calmer ses cris"—is to play to it gently on an accordion.

Lastly, its mother, however poor, should teach it "à être aimable, aimant, poli, bon, reconnaissant." †

The good sœur, now taking me to her desk, showed me a book, containing the daily report of the physician, whose statements, open to the public, may thus be verified or complained of; also one, ruled like an almanac, containing the addresses of the sixty children (the present number of inmates), to whose names she is required to make a cross every day they come;

* Warm feet, an unconfined stomach, and a cool head.

† To be amiable, loving, polite, good, grateful.

another book, for the lady inspectresses of the day (there are no less than sixty of them), stating, in a report which they then sign, the number of children received; another, detailing not only the number of children admitted per annum, but a little history of each, *i. e.* their names, residences, dates of admission and departure; deaths, if any; their parents, with the profession of each. An account-book, very clearly written, of receipts and expenses. Lastly, a list of the contents of the crèche. In this inventory the furniture of the rooms is described as follows:—

Room No. 1. "Un Christ, un bénitier, un tronc."

Room 2. "Une vierge, une horloge, et un autre tronc." *

Lastly, the sœur gave me the following blank printed formula, which the ladies inspectresses (among them are twenty-three baronnes, one comtesse, and one marquise) are daily required to fill up:—

Questionnaire sur la Tenue de la Crèche pour Mmes les Inspectrices. †

Mesdames les Inspectrices sont priées de donner un rapport dans le courant de chaque mois. Ce rapport continent les réponses aux questions; et si Madame l'Inspectrice juge à propos d'y mettre quelques observations, le Comité les examinera très attentivement.

Jour et heure de la visite:

1. L'escalier est-il propre?
2. Combien de degrés marque le thermomètre?
3. Les salles ont-elles de l'odeur?
4. Sont-elles bien rangées?

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† *List of Questions on the State of the Crèche for the Lady Inspectresses,*

The Lady Inspectresses are requested to give a report in the course of each month. This report contains the answers to the questions; and if the Lady Inspectress thinks proper to add any observations to it, the Committee will examine them very attentively.

The day and hour of the visit:

1. Is the staircase clean?
2. At how many degrees does the thermometer stand?
3. Is there any bad smell in the rooms?
4. Are they well arranged?

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* A Christ, a holy-water pot, and a money-box. A Virgin, a clock, and another money-box.

5. Reste-t-il des vêtements accrochés au mur ?
6. Les couches sèchent-elles autour des poêle
7. Les lits sont-ils propres ?
8. Les paillassons sont-ils mouillés ?
9. La cuisine est-elle propre ?
10. Les potages sont-ils bien faits ?
11. Les berceuses sont-elles propres sur elles ?
12. Sont-elles toutes à leur poste ?
13. S'occupent-elles bien des enfants ?
14. Ne reçoivent-elles pas de visites particulières ?
15. Ne travaillent-elles pas pour elles ?
16. Parlent-elles durement ou grossièrement aux enfants ?
17. Mangent-elles dans les salles des aliments qui ont de l'odeur ?
18. Répondent-elles avec politesse aux Inspectrices et aux visiteurs ?
19. Surveillent-elles les enfants lorsqu'ils sont aux lieux d'aisances ?
20. Ne laissent-elles pas traîner des épingles à terre ou sur les berceaux ?
21. Les enfants sont-ils bien propres ?
22. La surveillante est-elle à son poste ?
23. La lingerie est-elle en ordre ?
24. Les registres sont-ils bien tenus ?
25. Les mères sont-elles contentes des soins que la Crèche donne à leurs enfants ?

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5. Are there any clothes left hanging up on the wall ?
6. Are the children's napkins drying around the stoves ?
7. Are the beds clean ?
8. Are the straw mats wet ?
9. Is the kitchen clean ?
10. Are the broths well made ?
11. Are the nurses neat and clean in their persons ?
12. Are they all at their posts ?
13. Do they attend carefully to the children ?
14. Do they not receive private visits ?
15. Do they not work for themselves ?
16. Do they speak harshly or coarsely to the children ?
17. Do they in the rooms eat any food with a strong smell ?
18. Do they answer with politeness the lady patronesses and visiters ?
19. Do they watch the children when they are on their chairs ?
20. Do they not drop pins on the floor or on the cradles ?
21. Are the children perfectly clean ?
22. Is the Superintendent at her post ?
23. Is the linen in good order ?
24. Are the registers carefully kept ?
25. Are the mothers satisfied with the care and attention bestowed on their children at the Crèche ?

INSTITUTION NATIONALE DES SOURDS-MUETS.*

This charitable institution (situated in the Rue de St. Jacques), for the reception of deaf and dumb children, from eight to fifteen years of age, whose parents have not the means of educating them, is open to public inspection on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from three to five o'clock, and accordingly, on calling on the latter day at the hour appointed, I was politely received, and cheerfully conducted by one of its principal superintendents into a sort of garden, in which I found, under the charge of the "surveillant en chef," himself deaf and dumb, 116 fine, healthy-looking deaf and dumb boys, dressed in blouses, amusing themselves at gymnastic exercises, at bowls, and at a Frenchified description of leapfrog.

A happier, ruddier, and more joyous set of countenances I have seldom beheld, and I was returning to several of them a small portion of the smile or grin with which they had greeted me, when all of a sudden a drum beat, on which, just as if they had heard its roll, they all instantly desisted from their games, fell into line, and by beat of drum, with which their feet kept perfect time, they marched away, following the drummer-boy, who was also deaf and dumb.

"They cannot be perfectly *deaf*," I said, "if they hear that drum?"

In reply my guide informed me its roll had no effect on their ears, but created an immediate vibration in their chests, which, although in describing it he had put his hand thereon, he termed "dans l'estomac."

As we were following the young soldiers, "Where are the sixty little girls?" said I.

Stopping shortly, he replied, very gravely, "Visitors are never allowed to see *them*."

"Why?" I asked.

"Monsieur," he replied, "parce qu'elles ont des yeux. Elles

* National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

ne sont pas comme des aveugles. Il n'y a que les prêtres qui peuvent y entrer !"*

On entering the Salle des Exercices, which I found full of empty benches, and in which I was introduced to an exceedingly intelligent-looking deaf and dumb professor, wearing a long black beard, I was shown a fine picture of the original founder of the establishment, the Abbé de l'Epée, embracing the young deaf and dumb Count de Toulouse, whom he had educated. There was, moreover, a bust of the founder, as also one of the Abbé de Sicard, who, on the death of the Abbé de l'Epée, in 1796, undertook the management of the establishment, which, during the revolution of 1789, had been transferred from a convent of Celestines to the buildings of the Séminaire de St. Magloire, where it now exists.

After proceeding along a passage, my guide opened the door of a large room, which I found nearly full of the boys I had found playing, now as busily engaged in tailoring, under a person for whose benefit, in return for his instruction, they were sewing and stitching with great alacrity.

On my asking this professor of the needle and shears whether his pupils understood him when he spoke to them, he good-humouredly replied, "We have no occasion for many words; they see by my *eyes* if I am not satisfied." I next entered a room in which about twenty boys were engaged in lithography, the details of which they executed very creditably. Several of their drawings on paper, afterwards to be transferred to stone, were very beautiful, and, while they were thus engaged, others at the end of the room were working the lithograthic presses.

In the next room we entered I found seated on stools, hammering, grinning, laughing, and altogether looking as merry as grigs, twenty-two young shoemakers, among whom I recognised the drummer. To this boy, while the professor was gravely explaining to me his own duties, I made a slight military movement with my wrists and elbows, at which he instantly grinned, and the boys all—for all had watched me from the moment I had entered—grinned too; the professor smiled, my guide smiled, and I left them happy and hammering, as I had found them, to enter a room in which, under a deaf and

* Sir, because they have eyes. They are not like the blind. No persons but priests are allowed to go to them.

dumb instructor, I found a number of boys employed in turning.

In the drawing room are eight double benches, on which successively every boy in the establishment takes his seat, for, although in other studies they are allowed to a certain degree to follow the bias of their own inclinations, yet all are taught to draw, for the purpose of enabling them with facility to delineate the signs and the alphabet by which they are enabled mutually to communicate their ideas to each other. The disposition of their time is as follows:—throughout the year they rise at five, in order at half-past to be at their studies, at which they remain till seven, when they breakfast, and at half-past seven enter the various workshops, in which they continue till ten, when they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history till twelve.

From noon until half-past they have their dinner, or, as my guide called it, their "grand déjeûné."* They then play for half an hour till one, when they go, on alternate days, to writing for an hour, till two. They are employed in reading, &c., till four, when they have half an hour allowed them for a "petit repas"† and play. From half-past four, for two hours and a half, they are again in the workshops, and from half-past six at study till half-past seven, when they go to supper; after which they are again allowed recreation till half-past eight, when they all go to bed.

In a long room supported in the middle by a set of plain stone columns, lighted by windows on each side, also at both ends, and with a floor of oak, waxed, polished, and as slippery as glass, I found sixty plain iron bedsteads, each of which, besides comfortable bedding, had an exceedingly clean counterpane. At the foot of every bed was suspended the name of its temporary tenant, and between each bedstead a small "table de nuit." At one end of this airy hall there stood a large, luxurious bed, in which, blinded by curtains, and deaf and dumb, reposes and snores the "Surveillant:"‡ at the other end, in a smaller bed, lies, curtainless, the "Garçon de Salle."§ Between the two, on little iron pedestals, I observed, standing erect, six glass tumbers, half full of oil, to give a feeble light at night. The lofty windows on both sides, as also at

* Great breakfast.
† Slight refreshment.
‡ The superintendent.
§ The hall servant.

each end, were wide open, and at each end of the hall was a large orifice in brass for the admission of hot air in winter.

Adjoining to this healthy, well-ventilated dormitory, I found an admirable long washing-room, containing along its two sides a leaden trough, above which protruded from the wall sixty water-cocks, and above them a pole, on which hung, touching each other, sixty towels. In the corner was a large tap, which on being turned by my guide, there instantly rushed very violently from each of the sixty smaller ones, along the walls of the room, a little stream, by which arrangement every boy enjoys exclusively his place, towel, stream, and, moreover, his proportion of that commonwealth the public trough. In the middle of the room was a long table, or dresser, beneath which in pigeon-hole shelves were their dressing-boxes.

On entering the chapel, I saw above a plain homely altar —surrounded by rails, and on which there were only six candles—a fine and appropriate picture of Jesus Christ giving words to the dumb and hearing to the deaf. There was also an affecting picture, drawn by Peyson, a deaf and dumb artist, of the demise of the good Abbé de l'Epée, around whose death-bed there appear the Abbé Sicard, and a young man, Antoine Dubois, now ninety-four years of age, who was a pupil of the Abbé de l'Epée, under whose will he continues to enjoy the benefits of the institution.

In the middle of the chapel there stood in rows twenty oak benches for the boys, and above them a gallery for the girls scientifically arranged, so as to allow them to see the altar without being able to look at the boys. The service is conducted in the ordinary manner,—that is to say, the priest, sometimes facing his deaf and dumb congregation, and sometimes turning his back upon them, chants and sings to them just as if they all heard him.

Although, in an establishment open to the public three days a week, visiters are, as I have stated, not allowed to intrude into the department allotted to the girls, and although every judicious precaution seems to be taken to shield the whole of the young inmates from evil, all are very properly allowed to go to their parents whenever they may apply for them; moreover, on Thursdays and Saturdays they are taken out to enjoy a walk through the gay noisy streets of Paris, which to their senses must appear as silent as the grave.

From the chapel I was conducted into the cleanest and most airy dining-room that can possibly be conceived. On each side of this hall, the floor of which was flagged very neatly in squares placed diagonally, were a series of lofty windows, most of them wide open, and in the middle three long tables of conglomerated red and yellow marble, beneath which, on a narrow wooden shelf, were arranged the napkin and *silver* mug of each boy; besides which, I observed, lying close to one of the common benches which surrounded these three tables, a very large basket brim-full of *silver* spoons and *silver* four-pronged forks, marked with the letters "S. and M." —a just satire, I whispered to myself, on the inconsistency of feeding with plate deaf and dumb boys, whose certificate for admission into the establishment must be "utter *destitution!*" At each end of the hall are arranged crossways three tables in a row for the masters and professors—all deaf and dumb.

I was now conducted into the open air to a sanded promenade or terrace for the boys, broad enough and handsome enough for a palace, overlooking a large walled well-stocked kitchen-garden, full of fruit, at which they are permitted only to look. From the end of this terrace was a flight of steps descending into a large space shaded by trees, the playground and gymnasium in which I had found the boys.

From the dining-room I secretly prophesied that I should be—and I was—conducted into the kitchen, which, in keeping with the rest of the establishment, was light and airy. In it, as is usual in all the public establishments of Paris, I found the application of heat so scientifically arranged, that within one hot plate, only eight feet in length by five in breadth, the smoke of which was carried down below, the whole diurnal cookery for governor, professors, boys, girls, and servants was easily performed.

In this well-arranged charity, the deaf and dumb inmates of both sexes are instructed by means of two different languages, namely, by alphabet, and by what is significantly termed "signes mimiques."* In their various studies, where accuracy of expression is required, the former only is permitted: for the purposes of rapid conversation the latter is not only taught, but is generally used. The one slowly but surely reaches its point, while the other dashes towards it with a genius and impetuosity which are highly interesting to witness.

* Mimic signs.

For instance, as I was descending a winding staircase, conversing with my guide, I observed a fine healthy merry boy rapidly but inquisitively, as he passed us, touch with the fore-finger of his right hand his eyes and mouth. It was to ask if the chief superintendent (he who sees all and talks all) was coming. Another boy, in running fast by us, interrogatively made with his right hand two slight undulating motions. I asked my guide what that meant.

"He asked me," he replied, "whether you were not a foreigner ('d'outre-mer'),* which he represented by figuring with his hand the waves of the sea. You might have perceived as I was talking to you I repeated his 'signe mimique,' by which I informed him that you *were* 'd'outre-mer.'"

In taking leave of this interesting establishment, I stood for a few moments in the entrance square to look at an object of great curiosity,—an enormous elm (orme), 246 years of age and 90 feet in height, which had been planted by Sully, minister of Henry IV. For about fifty feet its tall straight stem has, in accordance with the fashion of the day, been lopped, but the remaining forty feet of branches, the bark, and fabric, show no signs of age; indeed, it is considered to be the finest tree in the neighbourhood of Paris.

On re-entering the Rue de St. Jacques, I met a procession of children, from three to five years of age, preceding a crooked, withered woman, who from old age was apparently able to hobble on just about as fast as they had learned to walk. One little fellow, without a hat, and with black shaggy hair, had on the bosom of his frock a snip of scarlet riband, from which dangled an eight-pointed cross of some sort, the ancient order of sugar-plums, I suppose. As I was looking at them, we were overtaken by a line of schoolboys, dressed, as is usual in Paris, in tight blue coats edged with red, with a jiggamaree ornament embroidered on their collars. All this is well enough; but when I reflected that a boy's stomach is the engine that is to propel him to advancement in the army, navy, law, church,—in fact, in every profession of life,—I could not but lament the foolish French practice of allowing the rising generation to pinch in their waists with black patent leather belts, which must surely not only impede the circulation of their young blood, but seriously interfere with the healthy

* From beyond the sea.

digestion of their food; and, as all the schoolboys in Paris are thus waspified, the distinction, after all, is *nil!*

ROULAGE.

I HAD rumbled along for a considerable time in an omnibus, when the conductor—dressed as usual in a blue coat, embroidered silver collar, blue trowsers, with black leather imitation boots, silver plaquet, and a variety of little silver chains dangling across his breast—pulling his string to stop the carriage, made a signal to me to get out, and, as soon as I had obeyed him, pointing to a small office, the carriage drove off.

On entering it I found no one but its superintendent, who in exchange for my ticket gave me another, and he had hardly done so when several people, one after another, came in to wait for the same 'bus I was waiting for. On its arrival it was raining hard, and, although I was pressed for time, I felt that, as those who were in the room were principally ladies, it was hopeless for me to expect to get away, especially as the carriage, excepting one place, was full, and therefore, while most of the expectants walked towards it, I remained in the office. All of a sudden, however, I heard the superintendent call out "Numéro 1," and, as that was my number, I emerged from my den, ascended the step, and had scarcely filled the vacant place when the vehicle drove on, leaving all the ladies in the street, and the carriage being now full, the conductor affixed to it, over his head, a board on which was inscribed the word "complet," a signal to lusty ladies and gentlemen not, as in England, uselessly to run after it.

On sitting down, without looking at anybody, but, on the contrary, fixing my eyes on that part of the woodwork of the roof immediately before my eyes, I, with the forefinger of my right hand, slightly touched the brim of my hat. The effect it produced was that which I had repeatedly observed. The people of Paris, though they are too polite to appear even to notice it, are constantly offended by the devil-may-

care way in which an Englishman, pulling his hat over his eyes, takes his place in a public conveyance; whereas, if he will perform but the slight homage to their presence I have described, he will perceive by a variety of little movements that his desire has not only been understood, but appreciated. By performing this small magic ceremony, I observed that the 'busful of people were anxious to befriend me in any way, and although it is not the custom in France to talk in an omnibus, yet even that rule was broken in my favour; indeed, I had scarcely seated myself when a young Frenchman opposite to me spoke to me in English; and, as I wished in return to please *him*, I told him, in reply to his query, that I understood him perfectly, and, to reward him still more, I repeated it in French, that everybody in the 'bus—they were all listening—might hear it. With satisfaction that could scarcely conceal his humility, he told me could read English *quite* as well as French: "Boat," said he, pronouncing every syllable very slowly, "eye arm vairi opaque een *spaking* de Aingleesh." I told him that, on the contrary, he expressed himself very transparently.

In a Paris 'bus it is, very properly, deemed unpolite to encumber fellow-passengers, especially ladies, with help; and as the carriage has been made broad enough for its purpose, and as to the roof are affixed two brass hand-rails, people enter and exeunt without touching or being touched by any one.

One of the most pleasing of the domestic habits of the French 'bus is, that it is left to everyhody's honour to pay his fare. As people keep thronging in, they sit down, and, almost on purpose, look as if they were thinking of anything but money; the conducteur also looks anywhere but towards them; however, in due time, they are observed to fumble in their pockets or in their reticules, and at last out comes the six sous, which, handed from one to another—from a priest to a peasant, and from an officer to a Sister of Charity—at last reaches him whose duty it is to pay to his employers the number of fares denoted by the finger of the tell-tale clock, which, as I have before stated, is required to toii "ONE" on the entrance of every passenger whose age exceeds four years. Statesmen, warriors, and divines who have not attained that period of life enjoy the privilege of travelling free.

There are in Paris thirty-five establishments, "messageries," for the transport by "roulage" of heavy goods. The largest in the Rue de Chabronne, I had intended to visit; but as, after leaving my 'bus, I was walking through the Rue de Quatre Fils, happening to see on my left, through a great porte-cochère, one of these establishments, on the spur of the moment I reeled into it.

Under a large shed, covered with packages of all sorts, I found only one crane in a space in which, in London, there would have been seen half a dozen, lifting and dry-nursing all descriptions of goods. The consequence was, that a vast amount of unnecessary labour, set to music by a deal of unnecessary talking, was being expended in hauling at, and arguing with, heavy packages, hanging in the air, that might have been made to fly in silence to the carts that were waiting to receive them.

There was, however, one feat which in Paris I constantly admired, and which might be introduced into England with great advantage—namely, the mode of packing an enormous amount of weight and bulk on a vehicle of two high wheels, which not only pass easier, but only once, over every obstacle in the road which the low wheels of waggons have twice to encounter and surmount.

Behind and beneath the warehouse, in rear of the platform, I found a number of stables, very fairly ventilated, for the horses of the establishment.

As I was returning home through the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, I observed, a few feet from the outside of the second story of the line of houses on the south side, fourteen wires of the electric telegraph, along which intelligence of every possible description was flying at the rate of 280,000 miles per second. "What a contrast," said I to myself, "to the one-horse carts I have just been admiring!"

HOSPICE DES FEMMES INCURABLES.

On arriving at No. 42, Rue de Sèvres, I saw on my left the vast establishment I had come to visit, namely, the hospital for poor, old, indigent, incurable women.

As it is open to the public every day from one to four, and as the great portal of entrance happened to be unclosed, instead of addressing myself to the concierge, or even looking towards his windows, I walked quickly by them into a large, square, open court. in which I found myself surrounded on all sides by the buildings of the charity.

Immediately before me stood a church, erected expressly and exclusively for the pauper inmates of the institution. On entering it I was surprised to find it exceedingly handsome and highly ornamented. Before a small side altar, on her knees, motionless as a statue, was a Sœur de la Charité, whose attitude and devotion I could not but respect.

At the great altar appeared a workman, dressed in a blouse, with a ladder, and a Sœur de la Charité assisting him to hang up some roses, gilt festoons, &c. Sometimes the sœur mounted to the very tip-top of the ladder, which was nearly fourteen feet high, to fix some rectangular pieces of crimson velvet, about four feet long by eighteen inches broad, trimmed with gold lace and gold bullion, and containing in the middle a device beautifully embroidered. Then the workman ascended with his arms full of wreaths of artificial roses with large gold leaves; then they hung up some bunches of grapes in gold, and then some in silver.

At this single altar, in four handsome lustres and in two gilt candelabras, I counted eighty-two wax candles, besides eight more, each about eight feet high. There were also candles at the two small altars, especially at that at which the sœur was kneeling. The windows in rear were covered with figures in stained glass. In front of the great altar, which the workman and the Sœur de la Charité were adorning, were endless rows of rush-bottomed chairs, on several of which

reposed cushions, so roughly made out of such coarse materials, of so many conflicting colours, that it was evident they had been created only to be soft. A couple of these homely seats were occupied by two poor incurables, who, with the sœurs, the workman, and myself, were the only persons present in the church.

On coming out into the court of entrance, I saw above my head the largest dial I have ever beheld. The minute-hand was dreadfully infirm, and, like an old, poor, incurable woman, who was traversing beneath, it kept tottering as it went. I asked a man belonging to the establishment, who stood evidently longing to talk to me, why they were decorating the great altar of the church?

"Ah!" he replied, with a shrug, "c'est pour une petite cérémonie!"* After a short pause up came and out came what, ever since I entered, had been lying uppermost in my mind, namely—

"Whether Monsieur would approve of his taking him over the establishment?"

I told him he was exactly the person I wanted, and pleased with the compliment, and still more so with the fact, without further ratification of our treaty he led me off with that sort of indescribable triumph with which an expert angler plays with a salmon he has hooked, to the refectory of Notre Dame, a large, long, brick-floored hall, full of windows. The floor was paved with octagonal red glazed bricks, and along its whole length were two narrow green dining-tables, studded on each side with rush-bottomed chairs. The number of incurables that can dine in this room is 206.

In his eagerness to take me into the eating-room—which I observed in the various charities of Paris is usually looked upon by the servants as the point of primary importance—my conductor neglected to conduct me through the mazes of the establishment he had proposed to show me according to any fixed plan. I am, therefore, only able to describe what I saw in the order in which he was pleased to show it to me.

The first infirmary we entered was more than 200 feet long; it contained two rows of nice clean-looking beds with white curtains, and at different distances in the fore-ground,

* Ah! it is for a little ceremony!

in the middle, and in the back-ground of the picture, I observed, circulating among the beds, several sisters of charity, strong, good-looking women, with great benevolence of manner, and, generally speaking, with very pleasing countenances.

As, following my conductor, I was walking slowly through this long ward, from the third bed I heard a little cough, and, looking towards it, I saw, considerably raised on three pillows (all the beds have this number), a fine-looking old woman, with an arched nose, bright eyes, and with a brilliant-coloured handkerchief wound round her head. Then I passed an old woman taking from the Sœur de la Charité a glass full of what every feature in her face declared to be exceedingly nasty physic. In the next bed another was reading a prayer-book. Then I passed one sitting almost upright, with a buff handkerchief fantastically twisted round her head, and with a pair of spectacles pinching her nose—as school-boys say—"for fun," for she was doing nothing. Then one seated on a chair at her bedside, with her right foot resting on a cushion.

In the middle of this long room I found against the wall a nice, plain, white statue of the Virgin and Child, a few flowers, a little "sacristie," two small, white plaster angels, and a couple of candles. Beyond them a poor woman lay in her bed fast asleep; in a chair by her bedside, there sat another knitting.

We next entered a long room paved with octagonal bricks, with windows not only at both sides but also at both ends. It was as light as the open air, and although it contained twenty beds, half of which were occupied, and although it was an exceedingly cold day, I observed with much astonishment that ten of the windows were wide open from top to bottom. On inquiring I was informed that it was because they had just been cleaning the room. As I was proceeding through it I saw, lying on a small table on my right, a large quarto book, bound in purple leather, with a cross in gold stamped on the top of it. Hoping—and, indeed, believing that it was the Bible, I tried to turn over the leaves, instead of which I opened the lid of a writing-desk. In one of the beds I observed a poor old woman, very ill, indeed, intently reading a letter.

In a room for convalescents, containing eight beds, I found

all sitting up except one, bitterly sobbing about something. In the adjoining room, containing four beds, were two old women. In the upper story of this compartment of the building were nine beds, exceedingly clean, airy, and all empty. Their owners, seated at a table at work, were thin, but healthy. In another room I found, sewing, nine old women, in very clean white caps, around which several had twisted bright scarlet handkerchiefs, exactly in the fashion which had flourished at Paris in 1815.

In a long, rectangular room, containing windows on all four sides, and twenty-six beds, were a variety of aged women, who, fixing their bright, hazel eyes upon me, often bowed feebly to me as I passed; and in a garret above I counted eighteen beds as clean as the rest.

As I looked up at the clear blue sky through the window at the summit of the building, I was not a little pleased to think I had got to the end of my job; indeed, I fancied I must have seen nearly all the incurable old women of this world. My attendant, however, led me down stairs, and then along a passage, until, opening a door, I found myself in a new creation, called "La Salle des Grands Rideaux," composed of four long rooms, or galleries, radiating at right angles from one central point, at which, as soon as I reached it, I found a nice-looking altar, with pots of real flowers before it. For some minutes I stood at this point, admiring the perspective of the four great roads, full of clean beds, which diverged from me towards the east, west, north and south. The picture was, indeed, most interesting; but as I found it quite impossible to count or even to guess at the number of beds in any one of the four galleries, I inquired of my attendant how many there were?

"Ma sœur Anne!" he said gently to a Sister of Charity who happened to be passing at the moment, "ce monsieur voudrait bien compter combien il y a de lits en tout?"*

The good sister, addressing me with great kindness, said she would most readily give me whatever information I desired.

Pointing to the names of each of the rooms which I had

* Sister Anne! the gentleman wishes to know how many beds there are in all.

not before observed were written on the walls of each, exactly in the position and in the manner in which the streets of Paris are designated, she informed me that the number of beds in each of the four halls was as follows:—

In Ste. Julie,	26	beds.
Ste. Ludevine,	22	"
Ste. Thérèse,	22	"
Ste. Catherine,	22	"
Total,	92	

I may here observe that every chamber and dining room in the establishment is called after some saint, whose name is inscribed over the entrance-door.

In each of these four halls a number of old women were strolling about; several hobbling together arm in arm. On one of the beds I observed as I passed it a counterpane of beautiful patchwork. At the head of many was affixed, about a yard over the pillow, a statue of our Saviour on the cross. In others, at about the same place, were little altars, fitted up with great taste.

On proceeding to the first floor of another compartment of the building, I was conducted into the "grand infirmary," composed of four long halls, at right angles, exactly like those just described, excepting that they were occupied by the most infirm of the old women.

"Ma sœur Thérèse!" exclaimed my attendant, of his own accord, "combien y a-t-il de lits dans les quatre appartements?"* The sister carefully counted all her fingers—put

* Sister Theresa! how many beds are there in these four apartments?

one of them to her lips—then, turning her head a little aside, reflected—then looked up one ward—then up another—then reflected again—at last she kindly told me there were in all 131.

In this ward I saw a great number of the "Sœurs de la Charité," benevolently employed in nursing, waiting-upon, and watching over poor fellow-creatures, to whose expiring wants they were so devotedly attentive, that I passed almost all without their being even aware of the presence of a stranger in the room. On several pillows I beheld faces sometimes pale as death, sometimes fearfully flushed as if the spark of life was making one last convulsive effort to shine before it became extinct for ever! In one bed I heard a poor creature breathing very hard; immediately over her head was the face of a sœur of whom I could see nothing but her black bent back.

I had now as I thought finished my mournful job, and I would willingly have ruminated for a few moments on what I had beheld, but my relentless conductor led me to the ground floor, into another set of four long halls, of the same shape and dimensions. Instead, however, of forming open roads, each hall, leaving a narrow passage in common, was parcelled off into little compartments, giving to each of ninety-two old women a tiny room, in which she could end her days with the inestimable enjoyment of a dulce domum. Accordingly, peeping out of one of the rooms, I beheld with great satisfaction, glaring at me, the yellow, oblong eyes of a tabby cat, the only one I had seen in the establishment.

"We have now finished?" said I to my conductor.

"No," he replied, with great unkindness; "there exists in the story above us another set of four halls, divided into rooms similar to those before us."

"Bless me!!" said I to myself, "all the incurable old women in creation must surely be here!" However, I did not like to give up, so, resolutely sighing out the word "Allons!" I followed him up stairs. where I found exactly what he had described, and nothing more.

In descending into the great court,—the excessive freshness and freedom of which I perceived I had before completely neglected to appreciate,—after passing the church, we entered a lofty sacristy, lighted by seven windows, full of altar orna-

ments packed in milliners' long pasteboard boxes. From them we went into the kitchen, as usual composed of one hot plate, containing six boilers, surrounded on all sides with shining, healthy-faced copper saucepans. From them we proceeded to some shady walks in two gardens, to which it was evident very little attention had been paid, but the inmates were no doubt too old to enjoy them.

My conductor, who, like an evil companion, kept on leading me I knew not where, now brought me to a door on which was inscribed "Lingerie Générale,"* composed of six long chambers running into each other, full of shelves up to the ceiling, filled with strata of coarse linen, which looked and smelt beautifully clean and fresh. The waxed floor was not only as slippery as ice, but as clean as the sheets, pillow-cases, and towels ranged above it; indeed, I quite fell in love with the nice toothless old sœur who had charge of the establishment, and whom I perceived gliding or rather skating along the floor, on two pieces of quilted green baize, cut rather bigger than her shoes. On her kindly proposing to show me the contents of her shelves, seeing there was on the floor a spare pair of these baizes, I stepped upon them.

"Oh! ne vous donnez pas la peine, Monsieur!"† I answered I would not dirty her floor for the whole world. So we glided and slided together, thinking of and talking about nothing but linen, until we came to the sixth room, at the end of which I saw, sitting remarkably still on a very low chair, a little Sister of Charity that appeared to be scarcely three feet high. On walking up to her, I found her to be a doll. Her cap and white stomacher, most beautifully worked, formed a striking contrast with her course black gown, and with three black crosses suspended from her neck. In her right hand was a prayer-book, and on her lap a little empty green boat. Pointing to it—for I did not know how to call it—I asked the good sœur what it was for. To my great satisfaction she answered, "Pour les pauvres!"‡

She then led me into a small room called "le Pliage," in which I found, busily occupied in arranging and folding clean linen, three work-women in ordinary clothes and frilled caps,

* Linen Department.
† Oh! do not give yourself the trouble, Sir.
‡ For the poor!

and two Sisters of Charity, one of whom, a tall, slight, elegant looking, very young person, appeared to me to be transcendently beautiful. My eyes, however, through life have so repeatedly deceived me; I have so often on quitting the desert regions fancied every gnarled tree and patch of stunted pasture I beheld to be "transcendently beautiful;" that, having for nearly two hours gazed very attentively upon nothing but incurable old women of every possible description, I think it more than possible my erring vision, on suddenly beholding a young woman, altogether over-estimated the intrinsic value of her appearance; and accordingly that her "transcendent beauty" might correctly be denominated mere fancy.

"Tutto il bello che voi àvete
E un' idéa che in noi si fa!"

My conductor, with a significant bow which seemed in some way or other to be indescribably connected, although very distantly, with my pocket and his own, now informed me "I had seen all." There immediately flashed across my memory the following lines:—

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks;
Each sack had seven cats;
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives—
How many were there going to St. Ives?"

"How many incurable old women have I seen?" said I to him.

"He could not," he replied, "tell me exactly, but I could easily inform myself at the bureau;" so, after settling accounts with my friend, whose hand had scarcely left mine when he vanished I hardly know where, I walked into the office, where I was very obligingly informed that the number of aged inmates in the various buildings I had visited was 595; that on an average about 60 die off per annum; that there are, as assistants in the establishment, 36 Sœurs de la Charité and 18 "garçons." Of the former I feel it impossible to speak too highly. During my short residence in Paris, into whatever abode of poverty and misery I entered, whether for helpless

infancy, for those suffering under sickness, or from imbecile old age, there I found them intently occupied in doing good to their fellow-creatures. To say that all cannot be perfect is but to repeat the threadbare axiom of human nature. I deem it, however, only just to these good people to say that, in reply to several inquiries I made respecting them, of persons who I well know would willingly have scoffed at the high principles which guided the earthly career of these Sisters of Charity, I was invariably informed that the breath of slander, even in Paris, has not ventured to impeach the purity of their conduct. If this be true they are indeed objects of admiration and respect.

As my watch told me I should just have time enough to visit the Artesian well nearly a mile off, I was walking towards it about as fast as I could, when I suddenly stopped for a few seconds at the corner of la Rue Mayet, spell-bound by a picture, superscribed by the name of "Mme. Perez," and subscribed by the appellation, "Sage Femme."*

On attentively studying this painting, it appeared to be as follows:—On rather a handsome chair was seated a lady dressed in a cap, with flowers for each cheek, and in a blue gown, the body of which half thrown aside disclosed the lady's bare neck and arms, from one of which, in a most beautiful arch, there was, into a quart basin beneath, flowing a stream of blood, from which a maid on her knees, in order to hold the basin, was averting her eyes and face. During the whole of this operation the arm of the lady in the cap and flowers and blue gown was firmly grasped by "Mme. Perez," the "Sage Femme," a tall and exceedingly fashionable-looking young lady, dressed in a black gown, without any cap, and with long curls. The "wisdom" of the woman, the resignation of the lady, and the modesty of the maid, mixed all up together, formed as interesting a subject as poet could imagine, or as artist could desire to execute.

* Midwife.

THE ARTESIAN WELL.

In driving through the gay, beautiful streets, squares and boulevards of Paris, a stranger has every reason to believe that the capital he is admiring is singularly endowed from the laboratory of Nature not only with the purest description of air, but a superabundant supply of water, which from upwards of a hundred different fountains is to be seen, like fireworks of various names, furiously rushing, rising, streaming upwards, breaking, and then, in myriads of small particles, slowly descending in prismatic radiance to the earth from whence they sprang. Nevertheless, notwithstanding this magnificent outward demonstration, Paris is very poorly supplied with water; indeed, while the fountains of the city are gambolling, dancing, and revelling in the way I have described, lean horses and jaded donkeys, with drooping heads, are drawing carts full of this simple necessary of life, amounting in cost to four million francs per annum. A considerable number of houses, from top to bottom, are supplied with water from large barrels on wheels, which no sooner arrive at their doors than the donkey-driver going to the rear, is seen to pull out a plug, from which there instantly flows into a bright tin pail, which but a moment before he had placed at a considerable distance off, a stream of water that looks exactly like a very long semi-parabola of glass. As soon as one pail is full, with scarcely the loss of a drop it is replaced by another, and when that is filled and the plug stopped, both, suspended, fore and aft, across one shoulder on a short stick, are carried across the foot pavement, and up stairs to their destination, often the highest story of the house. With this uncomfortable fact sticking fast in the gizzard of my mind, I own I never passed a fountain in Paris without comparing it to the immense ring which in certain countries so often glitters on a very dirty forefinger, or to the flashy waistcoat and gaudy stock which are in every region occasionally to be seen blooming together over a rumpled shirt.

"Verily,
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

As the rocky strata on which Paris stands are to a great depth barren of springs, immense sums have at different periods been expended in bringing water to the city.

In 1613 Louis XIII. laid the first stone of a magnificent aqueduct, 18,200 yards long, from Arcueil to the Château d'Eau, near the Observatoire, and which crosses the valley of Arcueil upon 25 arches, 72 feet high; this aqueduct was repaired in 1777, since which period the municipal authorities of Paris, at a considerable cost, have enabled it to supply the city with 36,000 hogsheads per day.

From the Canal de l'Ourcq, 24 leagues in length, and which cost 25,000,000 francs, about 260,820 cubic mètres of water per day are consumed for the purposes of the navigation, for the lockage of the two canals St. Denis and St. Martin, and for the supply of the public fountains, markets, and houses of the capital. In 1809 an immense reservoir, 740 yards long by 77 broad, called the "Bassin de la Villette," was constructed outside the Barrière de Pantin to receive the water from the northern extremity of the Canal de l'Ourcq. From this reservoir there is an aqueduct 10,300 yards in length, called l'Aqueduc de Ceinture, which, bounding Paris on the north, supplies by five branches—1. The Château d'Eau, Boulevart St. Martin, la Place des Vosges, le Marché des Innocents; 2. The Faux-bourgs Montmartre and Poissonnière, with the Palais National; 3. The Chaussée d'Antin, the Quartier des Capucines, and the Marché St. Honoré; 4. The Champs Elysées, the Tuileries, the Invalides, and the Ecole Militaire; 5. The splendid fountains in the Place de la Concorde.

From the suburb of Belleville, built on a hill abounding in springs, there is conducted into two large reservoirs (one of which, situated at the Barrière de Menilmontant, receives 432 hogsheads per day) a considerable supply of water. From the heights of Romainville, Bruyères, and also from Menilmontant, flow per day into a reservoir about 648 hogsheads of water. From the Seine pipes are also laid across the plain of St. Denis for the supply of Batignolles and Montmartre. At the corner of the Rue St. Paul, in a building a portion of which was formerly a royal residence, is an establishment belonging to a company for distributing the water of the Seine, raised by a steam-engine, and filtered through charcoal. There are in Paris, at Montmartre, Belleville, and

Passy, eight great reservoirs; besides which the city has lately voted a million of francs for the construction of a very large one near Buc, capable of containing 1,000,000 cubic mètres of water.

Of the water which flows into the large reservoirs enumerated, a considerable portion has, under Providence, been summoned by science to arise from a dark subterranean depth, exceeding, by 100 feet, five times the height of the cross on the summit of St. Paul's church in London!

Although I was aware that there exists in the locality in which this feat has been performed but little to behold, I felt on arriving at the gate of Grenelle, that sort of satisfaction which every pilgrim enjoys in reaching the shrine he has long desired to worship. On ringing the bell, the gate was quickly opened by a very young lady in curls; and on my stating I had come—I was so tired that I must have looked as if I had walked from Jerusalem—to see the Artesian well, she replied, with evident satisfaction, that she would be happy to show it to me, and accordingly, without putting on her bonnet, or granting me the smallest opening to remonstrate, she conducted me, tripping by my side, to the foot of a weather-beaten scaffolding, 112 feet high, containing a rude ladder-staircase, and encircling three iron pipes. My first object was to get myself quietly divorced; and as soon as this important measurse—which, after all, only cost me a few civil words, two or three bows, and tenpence—was consummated, I enjoyed for some moments reflections which, like the water passing up the central tube before me, arose from beneath the ground on which I stood.

On the first day of the year 1834, M. Mulot, after having entered into the contract which eventually immortalised his name, commenced the work that had been entrusted to him, of endeavoring to tap the subterranean supply of water which it had been calculated must exist about 1200 feet beneath the dry, deep, rocky strata upon which the gay city of Paris has been constructed.

During the operation of piercing through successive beds of flint and chalk, the borer several times broke, and the fragment, by dropping to the bottom of the excavation,—deserting as it were to the enemy,—suddenly became the most serious opponent of the power in whose service it had

been enlisted. Indeed, on the occasion of one of these accidents, it required, at a depth of no less than 1335 feet, fourteen months' incessant labour to recover it!

After working for rather more than seven years without any apparent encouragement, on or about the 20th February there was drawn up a small amount of greenish-coloured sand, indicating that the borer was approaching water. At two o'clock on the 26th February, 1841, there arose through the tube a tiny thread of the element which had been the object of such ardent and long-protracted hopes; and the welcome omen of success had scarcely diffused joy and gladness among those who witnessed it, when, as if the trumpet of victory had been sounded, there arose from the depth of 1800 feet a column of warm water of 83¾° of Fahrenheit, which, bursting through the machinery that had called it into existence, rushed upwards with a fury it appeared almost incapable to control.

The height to which through an iron pipe it rises above the earth is, as has been stated, 112 feet; and thus not only is Paris gifted with an everlasting supply of water amounting, at the surface, to 660 gallons per minute, and at the summit of the pipe to 316, but the latter quantity, in virtue of its elevation, and in obedience to the laws of hydrostatics which it is sworn to obey, can be made to ascend to the various floors, including the uppermost, on which, one above another, the inhabitants of Paris reside.

The concealed tube or passage, through which, by the magic influence of science, this valuable supply of water is now constantly arising from the deep, dark caverns in which it had been collected, into the lightsome painted chambers of the most beautiful metropolis on the surface of the globe, has been lined throughout with galvanised iron. Its diameter is, at the bottom, about 7 inches, and at the tope 21 inches.

The water, when I tasted it, was not only warm, but strongly impregnated with iron. As a dog grows savage in proportion to the length of time it has been chained to a barrel, so does the temperature of imprisoned water increase with its subterranean depth; and accordingly it has been calculated by M. Arago and by M. Walferdin that the heat of the water of an Artesian well which, previous to the revolution of 1848, it had been proposed to bore in the Jardin des

Plantes to a depth of 3000 feet (nearly nine times the height of the cross on the top of St. Paul's), would amount to about 100° of Fahrenheit, sufficient not only to cheer the tropical birds and monkeys, the hothouses and greenhouses of the establishment, but to give warm baths to the inhabitants of Paris.

As the Artesian well of Grenelle is within the precincts of the abattoir or slaughter-house for cattle of that name, I felt desirous to look over it, particularly as the hour (it was past six o'clock) was one at which it is rarely visited by strangers.

Without repeating details which, I am aware, are not very acceptable to most people, I will briefly state for the information of the few who take an interest in the subject, that, although the establishment is not as showy as the abattoirs of Montmartre and of Popincourt, it is essentially the same.

On entering the several bouveries, in which there was plenty of straw, with an abundance of cool fresh air, I found the bullocks that next day were to be slaughtered tranquilly, nay, happily, occupied in eating up plenty of good hay. The sheep, most of whom were also lying down with their knees tucked under them, appeared perfectly quiet and undisturbed; and although certainly a few odd strange sounds occasionally assailed their ears, they munched, looked at me only one moment, and then, with their lower jaws moving sideways—thoughtless of to-morrow as those for whom they were to be slaughtered—they went munching on.

HOTEL DES MONNAIES.

In ancient times the Royal Mint of France existed somewhere in the Royal Palace of the "Ile de la Cité; it was next domiciled in a part of the metropolis which still bears the name of "Rue de la Monnaie;" and was finally established on the site of the Hôtel de Conti in its present structure, the foundation stone of which was laid on the 30th of April, 1768, by the Abbé

Terray, comptroller-general of the finances, under whose direction it was completed in 1775.

This vast building, including no less than eight courts, is situated on the Quai Conti, between the Pont Neuf and the Pont des Arts, and consequently nearly opposite to the museum of the Louvre. Its principal façade, which looks upon the Seine, is composed of three stories, 360 feet in length and 78 feet in height, containing 27 windows in each. In the centre is a projecting mass of five arcades on the ground floor, forming a basement for six columns of the Ionic order, supporting an entablature and an altar, ornamented with festoons and six statues.

The front facing the Rue Guénégaud is 348 feet in length. Two pavilions rise at its extremities, and a third in the centre, surmounted by a square cupola. On the altar are to be seen four statues, representing a "happy family," namely, fire, air, earth, and water.

The establishment of the Hôtel des Monnaies is composed —1st, of the laboratory, workshops, and machinery of the mint, for permission to see which it is only necessary for a foreigner to address a letter by post to the "Président de la Commission des Monnaies;" and 2ndly, of a museum of coins, &c., open to the inhabitants of France, and to strangers, on Tuesdays and Fridays, from twelve to three, besides which, on their merely producing their passports, the museum most liberally again opens its doors to foreigners on Mondays and Thursdays during the same hours.

On arriving at the Hôtel at a few minutes before noon, with my passport, I found assembled there about half a dozen other persons, each of whom I observed had dangling in his hand a printed authority, and accordingly, as soon as twelve strokes of the clock announced to us all that our brother traveller the sun had finished one half of his daily work before we had begun ours, and, indeed, before many people in Paris had had their breakfast, the door of the museum was opened, and in we all walked.

In a suite of rooms, the principal one of which is called the Musée Monétaire, I found admirably arranged a most interesting series of copper, silver, and gold coins, detailing chronologically the principal events of the world in general, and of France in particular. There were, also, most valuable

specimens of the coins of different countries which had been current in various ages, but at which the stranger now gazes with astonishment. For instance, there was Mexican money, composed simply of square lumps of gold, their value being that of the weight stamped upon them; Turkish money, of almost pure gold; specimens of rude money of the United States of America; of some money roughly stamped by Napoleon during the siege of Cattaro, &c., &c.

These moneys and historical coins were beautifully arranged in glass cases, lying on a series of low narrow tables in each room; and as every apartment was brimful of light, the study, to any one competent to appreciate it, must be highly gratifying: for instance, in brown copper history I observed a series of the most remarkable events, chronologically arranged in cases as follows:—

1. From Charlemagne to Francis I.
2. Reigns of Henry II. and Charles IX.
3. To Henry III. and Henry IV.
4. To Louis XIII.
5. Ditto.
6. Supplement to ditto.
7. To Louis XIV.
8. Suite to ditto.
9, 10, 11, 12. Ditto.
13. Louis XV.
14. Ditto.
15. Louis XVI.
16. Louis XVI. and Republic.
17. Republic.
18. Louis XVIII.
19. Charles X.
20. Particular Medals of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.
21. Do. of Louis Philippe I.
22. Do. (The Largest in this lot is one of Louis Philippe I., Roi des Francis.)
23. Particular Medals of Louis Philippe.
24. Ditto.
25. Ditto, down to case 34.

In glancing over these historical medals, as well as those in the succeeding rooms, there were some which for a few moments particularly attracted my attention; for instance, in Table No. 17, which concludes the history of the French Republic, the details of which, even when represented to me in cold copper, I found it difficult to recall to mind without one or two involuntary shudders, I observed on the last medal of the lot inscribed, of all words in the dictionary of this world,—

"INNOCENCE
RECONNUE."*

* Innocence acknowledged.

Again, on the largest medal of the twelve tables full, commemorative of the history of that poor exiled monarch who died last year at Claremont, there had been inscribed by him those fatal words, which he had vainly hoped would have raised him to distinction,—

"Louis Philippe I, Roi Des Français."*

And yet, after having tried seventeen cabinets, and after having escaped from nine deliberate attempts upon his life, with only five francs in his pocket he fled from the Palace of the Tuileries; muffled up, disguised with spectacles, and, under the assumed name of M. Lebrun, he hurried through France; and with an English passport, and under the appellation of "Mr. William Smith," he, queen, children, and grandchildren, finally fled from "the French *People*" to seek protection from the Sovereign of "Great Britain and Ireland."

As, gazing at his features embossed on the large round medal, I recalled to mind his miserable career, I could not help saying to myself, "Oh, Louis Philippe, when every male inhabitant of France was nobly priding himself upon being a Frenchman, how could *you*, as a king, surrender your royal title to a country, which, after you had disowned it, as if in retributive scorn, disowned and for ever discarded you.

In another room, full of medals commemorative of "the Emperor," who, with all his faults, was twice over

"Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,"

there is inscribed on the concluding one of the series,—

"A la Fidélité."†

On one medal I remarked, beautifully embossed, a portion of the terrestrial globe, above which hung two wreathes of laurel and the word "France." To the westward appeared the sun shining upon the world, with the sarcastic inscription—

"Bonheur au Continent."‡

* Louis Philippe I, King of the French. † To Fidelity.
‡ Happiness for the Continent.

In another room, "Galerie métallique des grands hommes Français"* was incribed over a table, on and close to which were two large series of beautiful medals illustrative of the campaigns and reign of Napoleon.

An adjoining table contained medals entitled "Suite des Campagnes et du Règne de l'Empereur."† Above it on the left stood, most admirably executed, a colossal figure in white marble of Napoleon, a strong likeness, but, as a matter of course, purposely flattered. Beneath, on a plain bronze cushion, lay uncovered the celebrated brass cast taken from the very plaster of Paris which in a liquid state had been poured over the pale features of Napoleon immediately after his death; and as there was at all events no flattery in *this* representation, I gazed upon it for some time with intense interest, for it may truly be said every portion of the countenance of this extraordinary man was of itself unusual. The features were so remarkably regular, that the nose, neither leaning a hair's beadth to the right or to the left, appeared with mathematical precision to bisect the face. The upper lip, although it had evidently become slightly swelled after death, was unusually short, the cheek-bones very high; the breadth behind the temples was also astonishing; in short, although the forehead was not nearly so much developed as in the bust above it, and although a slight cast of anguish appeared to flit over the whole countenance, I could not help feeling how much more striking and handsome was the real image of his death than the much-admired marble representation of the living man.

On leaving this beautiful museum of coins I proceeded to that department of the Hôtel des Monnaies which contains the laboratory, workshops, and machinery of the Mint.

On entering a large rectangular room, the ceiling or rather roof of which is composed principally of glass windows, through which was streaming a profusion of light, I saw steadily labouring before me, without the smallest apparent desire either to hurry or rest, two large sturdy steam-machines, of 32-horse power. At every pulsation each of these mountains in labour produced, I observed, an exceedingly little

* Metallic Gallery of the great men of France.
† Conclusion of the campaigns and reign of the Emperor.

mouse, or, to speak without metaphor, at each stroke they punched out what only appeared to be a small copper button.

Near the engine I perceived, strewed on the ground, a quantity of thin, white, metallic bars, about two feet long; and lying about in various directions were baskets full of very large, round, white, dull, stupid-looking ploughmen's buttons, which, in fact, were five-franc pieces. The bars were of silver of the exact thickness of a five-franc piece, rather more than twice its breadth, and rather more than twelve times its length. From each bar, therefore, were formed twenty-four pieces of a total current value of 120 francs.

As fast as these large basketfuls of white buttons were punched into life they were carried off to an adjoining table, to be—like jockeys starting for the Derby—weighed. Those that caused the scale in which they were tossed to preponderate were again chucked into the basket, while every one that proved to be too light was sent back to the foundry to undergo the uncomfortable operations of being re-melted, re-cast into bars, re-rolled to the proper thickness, re-punched by one of the steam-engines,—in short, by main predestined force, utterly impossible to resist, to be born again as a button.

As I proceeded through the great hall I came to a table covered with a heap of those large silver buttons which had caused the weighing scale to preponderate. The workmen to whom they had been handed over, taking them up one by one, scrubbed each, rubbed each, or filed each,—in fact, teased it in all sorts of ways until it became exactly of the proper weight, when off it and its comrades were despatched to be coined.

While I was witnessing this operation, which reminded me a good deal of the way in which all our great statesmen, divines, lawyers, generals, and admirals, were dealt with, when boys at school, there passed me in a wheelbarrow a quantity of what appeared to be brass busks for ladies' stays, —thin plates of gold, going to be punched.

On reaching that part of the building in which the operation of coining is performed, I came first of all to a machine the strong arm of which was slowly, without intermission, ascending and decending. Beside it stood an attendant whose sole and simple duty was every now and then to feed or drop into a small upright pipe a handful of very small

copper buttons, which, just as the head of a man who is guillotined falls neatly into the canvas bag placed on purpose to receive it, kept dropping out through a spout into a little sack, into which they arrived coined on both sides, also beautifully milled round the edges. The rate at which they fell I counted to be one per second. There were in the room before me thirteen of these machines. The largest and stoutest, which stood eight feet high, were for coining five-franc pieces; the rest, only five feet, were for smaller gold and copper money.

At the time I visited the Mint it had refrained for about a fortnight to coin silver, in consequence of the National Assembly not having decided as to the new coinage; they had, however, been stamping about a million of francs in gold per day, and a trifling quantity of small copper money, the form and impression on which are to be altered as soon as the Assembly can devise the means of overcoming the inconvenience that would arise from the necessity of calling in all the old copper of the monarchy. In fact, like the population of France, a republic of bags of buttons, gold, silver, and copper, are quietly waiting to know, if possible, which way the political cat of their destiny next intends to jump.

The Hôtel des Monnaies, which has the exclusive privilege of coining medals, gained by the monopoly, in 1848, the the sum of 25,637 francs.

In that year it coined—

Gold medals	563
Silver	76,029
Platina	2
Copper or bronze	17,118
	93,712

Besides the above the Mint has coined—

Medals of Saints	212,000

At the hôtel are also performed the various operations for assaying articles of jewelry, of gold and silver, which, until duly stamped, are not allowed to be offered for sale.

On quitting the Hôtel des Monnaies I found my mind so uncomfortably full of a confused mass of rumbling, indigestible, windy recollections of all I had witnessed; of gold

busks; silver bars; of conjuring machines, which stood swallowing buttons, and handing out bullion; of long histories in copper, of battles, conquests, revolutions; of military government, civil government, glory, and all of a sudden no government at all; in short, a series of chronological events,—

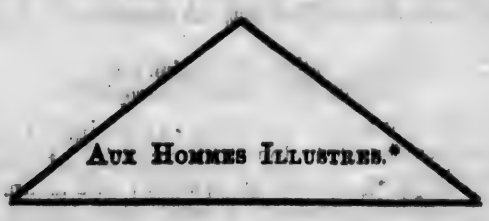
"Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,"—

that, to change the subject, turning to my right, I stood with my face to a dead wall, to look at a quantity of cheap prints and pictures hanging on strings upon it; and as among them was one the subject of which I had often before observed, and had wished to obtain, I managed, without rudely pushing any of my fellow gapers, to get before it. As soon, however, as I began to copy what I wanted, so many eyes were fixed upon me, that, shutting up my little book, I went away. In a few minutes the crowd I had left, having been satiated, were replaced by another set of idlers; accordingly, as a stranger to them all, I walked up to the old man that owned the pictures, and who, like a spider watching his net, was sitting concealed in a little wooden shanty just big enough to hold his chair, and, describing to him the one I wished to look at, I gave him half a franc for permission to turn him out of his habitation, and to occupy his chair; in short, for a few moments to reign in his stead. The proprietor was quite delighted with the reckless liberality of my proposal; and accordingly I had scarcely been seated a minute when I saw him at the door with the print in question, entitled as follows:—

"TABLEAU DES PRINCIPAUX
GRANDS HOMMES
Qui se sont illustrés dans toutes
Les Parties du Monde
PAR LEURS BELLES ACTIONS, LEUR
GENIE, OU LEUR COURAGE."*

* TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL
GREAT MEN
Who have made themselves illustrious in all
Parts of the World
BY THEIR GREAT ACTIONS, THEIR
GENIUS, OR THEIR COURAGE.

Beneath this heading was of course a large picture of the Temple of Fame, upon the pediment of which there appeared inscribed—



On both sides of this Temple was an alleged portrait or likeness, with a short history, of each of the following list, which had tickled my fancy, not so much for the names it contained as for those it *omitted* :—

Moses.
Solomon.
Romulus.
Confucius.
Thémistocle.
Léonidas.
Cyrus.
Périclès.
Socrate.
Alexandre.
Annibal.
Constantin le Grand.
Bélisaire.
Kosrou le Grand.
Mahomet.
Omar 1er.
Arame.
Charlemagne.
Haroun.
Guillaume le Conquérant.
Saladin.
Richard Cœur de Lion.
Genkiskan.
Louis IX.
Guillaume Tell.
Edward III.
Duguesclin.
Tamerlan.
Charles le Téméraire.
Christophe Colomb.
Gonsalve de Cordoue.
Ferdinand V.
Gama.
Leon X.
Bayard.
Gustave Wasa.
François I.
Jules II.
Charles Quint.
Sixte V.
Henry II.
Cromwell.
Turenne.
Condé.
Louis XIV.
Pierre le Grand.
Charles XII.
Cook.
Washington.
Napoleon Buonaparte.

* To illustrious men.

WASHING BOATS.

On the south wall of the line of "Quais" that overlook the Seine are neatly arranged for sale a great quantity of secondhand books, ticketed in batches, from two sous a volume to a franc, a franc and a half, two francs, and occasionally more. I had bought and sent to my lodging a few of them, and was sauntering along the banks of the Seine on the Quai de la Mégisserie, when I observed beneath me in the river, hauled alongside of the wharf and of each other, several barges laden with charcoal; and as in each of those boats was a gang of men whose profession it is to unload them, I walked down to look at them. Their faces, clothes, and hands were of course all professionally begrimed with black. On their heads were immense broad-brimmed wideawake hats, several of which, to my astonishment, were ornamented with a long ostrich feather, full of the black dust of charcoal.

"Are there many of you that wear feathers like that?" said I to one of them.

"Mais oui, Monsieur!"* replied the republican, quietly spitting into the water.

"What would our London coalwhippers say to such a fine hat?" I muttered to myself as I walked away.

Along the banks of the river, moored close to the quay, were several long, covered boats, full of women washing clothes. On stepping into one, the chef, a short, intelligent-looking man of about forty, walking up to me, inquired very civilly what I wanted? and as soon as I told him, with the greatest kindness and politeness he said he would have much pleasure in showing me everything.

On each side or gunwale, 104 yards long and about two feet above the water, was a table fifteen inches broad, before which, under cover of a flat zinc roof, containing in the centre a series of glass frames, I found, every one separated from her neighbour by a small compartment, 320 women, in the act,

* Oh yes!

flagrante delicto, of belabouring, beating, and scrubbing to death clothes of all descriptions. Each pays eight sous (fourpence) a-day for permission to wash with cold water only from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night; her implements of torture, such as brushes for scrubbing, and flat boards like battledores for beating, she finds for herself. For permission to boil her clothes (if she wishes to do so) the cost is two sous a bundle. The charge for washing for a single hour is one sou and a half.

The 320 women were all dressed in clean caps. Besides the narrow tables on the gunwales, was a parallel and broader one within the boat, on which they completed their work; and accordingly, they were to be seen, first, with their faces towards the city, dipping their linen into the Seine, rapidly running beside them, and then lustily beating it on the narrow board; and afterwards with their backs to the metropolis, smoothing and laying out their clothes on the opposite boards of their cell, within each of which was just room enough for an industrious, lusty woman to turn herself round. In that portion of the Seine which flows through Paris there are no less than twenty of these boats, large and small, in which the linen of the poor and some of that of the wealthier classes is pummelled till it is clean.

As the chef was conducting me to a portion of the boat in which was a little steam-boiler for heating water, one of the 320 women suddenly stopped in the act of belabouring an aged shirt, and, with it in one hand, and with her wooden battledore uplifted in the other, she made to me a very short, shrewd remark, indirectly expressive of thirst. "C'est une malhonnêteté," said the chef to her, with a very angry countenance, "de vous adresser comme ça à un étranger!"*

The woman, with great humility and volubility, assured him she did not mean the slightest harm. He told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, that it was not her first offence, that she was much too fond of talking, that she talked to everybody. "Si le bon Dieu viendrait abord," said he to her, shaking his hand close to her face, "vous lui parleriez!"†

The chef, kindly accompanying me to the gunwale of his boat, now took off his hat and gave me his "adieu;" and as it

* It is very uncivil of you to speak to a stranger like that!

† If the Almighty were to come on board you would speak to Him!

was raining and hailing hard, I ran across the street into a little wine-shop, the counter of which was covered with very small tumblers. Close beside me stood a gentleman who, to save his new hat from the rain, had economically put over it a white pocket-handkerchief, the ends of which were amusingly contrasted with the black beard under which they were tied. During the few minutes I was in this cabaret, men in blouses and women in white caps and occasionally in gold ear-rings kept dropping in to drink a glass, and sometimes two, of bright red wine (worth about fifteen sous a bottle, containing eight glasses), for each of which they paid two sous; and as soon as the amount purchased was tossed off, the customer, sometimes wiping and sometimes licking his or her healthy lips, walked out of the door, which, even during the storm, was always wide open.

What a difference between this simple refreshment and the horrid interior of our fine London gin-palaces, in which, in an atmosphere stinking of gin, young girls, old women, "ladies" with parasols and silk bags; men of all ages, from shabby genteel attire down to jackets out at elbows, and with a bit of shirt inquisitively poking out of trousers behind, are to be seen entering through a swinging door, constructed on purpose to conceal them, to drink, at a zinc table slopped by the unsteady hands ranged in front of it, a liquid, the first effects of which may be seen in the ghastly countenances and collapsed attitudes of a row of drunkards seated on a bench opposite to the counter, in order to recover their senses sufficiently to enable them to walk "*home.*"

The poisonous consequences of a system which, by enfeebling the stomach, enervating the mind, debilitating the frame, and eventually ruining the happiness, character, and prospects of hundreds of thousands of people, may roughly be estimated by the dreadful fact (*vide* our Parliamentary returns) that there is annually consumed by the lower classes of Great Britain and Ireland, in beer, spirits, and tobacco, the enormous sum of fifty-seven millions sterling, and in spirits alone thirty millions!

On leaving the cabaret I had occasion to call at a shop, on the counter of which were lying a number of extremely dear but very good British tooth-brushes. The owner, a Scotchman, told me he sold a great number of that price and

quality; "and yet," said he, with a slight smile, "one house in Paris sent to England last year a thousand dozen of cheap bad ones!"

THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

Among the various colours and the innumerable lights and shadows composing those pictures which the painter is in the habit of exhibiting to the eye, and the moralist to the mind, of man, there exists no contrast more striking than that which distinguishes the present and past tenses of the history of Paris. In the metropolis of France the surface of society is so smooth and unruffled, there exists everywhere such highly polished politeness, such gaiety of heart, such hospitality to strangers, so many amusements, and such a variety of apparently innocent amusements, that I often felt it almost impossible to believe that the place on which I stood basking in the sunshine I have described had been the scene of, and the people around me the actors in, a series of tragedies exhibiting the most furious passions and the most fearful results. The Place de Grève is, in the history of Paris, one of the most revolting localities the stranger could be induced to visit. For many centuries it was the spot on which criminals were executed; and besides having been thus appropriated to scenes of horror, its pavement has been stained with the blood of the victims of almost every revolution that has occurred. On the 17th of March, 1848, it was the scene of a frightful mutiny in favour of the Provisional Government; and on the 16th of the following month an attempt to overturn that Government was foiled here by the steady attitude of the National Guard.

I was desirous to visit the apartments in the Hôtel de Ville, and having, in reply to a written application in the form recommended by Galignani, obtained from the Prefect of the Seine the usual authority granted to strangers to do so, I got with it into an omnibus, in which I proceeded until the conducteur—who remembers everybody's wishes—after pulling his string to apprise the coachman, told me, as soon

as the vehicle had quite stopped, that I had reached the point of my destination; and accordingly, on descending I saw immediately before me the magnificent façade of the Hôtel de Ville, which formed one entire side of a large long paved space of no shape at all.

In rumbling side-foremost through Paris in an omnibus, one is so constantly disturbed by an endless variety of little tantalizing peeps at objects passing and being passed; there enter and depart so many people whose costume and countenances urgently require a few moments' observation; there are such a variety of little jolts; and lastly, in crawling towards the door behind, one is so exceedingly anxious not to tread upon anybody's toes, sit in anybody's lap, or fall into anybody's arms, that after the vehicle had driven away I invariably found it desirable to give to the feathers of my mind a few minutes to become smooth again. Instead, therefore, of walking straight to the Hôtel de Ville, for some minutes I stood still, exactly where, as an utter stranger, I had been dropped, amusing myself in looking at the merry little world upon which I had descended. Almost close beside me was a small crowd, composed of happy people of all ages, listening to a man singing. Before him stood his wife, very attentively watching his mouth, and fiddling to it as it sang as follows:—

LE SOLDAT RÉPUBLICAN.*

Air—du "Retour en France."

Avec ardeur je veux servir la France.
Oh! chers parents dont j'emporte l'amour,
Consolez-vous du temps de mon absence,
Bien fier je veux vous revenir un jour.
Alors la croix de mon noble courage

* THE REPUBLICAN SOLDIER.

Air—"The Return to France."

With ardour I will serve France.
Oh! dear parents, whose love I carry with me,
Console yourselves during my absence,
With pride shall I return to you some day.
Then the cross of my noble courage

Peut-être bien brillera sur mon sein.
On me dira, revenant au village,
Honneur à toi, soldat républicain!

The rest of the open space was animated by an endless variety of objects. There were the red tufts, bright cap-plates, light grey great-coats, and loose scarlet trousers of soldiers saunteering about everywhere, excepting at their guard-room, round which a large number stood swarming together like bees. There were blouses of dark and of light blue, beards of various shapes, women's caps, of various dimensions, two dogs of different breeds; different coloured carriages, and occasionally very gaudy carts, appeared, slowly passed, and then vanished. But what most attracted my attention was the extraordinary contrast between the magnificent façade of the Hôtel de Ville and the irregular architecture and colouring of the buildings which bounded the opposite sides of the odd-shaped space before me. Not only were the houses of all sorts of forms, heights, and hues, but it was evident the inhabitants had been contending with each other in painting upon the outside walls of the strata at which they respectively lived, in bright colours, their names, their trades, pictures of pots and kettles, and sometimes full-length portraits of great heroes, &c., &c. For instance, I observed announced on one floor "Baths" in light blue; a "Café" (the whole house) in bright yellow; the lower stories of the "Commerce de Vins" in light-green; an omnibus establishment, bright scarlet; above that, in different colours, "Maison Poulin," "Bureau de Garçons Mds.;" a restaurateur, four stories high; a dentist, two stories. In another direction, at a considerable distance, "Mds. de Vin," in yellow; "Remplacements Militaires," in yellow on bright blue; above that a grand tableau of a charge of cavalry with drawn sabres, the leading dragoon in the act of cutting down a man who, with uplifted arms, is piteously begging him on no account to do so. On the top of all, on a wall painted jet black—

Will perhaps shine brightly on my breast.
It will be said to me, on returning to my village,
Honour to thee, republican soldier!

"A l'hôtel de ville
grande
Teinturier pour Deuil;"*

the whole surmounted by different-shaped chimneys, some of the pots of which were red, some yellow, some of long grey zinc, purposely bent into various angular forms.

After admiring for a few minutes the gaudy, gay, cheerful locality in which the 'bus had dropped me, I felt anxious to inform myself what it was called, but, instead of being gratified I almost shuddered when, in reply to my question, a clean, quiet, happy-looking woman at my side said to me, "Monsieur, c'est la *Place de Grève.*" Never had I before witnessed what, with reference to its past history, might be more truly termed a painted sepulchre!

On entering the great portal of the Hôtel de Ville, the finest of the municipal buildings of Paris, the residence of the Préfet, and containing the various offices of his department, I found myself almost immediately lost in a complication of magnificent staircases, landing-places, corridors enriched with gorgeous sculpture, ending in grand arterial and in very little venous passages. Not seeing any one, and not knowing how or where to proceed, I opened a door which happened to be on my right, entered, and I had only got as far in my simple history as "S'il vous plaît, Monsieur!"† when the gentleman to whom I had addressed myself, apparently knowing what I wanted before I had explained it, said, very civilly, but very shortly—

"Montez au premier!"‡

Poor man! I have no doubt that, as almost every stranger in Paris who visits the Hôtel de Ville loses his way in the intricacies I have described, he is bored to death by inquisitive Englishmen throughout every day in the year poking in their faces at his door, and saying to him, "Monsieur, s'il vous plaît!"

On ascending to the next landing-place I found an official, who, on receiving my order of admission, ushered me with a bow into an ante-chamber ornamented with gilt leather

* At the sign of the Hôtel de Ville—Dyer for mourning.
† If you please, Sir!
‡ Go to the story above!

hangings, in imitation of the ancient furniture of Italy and Flanders, and leading into a suite of apartments infinitely more handsome than I had expected to see.

Of these magnificent rooms, the state apartments of the Prefect, the first is the "Salle d'Introduction;" its walls are of red damask, ornamented by a frieze painted by Court. From the ceiling hang handsome gilt lustres. This room contains a bronze statue of Henry IV. in his youth, and an equestrian one of the same, a copy of that on the Pont Neuf, by Lemot, also in bronze.

The walls, as also the chairs, of the second, called the "Salle de Jeu," are covered with light-blue satin; the ceiling and frieze are richly gilt and painted. In this apartment there are no tables.

The third, the "Salle de Bal," is a magnificent hall, about 90 feet long by 45 broad, 22 high, divided by pilasters into three compartments; the chairs, sofas, and ottomans in which are covered with crimson damask, with bullions of gold about nine inches long. The whole is lighted by fourteen superb lustres, also by thirty-six gilt candelabras against the wall, each holding nine candles, besides two candelabras on chimney-pieces, containing twenty-four more. In fact, my mind shuddered and my eyes almost smarted as I counted candles enough to vitiate the air, ruin the lungs, and destroy the eyesight, not only of the dancers, but of the spectators of the dance of death.

On the ceiling I observed a large allegorical painting by Pirot, representing Paris environed by the Muses and the attributes of art; in the background appeared an assembly of the most eminent men in France. The whole is surrounded by ten hexagonal compartments, containing allegorical figures of Theology, Medicine, Mechanics, Agriculture, Law, Commerce, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Justice, and Geometry. In the first section of this splendid chamber the compartments of the ceiling are charged with the signs of the Zodiac, and allegorical representations of Night and Day. Those of the extreme section contain Genii holding scrolls, on which are inscribed the names of celebrated artists. The two central compartments represent Truth and Genius. Over the doors are medallions of Louis XIV. and Louis Philippe, the latter of which have been seriously damaged. The walls are beauti-

fully painted in arabesque, and in the centre is a circular divan, in which stands a gilt pedestal of bronze supporting the figures of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Fine Arts.

All over the world dancing requires refreshment, and accordingly, after the magnificent red ball-room comes, quite naturally, the "salon de café," a beautiful room, hung with yellow silk embroidered with white. Lastly, there appears, as a "pièce de résistance" to the gorgeous feast which the eye has just enjoyed, a substantial dining-room, the walls of which are painted in imitation of oak; the uncarpeted floor being of the real wood, waxed, rubbed, and slipperified as usual. The frieze is appropriately ornamented with subjects belonging to the chase, to the fisheries, &c.; beneath are spacious kitchens, sufficient to provide a banquet for one thousand persons. On returning through this splendid suite of rooms, the floors of which, excepting the last, are all covered with handsome thick crimson carpet, over which hang the series of gilt chandeliers I have described, I found, by pacing them, that they are altogether about 270 feet in length.

Opposite the antechamber of entrance and the passage leading thereto, is a door, through which I passed into the ancient "salon du roi," in which, when the present Hôtel de Ville was a royal residence, the several Kings of France used to dine.

On the first story is the "Salle de Horloge," formerly called the "Salle de Trône," occupying the whole length of the central portion of the building. The walls of this magnificent apartment are adorned with velvet hangings trimmed with gold; the vast fireplaces, ornamented with recumbent figures in white marble of the same date as the staircase, are surmounted by mantel-pieces, on which in those on the right is a splendid allegorical painting of the Republic by Hesse; while on the opposite one appear, richly executed, the arms of the city, gules a ship argent. The square compartments of the ceiling are charged with armorial bearings. This splendid room has, like the fatal "Place de Grève" beneath it, witnessed many of the most fearful acts of the Revolution with which France has been afflicted. From the central window of the Grand Salle, Louis XVI., with the cap of liberty on that head which shortly afterwards dropped lifeless on the scaffold, went through the mockery of addressing "the

people." The room in which Robespierre held his council and in which he attempted to destroy himself is shown, as also the window at which, in 1830, General Lafayette, embracing Louis Philippe, presented him to "the people," from whom—from army, fortifications of Paris, and all—in 1848 he fled to save his life!

On descending the beautiful staircase, and on returning again to the Place de Grève, I paced along the western and northern fronts, which I found to be respectively about 420 and 270 feet in breadth. The south front next to the Seine looks upon a pleasing garden. On the north workmen were busily employed in demolishing houses for the purpose of extending the Place de Grève, which now forms an esplanade only on the western side; this expense will be exclusive of the fifteen millions of francs lately expended in additions and in embellishments to the building, which, as if nourished by the bloodshed and devastation it has witnessed, has gradually increased in size and grandeur ever since 1357, when the municipality of Paris, or Corps de Ville (whose meetings had formerly been held, first in a house called "la Maison de la Marchandise," situated in the Vallée de la Misère, west of the Grand Châtelet, and afterwards in a residence called "Parlouer aux Bourgeois," in the vicinity of the Place St. Michel), purchased for the sum of 2880 livres de Paris "la Maison de la Grève," which had formerly belonged to Philip Augustus, and had frequently been a royal residence.

I had crossed the Pont Neuf, and, tired and weary, was walking slowly towards the fashionable west end of Paris, when the owner of a blacking-shop with a slight bow politely pointed out to me that my boots were very dusty, and accordingly, thanking him for the hint, I ascended his tribune, or exalted seat, which magnificently overlooked the crowd of foot passengers passing to and fro beneath.

I was scarcely seated when he put into my hand a newspaper, and leaving me on scarlet plush, and with a large looking-glass behind me to study its contents in an attitude and position strange enough to form half-a-dozen magnificent leading articles in the "Times," he set to work with a brush in each hand to put me to rights.

As the sun was very hot the application of the wet blacking was rather refreshing, and the polishing process, which

almost instantly ensued, was, I should say, something like being shampooed; but what seemed to me infinitely more delightful than all was, to observe that, during the whole of the time I sat in this description of exalted pillory, not a single individual of the hundreds that passed for a moment looked at me.

The bench was arranged so that six persons, each seated on scarlet plush, and each with a looking-glass at his back, and each with a newspaper in his hand, could be polished off at once!

ENTREPRISE DES POMPES FUNEBRES.

In walking along the Rue St. Honoré I observed the outside of the large church of St. Roch to be in mourning; and as I had a few minutes to spare, I walked in. The organ, and some magnificent deep voices, which appeared to be reverberating together from every portion of the ceiling above me and of the walls around me, were assisting in the performance of high mass for one whose earthly remains were in a coffin before, but at some distance from, the great altar, hung with black cloth covered with white fig-shaped spots, representing tears; the steps, and everything near and around them, were covered with black; there was moreover a large congregation of priests, all clothed in black and silver.

While this scene of woe and of deep-sounding lamentations was going on at the great altar, I perceived a small but dense crowd of people engaged at one of the little ones, from which there also proceeded chanting and prayer, which occasionally clashed and occasionally amicably mingled with the loud swelling sounds of the organ and its mournful accompaniments.

I was observing the performance of this double service, looking sometimes towards the little altar, and then at the horizontal backs of the large crowd of men and women who with bent bodies were joining in the last sad requiem to the dead, when I saw a slight movement among the small crowd, which began to approach me, following a bride white all over;

in short, at one end of the church they had been most joyfully marrying a couple, while in the middle they were as mournfully burying a man. It was on the 1st of May, and, as nearly as I could calculate, the Queen of England and Prince Albert were at that moment within the Crystal Palace opening the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. In front of the bride there strutted, with as much pride as if she had wholly and solely belonged to him, a tall man in a cocked-hat, splendid uniform coat, and black breeches, carrying in his right hand a very tall staff, with which he occasionally tapped the stone pavement of the church, to admonish the toes of bystanders to get out of his way. I had observed him only a minute before close to the coffin, from which he must have hurried to honour and clear a road for the bride and bridegroom to their carriage. While they were escaping, as people in such a predicament usually do, from a little side door of the church, I walked towards the great portal, close to which I observed standing, or rather tottering, an old man, holding in his right hand a brush, wet with holy water, which most people as they passed him touched with a finger or two, and then, with the same, crossed their faces; and although the exertion of holding a damp brush is not great, the poor fellow seemed as if it was altogether too much for him; in fact, he appeared completely worn out, and all but dead and—as all people dying in Paris are entombed within twenty-four hours of their demise—buried. As soon as I got into the fresh air I saw before me in the street several mourning-carriages and the hearse, a sort of open barouche surmounted with black ostrich feathers and black trappings, heavily laden with silver lace. The horses were hidden in black clothes covered with silver stars, and traversed and bound with silver lace. The coachman, dressed in clothes of black and argent, wore a black cocked-hat, ornamented with silver lace. The large entrance door and front wall of the church were completely covered with black cloth, silver lace, and rich similar bullion six inches long. Lastly, above the three doors, namely, the large centre one and small one on each side of it—from one of which there had just flown the beautiful white bridal butterfly, who in the chrysalis state had been brought before the little altar—there was inscribed in large letters,

"LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EGALITÉ."

In the afternoon, as I was returning home very tired, in passing the Church of St. Roch I perceived two dingy black vans, into which some men dressed in rusty clothes were stuffing all the dark costly finery which, on the interior walls, steps of altar, and exterior of the church, had been displayed at the morning ceremony I had witnessed. After watching the operation for some minutes, I asked a man in a cocked-hat, very vigorously assisting, where all the black bales he was loading were going. "Monsieur," he replied, "tout appartient aux Pompes Funèbres!" * moreover, in reply to my further inquiries he was good enough to add—as with the sleeve of his dingy coat he wiped a stratum of perspiration from the small portion of his face that remained uncovered with hair—that the office was at the top of the Rue Miromenil, just beyond the residence of the British Ambassador; and as I was anxious to get to the bottom of my subject, I determined, instead of going to my dinner, to walk there.

"I shall now," said I to myself, "see, I suppose, a black world!" and yet I own I was not quite prepared after a weary walk to find, on turning out of the Rue St. Honoré into the one he had named, that the very water running in the gutters down the street was black! "Very odd! isn't it?" thought I; however, as I never allowed my mind to remain in Paris one moment in ignorance of anything anybody passing me was acquainted with, I asked a shopman who was crossing from his door what might be the cause of the colour of the bubbling fluid to which I pointed. "Monsieur, ça vient d'un teinturier à côté un peu plus haut;" † and accordingly, tracing it truly enough to that source, I continued to ascend the street, until on the left I saw before me in large letters "Service Général des Inhumations et Pompes Funèbres de la Ville de Paris." ‡

Beneath an arch was the "Bureau," which I had scarcely entered, when I perceived from the face of the person to whom I addressed myself that I was very particularly welcome. "What was my wish? What would be my orders?" As soon, however, as I replied that as a stranger I only wanted to know what were the charges for different descriptions of funerals, the clerk, with a countenance sickening almost unto death, po-

* Sir, it all belongs to the Funeral-pomp Association!
† Sir, it comes from a dyer a little higher up!
‡ General Burial and Funeral-Pomp Association of the City of Paris.

litely referred me to his superior, who as politely told me I could only get the information I wanted from the "chef" of the establishment. He happened to be in the yard, and received me with great civility; but although there can exist, one would think, no objection whatever to telling the living what is charged for burying their dead, yet, as soon as this stout gentleman found I was really a nonentity in creation, that is to say, that I possessed nobody I desired to bury, he told me frankly he did not wish to give the information I desired; he, however, readily allowed me to walk through his establishment.

On entering the first stable I found in it no less than one hundred and thirty horses, all black. Above their heads and mangers were affixed upon the wall the names of each. I expected that among them I should, of course, find "Pluto," "Minos," "Charon," "Cerberus," or other such appropriate appellations; however, in France the sound of the drum seems more or less to influence everything, and, accordingly, almost the first funeral horse I came to was called "Pistol," the next "Eagle," then stood munching "Pollux," and, at last, appropriately came "Victoire!" The stable was not ventilated, the horses were only three feet apart, leaving scarcely room to pass with safety between the heels of the two rows attached to opposite walls; they nevertheless—no doubt from the quantity of walking exercise they professionally enjoyed—all looked sleek and healthy. After going through the remainder of the stables, I crossed the Rue Miromenil into a yard full of mysterious uncomfortable-looking planks, tressels, and ladders, beyond which was a large building like a barn, replete with republican hearses of all conceivable and inconceivable forms, from one apparently made of silver and as fine as the state coach of the Lord Mayor of London, down to a rattletrap bier on wheels, with side rails barely high enough to prevent a coffin from being jolted out.

ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE.

By a decree of the National Assembly, dated 11th March, 1794, there was established in Paris a Board of Public Works, the

central school of which, by a subsequent decree, dated 1st September, 1795, took the name of Ecole Polytechnique. Its object, as its name partly defines, is to shelter every branch of science; and accordingly, from this noble institution, into which about 300 élèves, from sixteen to twenty years of age, are received for two years, and occasionally for three, there are continually flowing streams of useful knowledge, of greater or less magnitude, into the following channels:—

1. The military corps of Engineers, } whose school of application is at Metz.
2. The military corps of Artillery, }
3. The "Marine," or naval service.
4. The corps of Maritime Engineers, whose school is at Lorient.
5. The Artillery of the Marine, whose school is at Metz.
6. The "Ecole d'etat Major," at Paris.
7. The Ecole des Mines, } whose schools of application are at Paris.
8. The Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées, }
9. The School of "Poudres et Salpêtres." *
10. The System of Telegraphs, under the direction of the Minister of the Interior.
11. The National Manufactures of Tobacco, composed of ten manufactories, dependent on the central one at 63, Quai d'Orsay, at Paris.
12. The Department of Finances, under the Minister of Finance.

After looking for a short time at the new front, containing a bas-relief appropriately representing an amicable combination of implements of war and machines of peace, I entered the gate of the Ecole Polytechnique, and, on producing my order, was introduced to an officer, who was good enough, in reply to a few queries, to give me the following preliminary information.

The establishment is governed and regulated by—

Military.

1 General.	4 Serjeant Majors.
1 Colonel.	6 Drummers.
6 Captains.	1 Soldier for the infirmary.
6 Adjutants.	

* Gunpowder and saltpetre.

Civil.

1 Director-in-chief of the Studies. 6 Professors.
1 Administrateur, who has sole charge of the arrangements of the school and buildings.
1 Treasurer. 1 Assistant ditto.
1 Commis du Matériel, in charge of linen, furniture, and billiards. 1 Assistant ditto.
1 Commis de Vivres, in charge of the provisions.
3 Commis des Bureaux, for the accounts, and for correspondence.
1 Médecin, of the rank of chirurgien-major.
1 Assistant ditto. 15 Garçons, servants.

For board, lodging, and education, the élèves pay, for the first year, 1500 francs (60*l.*; for the second, 1000 (40*l.*). The expenses of about twenty young men of distinguished talents, but who have no money, are every year defrayed by Government. Their studies commence at six in the morning, and end at nine at night; between those hours they breakfast at eight, dine at two, from half-past two to five are allowed recreation, sup at nine, and at half-past nine go to bed. They are not permitted to go out of the establishment except on Wednesdays, from two till ten, and on Sundays, when they may be absent from eight in the morning till ten at night.

Before 1830 they possessed a church, but since that period have had none. "How do they manage," said I, "without one?"

"Oh!" replied the officer, with an appropriate shrug, "on n'y va pas!"*

"So much," said I to myself, "for abolishing what are termed the musty evils of an established church."

On entering the "Cabinet de Physique," I saw before me all sorts of philosophical instruments, with an electric machine of the newest description. Among them were several tables, on which the élèves are required to make, as well as to witness, a variety of experiments.

In the "salle" of fortification and artillery, among an assortment of shot, shells, models of fortresses and boats, I re-

* Why, they don't go to one!

marked a model showing the modern system of defence adopted in the forts lately constructed round Paris; also a section of the new musket used by the chasseurs de Vincennes, which is capable of producing such fearful effects. The invention principally consists of a short barrel, containing inside a slight spiral groove, down which is forced, instead of a round ball, a piece of lead cast in the combined form of a cone and cylinder; the cylindrical end (in the lower portion of which there exists a small iron cup or thimble) is inserted first. At the extremity of the ramrod is a conical hole, which, exactly fitting that of the lead, thrusts it down without compressing it. By the force of the discharge the iron cup expands the side of the bullet, which entering into the groove of the barrel receives from it a rotary motion, and the centre of gravity of the ball, in consequence of the vacuum in its rear, being well forward, its pointed end always goes foremost. By this simple alteration of the old principle, this new French musket has a range of 1000 yards, equal to that of a nine-pounder cannon with two degrees of elevation.

In the department of Chemistry I found, opening into a yard shaded by trees, ten small laboratories, in each of which were eight furnaces, with two élèves working at each. Adjoining is an amphitheatre of chemistry, capable of holding 300 students, composed of lofty benches, gradually lowering towards the professor's large circular table, which I observed covered with the objects upon which he was lecturing. Behind him, on the wall opposite to his audience, was a large black board, and, in a room adjoining, laboratories, in which we found his assistants preparing the experiments he was about to explain. After passing through three fencing-rooms, in which several of the students were displaying great dexterity, and a "salle de danse," empty and fiddleless, I came to eight rooms, each containing a pianoforte, before most of which was seated a professor in rusty clothes playing: behind one, looking at white music-paper about two feet from his nose, was standing in an easy negligent attitude, with eyes and mouth wide open, a student singing. On each side of a very long passage, I passed twenty-eight "salles d'étude,"* with one window in each. Above, in a gallery of the same length, were ranged the black belts, bayonets, and muskets of the students, who, on first join-

* Halls of study.

ing the école, are exercised for three months daily, and after that twice a week during the months of June and July only.

In the "Cabinet des Modèles d'Architecture"* are some very beautiful models of arches of various descriptions, staircases, steam-engines, cranes, also of an ancient temple. After looking into two amphitheatres "d'analise physique,"† I passed through two small gritty "yards of recreation," into a capital billiard-room, adjoining which was a room entitled "Coiffeur," for hair-cutting.

I now proceeded to the dormitories, composed of forty-two exceedingly clean, light, airy sleeping apartments, each containing from seven to ten iron bedsteads, with neat check side-curtains. Above every white pillow there hung horizontally a brass-handled sword, over which was a shelf bearing a wooden cocked-hat box.

In four long dining-halls, surrounded by wooden benches, were five marble tables, at each of which sat from eight to ten students, and in the middle of every table, instead of an épergne with artificial flowers, &c., was a tin circular basin, into which the students as they were eating chucked their scraps. In the vestibule were three cocks, and troughs for washing dirty hands and hungry faces. The kitchen, which, though exceedingly small, by admirable arrangements was quite large enough for its purpose, contained four great caldrons.

I was now led to the penal department, consisting of fourteen prisons, ten feet square, containing each a table, a stool, and a window boarded up to the upper panes. In these cells refractory students are subjected to solitary confinement from four to a period not exceeding fifteen days.

In a detached building of twelve windows in front, and three stories high, is the infirmary, or hospital. In the upper portion, which only contained six patients, I was conducted into two apartments, with one floor, if possible, more dangerously slippery than the other, containing in shelves and pigeon-holes "lingerie," beautifully clean and neat, and a woman as clean, as neat, and with a mind as strongly imbued with soap, as the linen over which she presided. She told me with great pride that every pigeon-hole (they were each one foot ten inches square) had its élève—or, rather, said she, correcting herself, it contained the *linen* of each élève, every article of which, she

* Museum of architectural models. † Physical analysis.

showed me, was marked with his number. She added, they were allowed clean sheets once a fortnight in winter, and once in three weeks during summer.

In a small, gritty entrance-yard the élèves receive their friends, who are not allowed, when visiting them, to enter any farther. Opposite, but within the walls of this admirable, useful, and well-organised establishment, is a magnificent house, the quarters of the general commanding.

Twice a month, by order of the Government, there is an inspection, "en grande tenue," of the general, colonel, captains, and adjutants; and the élèves, about once a week in like manner, are inspected by the general.

After going through the various studies I have enumerated a certain number of the students are sent to the Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées to pass through another and a higher course of studies, which I will now briefly describe.

ÉCOLE NATIONALE DES PONTS ET CHAUSSÉES.*

Above my head, and over a lofty gate, in la Rue des Saints Pères, I saw drooping and dripping—for it was raining hard—a tricolor flag, and under it, in gold letters, "Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées." On each side was inscribed in letters of black paint—

"Propriété Nationale.†
Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité."

After passing the lodge of the concierge, and crossing a large open court, I ascended by a small staircase to the room of the principal inspector, whom I found ready to attend me, and who informed me—as I was aware—that he had, through the Director, received a special order from the Minister of Public Works to give me whatever information I desired.

Commencing at the upper story, in which was his own

* National School for Bridges and Roads.
† National Property.

apartment, he conducted me to a passage, in which are eight small rooms of study, each containing ten desks.

Around the walls of every room, in wooden frames, three feet high, covered with glass, were arranged drawings relating to the particular course of study of each, in order that the students, when not otherwise occupied, might have an opportunity of regarding them. These rooms and the whole establishment are warmed by hot water (not steam), according to the system now generally adopted in all the government buildings in Paris.

At the end of the passage we came to a door, on which was written "Office de Service." Here reside two retired officers of artillery, who form the "Police" of the establishment, who restrain any irregularity, and who thus divest the professors and director of all responsibility on that subject. In the wall is a "boîte aux lettres," or box for letters, written by the students, all of which, whether for the purpose of science or addressed merely to their friends, are, as an indulgence, franked to their respective destinations by the "Ministre des Travaux Publics."*

On public occasions the élèves wear a uniform, slightly embroidered on the collar; at their studies they may dress as they like. They are, however, strictly forbidden to wear the uniform of the Ecole Polytechnique, and are not allowed to smoke or play at cards.

We now proceeded to a vestibule where was a spacious oak table, from the middle of which protruded and arose a large stove. In the adjoining library—a fine solid room, containing 16,000 volumes and 3000 brochures, warmed by two stoves, and having at one end, on a small platform, the elevated desk of the librarian—were four tables covered with books and inkstands, lying on loose green cloth. At each table were ten chairs, five on each side. In this reading-room, open from twelve to five and from seven to ten, absolute silence must prevail. "Le silence le plus absolu y est de rigueur." A third library contains, in cabinets, lettered, numbered, and closely packed in shelves only a few inches asunder, 3000 valuable drawings of railways, bridges of stone, wood, and iron, and other engineering subjects. Attached to these three rooms is a small one, a peaceful retreat for the librarian.

On descending to the ground floor I entered a laboratory,

* Minister of Public Works.

in which twelve students at a time, each at his severely burned table, and with a compartment of shelves of his own, covered with bottles, and containing his "Pharmacie," analyse their limes, cements, &c.

I was now led into a very handsome stone promenade, communicating with a small and a large amphitheatre. In the former I found thirty scholars, on benches, one above another. In front of them was a large black board, at the foot of which, in an elbow-chair, before a rectangular oak table, sat the professor.

In the grand amphitheatre, which, by a similar arrangement, can contain two hundred students, each bench, divided into twelve separate seats, is numbered in front by a brass shining plate. On the wall, close to the black board, hangs in a glass case a tell-tale list of the names of the occupiers of each seat, so that the professor, without moving anything but his head, or without a word of inquiry, can by a glance at once inform himself of the name of any one who disturbs him. Behind, in the small private room of the professor, I found a similar black board, exactly of the same dimensions, "pour s'amuser."* In these amphitheatres, besides mathematical and geometrical demonstrations, the students are instructed in geology, mineralogy, political economy, architecture, surveying, levelling, irrigation, draining, the construction of roads, canals, bridges, and in the German and English languages.

On opening a door on the left, over which was inscribed "Galerie des Modèles,"† I entered a lofty long hall, containing models of machinery of almost every description, of different sorts of bridges, lighthouses, of the principal aqueducts of France and of foreign countries, also plans of the best modes of irrigation. There were likewise, admirably arranged and lighted, fragments of the most important portions of the interior of steam-engines: among these I observed a locomotive engine, sawed and separated into two pieces, so as to enable the students, as it were by dissection, to anatomise the reality of these powerful bodies. Adjoining were plans explaining the construction of atmospheric railways; a very interesting model of the "Pont au double" near Notre Dame in Paris, which, although of a span of 115 yards, with a rise in the arch of only

* To amuse himself with. † Gallery of Models.

ten feet, is composed of nothing but a conglomeration of broken stones and cement.

Among the drawings are some showing an infinity of purposely confused details, exhibited as a style which, instead of being imitated, should be shunned. I here inspected a variety of plans, elevations, and sections by the students, many admirably and beautifully executed.

Beyond this interesting gallerly I entered one devoted entirely to harbours and canals, containing, besides various models of both, dredging machines, bridges of boats, &c. Above is a gallery full of theodolites, spirit-levels, and a variety of other mathematical instruments, the cost of which in Paris I observed to be less than half the prices in England.

Lastly, I was conducted into a hall full of specimens of mineralogy, previous to leaving which I ascertained from the superior that, for the elucidation of the details I had witnessed, there are employed fifteen professors; that the Government liberally gives to each student 150 francs a month during the three years which form the course of his education in this valuable establishment; besides which, there exists in "la Rue des Coutures St. Gervais" a private one on a similar plan, entitled "Ecole des Arts et Manufactures,"* for the education of young persons (above sixteen years, and possessing a certain knowledge of algebra, geometry, and mathemetical drawing) who are desirous, by the aid of science, to be made competent to practise as civil engineers, as builders, or as directors of factories.

LES CASERNES.†

As the momentum or force with which a cannon shot strikes any thing that opposes its progress does not depend *solely* on its weight, or *solely* on its velocity, but on the product of both, so does the real power of an army depend not solely on its numbers, or solely on its military knowledge, but on the combined powers of both; and thus, just as a small shot can, by

* School of Arts and Manufactures. † The barracks.

greater velocity, be made to strike a heavier blow than a much larger one propelled with little velocity, it is evident that, although in point of numbers the army and militia in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, as compared with the Garde Nationale and army of France and Algeria, are in the proportion of one to thirty-nine, superior acquirements in the smaller body *might* compensate for its deficiency in physical force. With this reasoning in my mind, I felt anxious, during my short residence in Paris, to ascertain, as accurately as I could, the precise point of military knowledge the French army has attained; and yet, although in Paris almost every thing belonging to the public, with the utmost liberality, is thrown open to the inspection of the inhabitants of Paris in general, and of strangers in particular, I found that to all ordinary applications to visit the barracks the answer of the general commanding invariably was, "Personne n'est permis de visiter les casernes,"* the only reason being, that the soldiers, very naturally and very properly, do not like to be treated, as they say, "like wild beasts." I found it necessary, therefore, to obtain a special order from the Minister at War, authorizing me to visit the various military institutions within, and in the neighbourhood of, Paris.

With it in my pocket, I proceeded towards the Ecole Militaire; but on passing the entrance-gate to the temporary barracks, one story high, for 7,000 men, lately constructed on both sides of the Esplanade des Invalides, I determined to test the validity of my firman, and accordingly, on being stopped by the sentinel as I was going into the barrack-yard, I told him I wished to speak to the commanding officer. To my surprise, he informed me all the officers lived at Paris, and that no one of them was in the barracks excepting the adjutant!

"I will, then," said I, "call upon him."

"Non, Monsieur!" said the sentinel, "personne ne peut entrer!"†

He would, however, send for the adjutant, and accordingly the serjeant of the guard, whom he called, despatched one of the men on duty to the quarters of this officer, who, very shortly coming to the gate, on reading my order, politely told

* Nobody is allowed to visit our barrack!
† No sir! nobody is allowed to enter!

me I was at liberty to enter, and he, moreover, desired one of the guard to take me wherever I wished.

My guide, who was an exceedingly intelligent fine young soldier, appeared, before I had said half a dozen words to him, to understand exactly what I wanted, and accordingly he led me into a barrack-room (they are all alike) numbered to contain 108 men, but in which were 75 beds, the amount of men in one company. On entering it I found several of the soldiers singing, others lying on their beds reading, and, as I walked among them, looking, possibly, as if I was not altogether unaccustomed to them, I attracted very little observation. Round the room, which had a brick floor,—no ceiling but the rafters of the roof,—and which was lighted and ventilated longitudinally by windows on both sides,—were arranged, at intervals of 18 inches asunder, a series of iron bedsteads, for each of which, on a slightly inclined plane, 18 inches above the ground, were supplied a straw palliasse,—a good wool mattress,—a straw bolster,—a wool pillow,—a blanket,—a pair of sheets, changed once a fortnight in summer, and three weeks in winter,—and over all a neat clean counterpane of a brownish-red colour. During the day, on every alternate bedstead, is placed two sets of bedding, and thus one half of the bedsteads form soft sofas on which the men may rest, and the other half hard, healthy ones, on which they may sit. Over the head of each bed is a shelf for the soldier's kit, including a round tin soup-pan, with cover, holding about five pints English; beneath a row of pegs for his side-arms, and bag for his brushes. At the bottom of the range of beds, every here and there, was a stand for arms, numbered and ticketed. Opposite to the door, at the end of the room, there hung, shining like burnished gold, a drum.

On asking one of the men in the room what was the sum total of the "charge" or weight which a French soldier of the line carried, I was instantly surrounded by a quantity of comrades in mustachios, who appeared to vie with each other in explaining to me that it was nominally 60 lbs. (French), but in reality never so much. "The musket and bayonet," said one, "weighs from 9 lbs. to 10 lbs." His circle of comrades nodded assent.

"Our knapsack full," said another, "from 20 lbs. to 30 lbs.; our cooking utensils about 4 lbs.",

I asked what articles the knapsack contained. In reply, several voices said, "We are allowed to carry what we like!"

"For instance" ("par exemple"), said one, "we may carry two or three pairs of pantaloons."

The knapsack, however, which is inspected every two or three months, contains usually two pairs of shoes, one pair of drawers, a pair of pantaloons, three shirts, two collars, two pairs of gloves, two pairs of white gaiters, three pocket-handkerchiefs, and one bonnet-de-nuit.

"What!" said I with a smile, "does a French soldier require a *nightcap* to sleep in?"

"Mais oui!"* replied several voices.

Passing the door of several similar rooms, I now proceeded to the canteen, open from day-break till half-past nine at night. In it I found a room in which, at one small table, dine the serjeant-major and serjeants, and at two long ones the remaining sous-officiers, above the rank of corporals, who live in barracks with the men. In the corner were neatly arranged, on a small counter, glasses, bottles of wine and spirits, for sale.

Every regiment of 1500 men (*i. e.* three battalions of 500) is allowed to have four cantiniers, who, as they require female assistance, *must* be married. Four washerwomen are also allowed to live in barracks; but no soldier in the regiment is allowed to marry, unless a cantinière is wanted. I asked my guide whether it was the case, that, beyond the number specified, soldiers' wives were not recognised? He said that in military law they were not recognised, "mais," he added, with a shrug, "il n'y en a pas."†

"What!" said I, "are none of the men in these barracks for 6000 soldiers married?"

"Not one!" he replied. "The tambour-major, the maître d'armes, and the chef de cuisine,"‡ he added, correcting himself, "may marry, but no one else!"

In each regiment of 1500 men about fifteen *boys*, of two years of age, are, as "children of the regiment," allowed the same rations as soldiers, until they are eighteen years of age,

* Oh yes! † But there are none.
‡ Drum-major, fencing-master, and chief cook.

when they may enlist or depart, as they may prefer; but no girls of any age whatever are admitted into barracks.

In the kitchen, a hall, lighted and ventilated on three sides by windows, and paved with round stones like those of a pavé, I found one hot plate, 14 feet long by 3 feet 4 in. broad, containing eight semi-elliptical "marmites," or coppers, 2 feet by 1 foot 5 in.; each of which, I was astonished to learn, cooked for a company of from seventy-five to ninety men! Round the room was a table, or dresser, of the ordinary height, 2 feet 6 in. broad, and above it a shelf 1 foot broad. On the former were lying, in heaps, bread for soup, cut into slices, and basins of white beans. On the ground tubs of cabbages, with a few potatoes. The meals of each company are prepared by two of its soldiers, changed every day; and the French army is thus composed of regiments, not only of *soldiers*, but of professed *cooks*.

The ration of the French soldier consists of a loaf of 3 lbs. for two days; ½ lb. of meat per day, eaten at two meals of ¼ lb. each, morning and evening; ½ lb. of white long bread for soup; one to two sous worth of vegetables; and lastly the soup in which the meat is boiled.

"How much wine have you?" said I to my young guide.

"None!" he replied, with a toss of his head, "à la fontaine!"* adding, "in summer, when it is very hot, we are allowed one small glass of wine per day."

"Has the soldier any other allowance?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" he replied, with a grin. "He has 'en province' one sou, and in Paris two sous per day, pour s'amuser."†

"Happy the soldier that lives on his pay!"

We now proceeded into a small fencing-room, in the middle of which were sunk into the ground three broad boards, separated by wooden platforms, which, in fact, were the remainder of the floor. Upon these three sunken boards, in constant succession, three privates in masks were learning the use of the sword under an experienced maître d'armes, assisted in each regiment by six prévôts, who, besides being exempt from all other duties, receive from the maître "quelque

* We go to the pump! † To amuse ourselves with.

chose."* Close to this "salle d'armes" were the boarded-up windows of a prison, in which, as there is no bed, the inmates sleep, from two nights to a month, on the floor. Adjoining is a "salle de police," containing palliasses on the floor, in which men are confined two months, or more.

On returning to the end of the barracks at which I had entered, I found a range of offices, superscribed as follows:—"Salle de Rapport et Accessoires" (for the colonel and adjutant); "Corps de Garde, et Salles de Police" (adjutant and sous-officiers sleep here); "Compagnies hors Rang" (soldiers' tailors and shoemakers, very badly paid); "Sergents-majors et Fourriers. There is one sergeant-major for each company; the "f[illegible] ranks between him and the sergeant.)

In these temporary barracks there were, at the moment I visited them, 5500 men, forming four regiments, namely:—

Two battalions of chasseurs à pied.

Two regiments of the line, composed of very young soldiers.

In France men are drawn by the conscription at twenty, and become soldiers at twenty-one. Volunteers, formerly allowed to enter at eighteen, are now received at seventeen. My intelligent guide was a volunteer of nineteen.

On leaving him, passing round two sides of the Hôtel des Invalides, I proceeded along the Avenue Lowendal to the Place de Fontenoy, in which is the principal iron-railed entrance gate of the Ecole Militaire, founded by Louis XV., for the education principally of the sons of officers killed in action: transformed into barracks in 1789; afterwards used as the headquarters of Napoleon; and now again become the principal of the forty casernes, which in Paris, even in the immediate vicinity of the palace of the President, are in every direction to be found swarming alive with soldiers.

On being stopped by the sentinel I told him I wantad to see the commandant. The matter was referred to the sergeant, who informed me that one of his guard must accompany me, and, accordingly, I found myself walking with a soldier by my side across a spacious esplanade towards the quarters of the general. In a sort of corridor I passed two

* A trifle besides.

IMAGE EVALUATION
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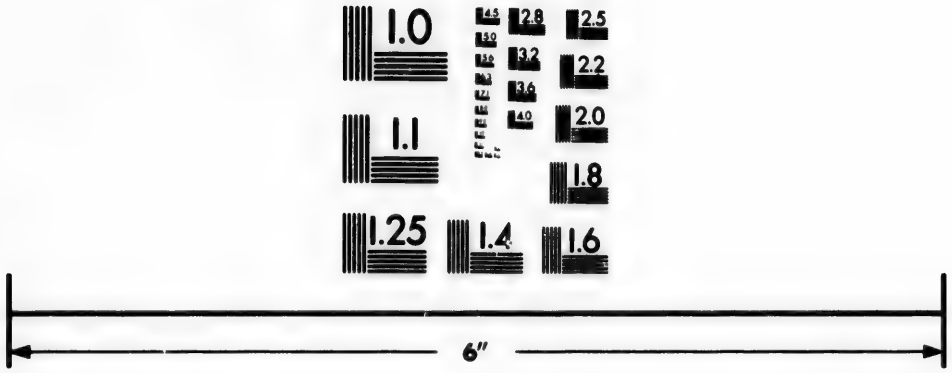

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soldiers, with long mustachios and in uniform, sitting astride a bench and playing at draughts with bits of stone of different colours, over which, with their chains resting on their hands, they were reflecting as deeply as if they were at chess. On arriving at the General's house, the door was opened by a soldier, who conducted me to another private, with mustachios and dress exactly like him, who was writing, and who told me the General was in Paris, and he wanted me to take my order there to him: however, after he had read it, he carried it away with him into another room, and after a short absence returned, and told the soldier of the guard who had brought me he was to accompany me wherever I wished.

"And where would you like to go?" said my attendant, as soon as we got outside the door.

I told him I did not at all know; that I wanted to see the casernes, &c.; and that, as he understood what they contained infinitely better than I did, I would follow him.

"Bien, Monsieur!" replied the soldier, with a look not only of great intelligence, but of apparent satisfaction at the confidence I had reposed in him; and stepping suddenly forwards as if I had pronounced to him the word "March!" he led me up a handsome staircase into a noble apartment, from which we walked out upon a sort of spacious balcony, beneath a projecting portico, formed by four lofty Corinthian columns, supporting a pediment, richly sculptured. From this exalted position, which I could not help recollecting had repeatedly been occupied by Napoleon, we had a most magnificent view of the Champ de Mars, a plain of sand, bounded on the east and west by avenues of trees, on the south by the Ecole Militaire, in which I stood, and on the north by the bridge of Iéna, and the Seine.

After reflecting for some little time on the various important scenes which had occurred on the great open space before me, we retired into the "Salle de Conseil," and other apartments, the past and present appearance of which also formed a striking contrast. On the lofty walls, as hatchments or memorials of departed grandeur, appeared immense gold frames, richly ornamented, but empty; the pictures they had contained were all gone, and the floor, composed of oak, beautifully dovetailed, was liberally strewed with dust and dirt.

As we were descending the staircase, my guide explained to me that the casernes of the Ecole Militaire, capable of holding 10,000 men, at present contained only five regiments, namely,—

One of hussars;
The 58th and 41st of the line;
One of chasseurs à pied;
And the 3rd regiment of artillery:
Forming a total of 4356 men.

He then conducted me through two magnificent barrack squares, 690 feet long, separated from each other only by an iron railing. In one were several hundred soldiers (all very young) listening to the soft, pure, beautiful music of their band.

The barrack-rooms, although of different sizes, were much smaller than those I had seen in the morning. On entering one, I found in it, neatly arranged around the room, nineteen iron bedsteads, 13 inches asunder. Upon them were three boards, altogether 2 feet 2½ in. broad, and 6 feet 3 in. in length, supporting the same amount of bedding I had found in the temporary barracks, with a counterpane, dark drab, with a yellow border. Above each bed, on a high shelf, there appeared the soldier's cap and knapsack; on another, beneath, were, neatly folded, two pairs of scarlet trousers, a uniform coat, and, as ornaments at each side, a yellow epaulette; below the whole were eight iron cramps, for holding bayonet, cartouch-box, &c. The nineteen muskets were on a stand near the door. I took up one; the movement of the lock was excellent. In the middle of the room, suspended from the ceiling, was a tray full of loaves of bread. In every room is constantly a man to watch it. Outside each door was affixed a list of the inmates. In the long passages communicating with the several rooms, all the windows were open.

As the arrangements in the rooms of the cavalry and infantry are exactly alike, my guide now led me to a magnificent stable, 245 yards (25 yards more than one-eighth of a mile) long, full of horses, separated from each other by bails a little higher than their hocks, and from which hung a matting of straw. The horses stood on clean litter, and the ventilation was so perfect that no smell was perceptible. Over each rack was affixed the name and number of the quadruped, and the

name of its rider, besides which the number of each horse was cut on his fore foot. On his near thigh was branded the number of his regiment, with the letter H, signifying "Hussar." I may here add, that every article of the soldier's dress—shirt, stockings, stock, braces, &c.—is stamped with his number. Excepting with the army at Algiers, there are no entire horses in the French cavalry.

The horses are fed at six in the morning, at eleven, and at eight at night in summer, and half-past six in winter. Those of the hussar regiment were very small. In a large yard I found a rectangular bath, 60 yards long by 40 broad, surrounded by a low wall, and bounded on the outside by a paved walk, along which the soldiers, who were swimming their horses by the halters, walked. In hot weather, this cheap, sensible, and cleanly operation is usually performed at five o'clock in the evening. Lame horses, I was informed, derive much benefit by standing up to their chests for some hours in this bath. As I was leaving the yard, I stopped to listen to a number of fine, manly voices, most joyously singing together in chorus.

"Ce n'est rien!"* said my guide. "It is only the soldiers in prison!" I could not, however, help thinking what a delightful contrast it was to Sterne's captive, sitting, with a rusty nail "notching a little calendar of small sticks all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there."

In the middle of one of the barrack squares, in the open air, surrounded by a narrow earthen parapet, three feet high, was a circular manège, twenty-two yards in diameter, for exercising horses and for horsemanship.

My guide now led me into a kitchen for twelve companies (averaging eighty men each), in which, [illegible]ual, most admirably arranged, within the narrow space [illegible] twenty-two feet square, I observed twelve semicircular "marmites" or coppers, over which were an iron shade and funnel for carrying away the steam: there was consequently no unpleasant smell or heat. The fires were of wood.

In a yard adjoining I found, in scarlet trousers, a number of hussars, in various attitudes, leaning over stone cisterns, in which they were washing their own white cotton gloves, stock-

* It is nothing!

ings, handkerchiefs, and drawers, to save themselves from the regimental charges, which are as follows:—

Two sous a week for washing one shirt; for a pair of drawers two sous more; gloves, a sou a pair.

"If a handkerchief," said my young guide, "is tied to a shirt, it is allowed—as a point of honour—to pass as its tail, and, accordingly, no charge is made for it; but," he added with a good-humored smile, and a twist at his mustachios, "very few of us possess handkerchiefs!"

My conductor now led me to a door, on entering which, much to my surprise, I saw before me five handsome pier glasses, and eleven marble tables, at one of which was sitting a fine-looking sergeant of hussars, smoking; at others, several soldiers of the line playing at cards. Adjoining to this "café" was a small shop, selling tobacco, brushes,—in short, all the little things in this world that a soldier wants.

After passing through a large park of artillery and of pontoons, I entered the gymnasium of the Ecole Militaire, a large open court, containing, besides all sorts of strange-looking hieroglyphics, a long, lofty gibbet, with a ladder at each end, communicating with the beam, from which were hanging fourteen ropes; up which soldiers were hauling themselves until they approached the beam, beneath which they proceeded horizontally by unhooking the fourteen ropes from one set of rings to another. In another direction, one or two soldiers were ascending the lofty wall that surrounded the court by inserting the points of their fingers and toes into slight crevices that had been purposely made by the abstraction of the mortar. In front of another part of the wall men were vibrating, or swinging, by means of ropes attached to the summit. In the centre, under the command of two officers on duty, several men were performing feats which really astonished me. Some, with great agility and in various ways, vaulted on and over a sort of wooden horse; others, kneeling on it, turned over in the air like mountebanks In another direction, on a pole about six feet from the ground, was seated a soldier, who, without touching it with his hand, raised his foot up to it, and then rose up. From a small movable scaffolding, eight feet high, several soldiers sprang forwards and then backwards on a lump of loose sand beneath. Two or three jumped in this way from the top of the gibbet, fourteen feet high. Just be-

fore I entered this gymnasium for the second time, I had happened—within the Ecole Militaire—to meet Colonel Wood, who so gallantly distinguished himself in India on Lord Hardinge's staff; and as we evidently took much interest in the feats we were witnessing, the two officers on duty called together a number of the men. Eight were made to stoop, with their shoulders resting against each other, and, while they were in this position, three or four of their comrades, one after another, running quickly along a spring board, not only jumped over them, but, making a summerset in the air, landed very cleverly on their feet, and the officers, seeing we were somewhat astonished, increased the number of stoopers from eight to fourteen, over the whole of whom two or three men, following each other in quick succession, making a summerset in the air, and landing lightly on their feet, ran on as if no such parenthesis in their lives had occurred. From one of the officers I ascertained that all the soldiers under thirty years of age within the Ecole Militaire were required to perform gymnastic exercises twice a week for two hours at a time; but that after the age mentioned their attendance ceased to be compulsory.

Having now rapidly passed through the largest of the permanent and temporary barracks in Paris, I determined, as the next step in my inquiry, to ascertain the amount of education given by France to candidates for commissions in her army.

ÉCOLE SPÉCIALE MILITAIRE DE ST. CYR.

From Versailles there runs a fine new, straight, glistening railway to St. Cyr; but I had just come from Paris to the former place by rail, and therefore preferred, as a change, proceeding by road. Accordingly, clambering to the top of a 'bus, which, poor little thing, was working in opposition to the St. Cyr railway, I sat looking at the pair of small punchy white horses that belonged to it, until, there proving to be no other passengers from the train, the coachman mounted beside me, and on we all tottled.

The saddle-pads had been born red; but as the rest of the harness, which was equally old, was blackish, and the reins whitish, I asked the driver what was the reason of these differences. He told me that the white untanned leather of France, from its strength, is excellent for reins, but that, as "transpiration"—called at a London city-ball "*per*spiration"—decomposes it, black leather is infinitely better for the back-bands, traces, and breeching.

With a long whip my companion was continually threatening rather than striking his horses; but as it was evidently out of their power to go beyond the first rudiments of a trot, his interminable conversation to me all the way to St. Cyr (two or three leagues) was about once every ten seconds interlarded by three exceedingly long, but distinctly different, drawling exclamations, which in writing can only very imperfectly be described as follows (N. B. The vowels must be pronounced in French patois):—

A . . . . *u*; a . . . . . *i*; u . . . . *i*.

To tell the truth, the latter was almost invariably followed very quickly by "Cre! cre!" by "Sacre cochon!" "Sacre matin!" and, although the horses were, as I have distinctly stated, milk-white, by "Sacre *bleu!*"

"Voilà qu'ils se reposent jusqu'au chien!"* said he to me, pointing with his chin to a poor man, a poor wife, three poor children, and a lean dog, who, lying on their backs, sides, or curled in a ring, were all six fast asleep by the road-side.

As we were jogging along I observed on my right a series of grass parks, separated from each other by high palings, in each of which were a thorough-bred mare and foal. They were the government parks for breeding horses.

"C'est une jument Irlandaise!"† said my comrade, pointing to a fine-looking mare. About 100 yards farther he pointed out to me with his whip an English mare, which, he said—so like an English mother—would not allow man or animal to come near her foal.

On arriving at our destination, I walked towards the magnificent buildings and extensive lands I had come to visit.

In the year 1686 Madame de Maintenon prevailed upon Louis XIV. to found, in the obscure little village of St. Cyr,

* Look at 'em all resting themselves—down to the very dog!
† That's an Irish mare.

for the education of 250 noble young ladies, the celebrated Maison de St. Cyr, to which, on the death of the King, she herself retired, and in which, in 1719, she actually died. In the revolution of 1793 this female establishment was converted into an hospital for soldiers, in which capacity it continued to be used until 1805, when, by a second transmigration, Madame de Maintenon's establishment for young ladies was converted by Napoleon into "l'Ecole Spéciale Militaire de St. Cyr," to which were immediately removed the young students of the military school of Fontainebleau.

On producing my order of admission to the officer commanding, he was good enough to accompany me over a portion of the establishment, and to order one of the captains to take me to the remainder, and, moreover, to give me copies of various lithographed papers he had shown to me.

The precautions which the French nation, under every description of government, and under every species of adversity, political or pecuniary, take to provide their army with officers competent to command, are very remarkable.

The commandant of the establishment of St. Cyr told me he had at present under his charge 500 young men, who, as candidates for commissions in the line, had at the age of eighteen engaged themselves to serve for seven years, if requisite, as private soldiers; that during their residence it had been customary for them to pay for their education, &c. 1000 francs a year, with a trousseau (bounty) of 500 francs for the two years, the usual period of their course of study; that it had lately been recommended in the National Assembly they should be educated gratis; but that, although that proposal had for the present been rejected, several, in consequence of certificates, had lately been allowed to pay only half the sums named, and a few nothing.

If they conduct themselves well, and succeed in passing their examinations in the course of two years, they are presented with the commission of sous-lieutenant of cavalry, or of the line. If the former, they are required to go for two years more to the military establishment at Saumur; if the latter, they are ordered at once to join their respective regiments. If, during their residence at St. Cyr, they misbehave, for slight misdemeanours they are either drilled during the hours of recreation in heavy marching order, or are put under the po-

lice; for heavier offences they are sent to the military prison at Paris, where they are treated exactly as soldiers; and if they fail altogether to attend to their studies, they are despatched as privates to a regiment in any situation. Without permission of the general, granted only in extreme cases, no friends or even parents of the élèves can see them, except on Sundays, from twelve to two; but, twice a month, if all their work is well done, they are allowed a holiday, from 9 in the morning till 9 at night, but *never* to sleep out.

As the number of young men averages from 500 to 600, and as their course of education usually occupies two years, there are annually poured into the army from 250 to 300 officers, as follows:—

Of those who have most distinguished themselves there are yearly sent to the Ecole d'Etat Major, to go through the whole course of that establishment (which will shortly be described), about	20
To the military establishment at Saumur, to go through the Cavalry course of education, as therein prescribed, about . . .	50
To officer regiments of the Line	from 180 to 230
Total, from 250 to 300.	

Besides the practical education which will briefly be delineated, the young soldiers of St. Cyr are theoretically instructed in the art of war, legislative administration, topography, fortification, descriptive geometry, mathematics, geography and history, natural philosophy, mechanics, chemistry, and drawing.

The following list of officers and professors, &c., will clearly show the extraordinary pecuniary efforts which the French nation, however low may be its finances, make to impart to candidates for commissions in their army a competent knowledge of the art of war:—

Military.

1 General of Brigade, Commandant.
1 Colonel, Commandant en Second.
1 Colonel, Director of the Studies.
1 Chef de Bataillon, commanding the battalion.
2 Captains, Assistant-Directors of the Studies.
4 Captains, commanding the four divisions, each composed of two companies (or of one eighth of the effective of the whole).

8 Lieutenants, commanding companies.
8 Sous-Lieutenants.

1 Chef d'Escadron of Artillery 1 Captain ditto	For the instruction of Artillery.
1 Captain of Engineers 2 Lieutenants ditto	For the instruction of Fortification, &c.
1 Captain of Engineers 2 Lieutenants do.	For the instruction of the "Art Militaire."
1 Captain of the Corps d'Etat Major 1 Lieutenant ditto	Topography.

1 Médecin Militaire.

Civil.

2 Surgeons; 1 Director of the Studies (an officer of Engineers, of the rank of Chef de Bataillon); 1 professor of History; 1 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of Geography; 1 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of German; 2 Assistant ditto; 2 Professors of Mathematics; 4 Assistant ditto; 3 Professors of Drawing; 1 Professor of Belles Lettres; 1 Professor of "Physique;" 2 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of Mechanics; 2 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of Chemistry; 2 Assistant ditto.

The buildings of St. Cyr are composed of an entrance "cour longue," or long, lofty, covered promenade, parallel to and within which are three handsome courts, named Cour d'Austerlitz, Cour de Marengo, Cour de Rivoli, running consecutively east and west, each surrounded by buildings two stories high; beyond them is a narrow fourth court, of a less glorious but more useful name, called Cour de Cuisine.* Of these buildings those of the Cour de Rivoli are occupied solely by employés.

In proceeding over the establishment I was conducted first into an amphitheatre, large enough to hold two companies, containing models of the different systems of fortification. At one end, opposite the benches on which the young candidates for commissions in the Line, one above another, were sitting, was a Professor and an assistant, demonstrating with

* Kitchen Court.

white chalk on a black board the mode of attacking a fortified place; adjoining was an amphitheatre of chemistry, amply supplied with the necessary arrangements, and capable of holding 300 students.

In three magnificent lofty halls, lighted at both ends, I found—surrounded by a variety of very beautiful models of fronts of fortifications, têtes-de-pont, modes of encamping a regiment, with several topographical drawings, under glass frames—a series of double desks, on each of which were lying a portfolio and mathematical instruments. Every eight of these are under the charge of a student of the rank of corporal, on whose desk hang the names of the squad over whom he presides.

In the middle of the hall, in an elevated desk, stood the Professor; before him was a list of the names and numbers of the students at work around him; between the windows were black boards for demonstration. At each end of these halls is a small room for the examination of the students by the Assistant Professors, whose duty it is to explain any details which the Professor may have omitted.

In a handsome room of models I observed one—which could be taken to pieces, so as to explain every part of the interior—of the block-houses, surrounded by a ditch, used by the French army in Algeria; others of gabions, fascines, chevaux-de-frise, pallisades, and batteries of various descriptions.

The library comprehends 16,000 volumes of professional and historical works. The chapel, which is neat, contains for the officers a tribune or gallery, beneath which sit the students; before all is an altar, plain and simple.

I was now conducted into a splendid "salle de récréation," in the the Cour de Marengo, enlightened lengthways on each side by fifteen windows, from which is a fine healthy view. From them we went into eight magnificent dormitories, each containing in a double row down the middle and a row against each wall 72 beds for an entire company. Above each iron bedstead, on which there is a hair and a wool mattress, was a bureau holding the cap and accoutrements of the student, also a box at the side for his boots, &c. The élèves make their own beds, black their own shoes, soles and all, and, in turns, sweep their rooms, for which purpose under every eighth win

dow there was hanging a broom and a dust shovel. At the side of the room the bed of each corporal (an élève) was distinguished by a paper hanging at its head containing the names of his squad, eight in number. At the end of these long rooms were arranged a quantity of muskets.

As we were proceeding to a lower stratum of the building I heard a drum suddenly beat, and almost immediately there appeared, winding down the staircase upon which we were standing, the whole of the élèves. Over their uniforms they had an odd-looking sort of working pinafore of blue cotton, which covered the breast and arms down to the wrists. Each had, swinging in his hand, or tightly compressed under his arm, a large piece of bread. We followed them into their magnificent dining-hall, the tiled floor of which was dotted with fifty oak tables, each surrounded by twelve rush-bottomed stools, upon which the students in groups were hardly seated before a string of garçons appeared, bringing to each table its soup and vegetables. During this operation silence prevailed; but as soon as the tables were all served, the drummer, at the end of the room, gave a roll, which immediately eliciting from the élèves a general roar of applause, down they all sat with their caps on, and they certainly commenced their "spoon exercise" with an alacrity that youth, health, good-humour, and good-fellowship combined, can only produce. Each squad per day is allowed 3¼ bottles of wine. Their meals are as follows: at half past seven they eat a piece of bread; at one they dine; at four they bite and swallow another bit of bread; and at half-past eight sup. Their ration of wine is usually divided between dinner and supper. Outside the dining-room are spacious washing-rooms, to which each company is marched in the morning by beat of drum.

From the dining-room we instinctively went into the large salle de cuisine, in which within the tiny space of twelve feet in length by nine in breadth the cooking of the whole establishment (which has occasionally consisted of 600 élèves and 100 employés, total 700) is, without hurry or inconvenience, performed! From it we passed through the "salle d'armes," a fine fencing-room, the ceiling of which is supported by columns, into a "cour de récréation," a sandy play-ground with a few trees in each corner, 110 yards broad by 165 in length.

From thence I was conducted into the gymnasium, a most

extraordinary place, as high and as large as a church, full, from top to bottom, of all sorts of odd-looking things, among which was a wooden horse without a skin, and another with one. On the outside, in the open air, was another, also replete with objects that looked as if they had been constructed by a mad carpenter. In the surrounding wall, fifteen feet high, were crevices in the mortar, in which, by the insertion of toes and tips of fingers, the young candidates for commissions in the Line were taught to climb to the top.

Eastward about three hundred yards, I found—in the middle of a spacious well-stocked garden—the Infirmary, or hospital, in which the young men who are sick are carefully watched over by seven Sœurs de la Charité.

In front of the line of buildings surrounding the "Cour de Rivoli," the "Cour de Marengo," the "Cour d'Austerlitz," and the "Cour de Cuisine," are extensive gardens belonging to the General, and, adjoining, a very large, rectangular, open space, called the "Cour de Wagram," used for military drill. Beyond is a large field of uneven ground, called the "Champ de Mars." On the right of all these runs diagonally a practising ground for guns, mortars, and small arms, of nearly a mile in length.

On entering the Champ de Mars, at about two o'clock, I found two companies of the élèves going through various manœuvres in the presence of a Chef de Bataillon, who, in uniform and on horseback, held in his hand the notes of duties for the day; but the words of command were given by the élèves, who are taught—seriatim—to act the parts of all ranks, from a private up to that of the Chef de Bataillon who superintends them. They are also, for an hour or two every day, made first to trace on the ground, and then practically to construct, field-works; and accordingly, some were employed in finishing one, the parapet of which, fourteen feet high, was surrounded by a ditch six feet deep. Among the works they had completed, I observed, with great interest, several ovens for campaigning—"fours de campagne"—very ingeniously constructed beneath the surface of the ground. Adjoining to these they had been taught to construct, for the purpose of cooking, boiling caldrons, &c., "en bivouac," holes, from which little subterranean flues, as if they had been burrowed by a mole, ran for the admittance of air and for the exit of smoke. At the further end existed a small park of nine pieces of artillery, gabions,

fascines, several sheds full of spades, pick-axes, &c., a yard containing shot and shells, and a powder magazine.

Beyond the Champ de Mars, in the long practising ground I have described, I found a butt and three batteries, one of which, with four embrasures, 550 yards from the butt, had been lately made by the élèves.

We now walked up to a party of them in heavy marching order (with their knapsacks on their backs), employed in practising with the new muskets and with fixed bayonets at a target, distant 330 yards. Some fired at it erect; others, by bending down on their right knee, and then placing their left elbow on the left thigh, obtained a rest apparently of great use. The recoil of the musket in the hands of these young men was very violent indeed; and yet, by the report the officer superintending them showed me, it appeared they had, at the distance above named, struck the target (6 feet 6 inches high by 9 feet 3 inches, made to represent four men standing together) once in ten times, which, he observed to me, was about the usual average.

Each élève, or candidate for a commission in the Line, during the two years he is at the establishment of St. Cyr, is required to fire per annum, at various distances, twenty-eight balls for muskets, and the same number for carbines, "musquetons" for cavalry, and pistols. A record is kept of every bullet that hits the target, and at the end of the year a prize, consisting of a pair of pistols, is awarded to the best shot; besides which the best thirty are assembled to fire in presence of the General, who gives a second pair of pistols to the best performer before him. During the second year only, each subdivision fire—from distances of 550, 660, and 770 yards—two shells from mortars, one from a howitzer, and nine shot from cannons, and, as in the case of small-arms, a pair of pistols is awarded to the best marksman.

At a considerable distance off, in the open country, I observed several of the young men very intently occupied in walking together in groups, and then suddenly stopping. On reaching them I was introduced to the officer (the adjutant of artillery) in charge of the party. The object of the instruction was as follows: the officer pointed out to them a tree about 250 yards off, and calling to them by their *names* (in the French regiments of the line the men are called by their *numbers*), he

inquired of each, before all the rest, what he considered was that distance? and recording in the book he held in his hand the answer, he repeated seriatim the same question to every one until all their replies were put down. The precise distance was then measured with a chain by two of the élèves, followed by all the rest. As soon as it was ascertained, the officer, calling around him the whole of his party, announced it to them, and having done so, he read out loud the name, (Monsieur * * *) with the distance he had estimated, and in like manner that of every one present; several had guessed it within ten yards. For the line, who use the common musket, the extreme distance of this practice is 440 yards; for the chasseurs à pied, the average range of whose muskets is supposed to be 1100 yards, the distances practised are up to 1320 yards.

While the British army, from motives of false economy, has since the war ending in 1815 been gradually sinking in its equipment, and, in exercising, to a state of inferiority for which no difference in "pluck" or physical strength can possibly compensate, the French army has been, and is, devoting extraordinary attention to ball-firing.

By all high military authorities on the Continent it is considered that the new French musket will, by paralysing old routine manœuvres and tactics, make great alterations in the art of war.

Heavy columns can no longer, as hitherto, remain at 600 or 700 yards. Charges by cavalry or with bayonet will consequently be more difficult and rare. Light artillery (six-pounders, for instance) will no longer be serviceable at the distance at which they will be kept by the new musket; and accordingly, the contest in future must be between the superior skill and arrangements, in all ways, of musket-*firing*.

The French attach great importance to this art; and as their new musket, which in *theory* we are, I believe, partially about to adopt, requires the careful study and *practice* which they are devoting to it, it is evident that, if the British soldier, who is at present but a very poor shot, is to continue to be deprived of the ammunition necessary for his instruction, our troops will, by a new element of war, be felled from a distance, without power to return the blow.

In the mean while, the French officers do not hesitate to

foretell that the fate of battles will henceforward, in a great degree, depend upon the question of which of the two armies engaged has attained the greatest degree of perfection in *ball*-firing in general, and in the scientific application of the new musket in particular. And it is because *they* practise a great deal that it is desirable we should be much more liberal in our consumption of ammunition for this purpose than we have been or are.

In the British service, the half-yearly allowance for ball-practice, totally inadequate as it is, if not demanded within certain periods, is irrecoverable. There are many of our barracks where, for want of an appropriate place for practice, it cannot be used; and after all, very few, indeed, furnish a site for a 500-yards range.

On returning to the Ecole the General commanding was good enough to give me lithographed copies of the minutest details of the different courses of studies within and without the school, of the several companies of each division, of all the interior regulations by which they were governed, of the punishments awarded for different offences; and besides this liberal, high-minded treatment of a stranger and a foreigner, the officer who had had the irksome trouble of going with me over the whole establishment insisted on accompanying me to the railway-station, at which, as soon as I had arrived, with geat politeness he took off his hat, and unconsciously paying an infinitely greater compliment to himself than to me, he gave me his "adieu!"

On returning to Versailles, I again, from the great esplanade, observed for a moment the outside of the palace, a picturesque and rather heterogeneous mixture of lightning-conductors, blue slates, new chimneys, old windows, white and red walls, gilt iron railings, and statues. In the evening I dined with the British Ambassador, at his delightful and hospitable country residence at Versailles.

ÉCOLE D'ÉTAT MAJOR.

On entering a small door adjoining to a very large porte-cochère, I saw before me two spacious yards full of young men, apparently officers, in uniform, sitting with their coats unbuttoned in various attitudes, each busy with a pencil in his right hand, their left arms being all employed in nursing or supporting a large rectangular drawing-board, on which, from their respective stations, they were sketching the various architectural appearances of the complicated buildings before them. Some were stooping, with their faces only a few inches from their boards; others, erectly, with their right arms stretched out, were measuring by their pencils the particular angle of the lines they were copying; two or three had a leg cocked up on the other knee to help to support the board; one wore spectacles, and the nose of one, apparently for want of a shortsighted pair, kept almost rubbing itself against its board, as if, like the pencil close beside it, it were delineating a chimney, a window, or a long crooked zinc pipe. The colonel commanding was also in the yard, and, on my producing to him my order from the Ministre de la Guerre to see the establishment, with great kindness and politeness he said he would take me over it himself.

Previous to 1815 the French had no special system of education for staff-officers, but before the army of occupation had left their territory, the Minister of War, Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr, framed and presented to the legislature, on the 10th March, 1818, the draft of a law for the establishment not only of a college or "école" for the education of staff-officers, but which was to possess the exclusive privilege of supplying to the army *all* it required; and thus, instead of allowing every general, as a little piece of private patronage, to select as an officer of the staff of the army in which he has to serve his own silly son, nephew, or perhaps, unsight, unseen, the near relation of some pretty woman who had pestered him for the appointment—in short, instead of staff-

officers being snatched up from here and there, to serve temporarily and disconnected as before—they were henceforward to form a permanent, most important, and most valuable branch of the army, under the appellation of "Le Corps Royal d'Etat Major." This new establishment, sanctioned and committed to the charge of General Desprez, an officer of engineers, who in his youth had highly distinguished himself in the Ecole Polytechnique, and had subsequently served on the staff with great success, rapidly reached the perfection in which it now exists, and which has caused it to be imitated, more or less, by most of the great continental powers of Europe.

In time of peace the "Corps d'Etat Major" of France is composed of 30 Colonels, 30 Lieut.-Colonels, 100 Chefs de Bataillon, 300 Captains, 100 Lieutenants,—forming a total of 560 officers (the whole corps of British Royal Engineers contains only 307); besides which there can be called forth at any time 100 lieutenants, who, having gone through the course of studies at the "Ecole," are employing themselves as will be described. The inspecting generals of infantry and cavalry are required, in the course of their annual inspections, to examine all captains and lieutenants of the Etat Major employed on the staff in the theory and practice of manœuvres; also in their own special service, by making them execute military reconnaissances, never giving them more than forty-eight hours to make both their plans and their written report.

The following list of the costly establishment of the "Ecole d'Etat Major" very significantly explains the importance which France attaches to the education of staff officers for her armies:

The "Ecole d'Etat Major" is commanded in chief by a Maréchal de Camp, assisted by—

One Colonel of the "Corps d'Etat Major," director of the studies.

One Chef d'Escadron of the same corps, charged with the superintendence of the interior, and with the instruction relating to manœuvres, exercises, and miltary regulations.

Three Captains of the same corps, assistants to the Chef d'Escadron, besides which, one of them is especially charged with the instruction of the theory and practice of horse man-

agement and horsemanship; the two others in directing topographical surveys.

One Medical Officer, of at least the rank of Chirurgien-Major.

The Military Professors consist of—

One Captain, or Chef d'Escadron, of the Etat Major, Professor of Descriptive Geometry.

One ditto, ditto, Professor of Astronomy, of Physical Geography, and of Statistics.

One ditto, ditto, Professor of Géodésie and of Topography.

One Captain, or Chef de Bataillon, of the Corps of Engineers, Professor of Fortification.

One ditto, ditto, of the Artillery, for the instruction of that branch of the service.

One Military Superintendent, Professor of Legislation and of Military Administration.

One Captain, or Chef d'Escadron, of the Corps d'Etat Major, Professor of the Art of War ("d'Art Militaire").

Four Captains of the Corps d'Etat Major, as Assistant-Professors of Descriptive Geography, of Geography and Statistics, of Topography, and the Art of War.

The Civil Establishment consists of—

One Professor of Drawing.

One Assistant ditto.

Two Professors of the German Language.

One Treasurer, Secretary, and Librarian.

One Assistant-Treasurer.

One Sentinel Porter.

Lastly, for the purpose of firmly cementing together the whole of the above elements into one solid mass,—

One Drummer.

The education of the "Ecole," already almost sufficiently explained by the titles of the professors, may very briefly be detailed as follows:—

Mathematics.—Arithmetic, algebra, logarithms, geometry.

Descriptive Geometry.—Construction of straight lines, curves, and tangents; with the various lines separating light and shade; principles of perspective.

Trigonometry and Topography.—Use of the plain table, compass, spirit level, principles of reconnaissance.

Cosmography.—Movement, diurnal, of the earth, of the sun, moon, planets, satellites, comets, and stars.

Geography.—Detailed description of the surface of the globe, also of the various governments and populations.

Natural Philosophy.—A slight course of.

Chemistry.—Ditto.

Artillery.—Description of the implements of war of the ancients; of those of every sort now in use; of the armament of different branches of the army; fabrication of gunpowder; construction of gabions, fascines, platforms, &c.; principles of firing artillery; general idea of the employment of artillery in the attack and defence of fortified places.

Field Fortification.—Explanation of the various profiles of field-works; application of abatis, palissades, fraises, chevaux-de-frise, trous de loup, &c.; general principles of tracing out works, such as redans, lunettes, tête-de-ponts, redouts, star-works, barbet batteries, &c.

Permanent Fortification.—Description of the systems of Vauban, Cormantaigne, &c.; also of the new French system.

Assault and Defence of Places.—Description of lines of circumvallation and contravallation; of approach; of open and covered sap; description of an attack from the opening of the trenches to the passage of the ditch.

Military Administration.—Interior administration of companies' pay, subsistence, forage, fuel, clothing, linen, shoes, arms, equipment, harness, shoeing, service on the march, lodging, infirmary, hospitals, field hospitals, military accounts, military justice.

Art Militaire.—The organization, tactics, and manœuvres of infantry, offensive and defensive. Ditto of cavalry. Explanation and use of outpost duties; of rounds and patrols; of the conduct of detachments near the enemy; duties of the different fractions of a detachment under various circumstances; of topographical reconnaissances; of armed reconnaissances; of the means necessary for reconnaisances; guides, spies, deserters, prisoners, travellers, &c.; of convoys, their destination, rules to be observed on their march, mode of parking them or defending them; special rules for the convoy of prisoners; of the attack of convoys. Defence and attack of villages, of woods, of defiles, according to their respective characters; of ambuscades, and also of surprises, different

modes of preparing and carrying them into effect under various circumstances; of foraging by force, &c.; of cantonments, rules to be observed; choice of the best positions for encampments, for the bivouac of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Rules of castrametation for troops of all arms, under canvas, or, in barracks, billets, &c.

Manœuvres.—Of every description.

French Literature, Latin, and German Language.—Grammar, prose, poetry of each; rhetoric; different descriptions of public speaking.

Fencing.—In the usual way.

Swimming.—Ditto.

Horsemanship.—To each student are given ninety-four lessons, consisting, besides riding, of lectures on the anatomy of the horse, of his principal diseases, of his treatment, food, water, ventilation of stables; on shoeing; on rest; work; precautions to be taken on a march, and in a campaign; on the purchase of horses; and lastly, how to proceed in cases of false warranty.

After conversing some time with the Colonel and commandant of the establishment, I followed him into one of the halls of study, in which I found ten or twelve fine intelligent-looking young men, employed in drawing plans of fortification, the works of a siege, breaches, flying bridges, and reconnaissances of country 2200 yards (one mile and a quarter) broad, by 3300 yards (about two miles) long, taken by themselves by compass only; and as these reconnaissances had all been laid down on the same scale, the colonel, on placing two or three of them together, pointed out to me how accurately they coincided, so as to form altogether, for a general officer, a continuous carte-du-pays. Those engaged in plan-drawing were originating their own delineations from plaster models of the different features of a country. He was also good enough to show me a plan of Toulouse, with a written report thereon, by one student; a plan of Besançon, with an historical military memoir, by another; a plan of Dieppe by another. He informed me that three times a-week the students learn landscape-drawing, of which he laid before me some specimens of extraordinary talent. In another room he was kind enough to show me plans by the students of the principal sieges of Spain, with drawings by them of artillery of all descriptions.

In the mathematical hall I found around a black board a horseshoe table containing twenty-five desks; and in the library, to which government every year gives a certain sum, 8000 volumes on professional subjects.

The hospital was what Mr. * * * *, M.P., in advocating economy, contemptuously calls a "sine*cur*,"—Anglicè, it did not contain a single student; indeed the colonel told me that any one who occupies it more than thirty-five days is considered to have lost his year's study; and as this led to the subject of discipline, I ascertained that the punishments of the students consist of,—

1. A simple order of arrest by any officer of the establishment, which, while it confines them to their room, does not exempt them from study.

2. An "arrêt de rigueur," with or without a sentinel, which confines them in their rooms from study.

3. Confinement in a military prison, to which the culprit is conducted by the officer on duty for the week, who brings back to the field-marshal commandant a receipt from the jailer for his person.

The students are required strictly to attend to the orders respecting their dress, composed of a "grande tenue,"* the uniform of the "Corps d'Etat Major," minus the embroidery and aiguillette; a "petite tenue,"† consisting simply of a uniform coat, epaulettes, hat, and sword; and a "tenue de travail,"‡ of a uniform coat without epaulettes. The form, shape, and colour of every article of their clothing is strictly regulated by martial law; for instance, the dimensions of their hats—totally irrespective of the different amount of brains within each—are decreed to be as follows:—

		Millemètres.
Height	Before	140
	Behind	205
Arch	Before	030
	Behind	025
Length		125
Breadth		070
Diameter of the loop		080
Breadth of the twist of the loop		042

Lastly, the students are required, in the "Ecole" and out of it, to salute all officers of rank superior to their own; and to

* Full dress. † Undress. ‡ Working dress.

assemble, whenever called upon to do so, by beat of drum. Every day they are allowed to be absent from the Ecole from five in the evening till eleven at night, excepting on Saturday, when they may be out till midnight; and four times a month they are permitted to be out all night, but—what sounds reasonable enough—not two nights consecutively. If at the yearly examination they do not attain a certain sum total of proficiency, they are summarily discarded from the "Ecole d'Etat Major," and at once appointed to regiments in the army.

I was now conducted into a stable containing fifty horses, maintained for the instruction of the students. As is usual in the French service, the name of each was appended over his manger: among them I observed a mare entitled "*La Milady*," and a slight, long-legged horse, called "*Le Gentlemann*." From the stables the colonel led me into an unusually large and lofty riding-school, 264 feet in diameter, around which, followed by a groom on horseback, there was cantering, at the rate of very nearly three miles an hour, a thin, old, erect gentleman—he was a stranger, and had no connection with the establishment—who, with a red ribbon in his button-hole, with hands bent like the paws of a dancing-bear, and with the points of his toes gently resting in his stirrups, was taking, as medicine, his daily dose of horse exercise.

The dormitories are composed of moderate-sized rooms; containing sometimes one, and sometimes two, beds.

Lastly, I was conducted into a good garden.

The hours of labour are in summer eleven, and in winter nine, every day in the week except Sundays and fête-days. Of the year, eight months are devoted to studies within the "Ecole," three to exterior reconnaissances and actual surveys under officers of engineers, and one for the examination in two divisions of all the students.

The period of residence at the "Ecole" is two years. The number of students fifty, of whom twenty-five every year, after passing their examinations in the various studies enumerated (which in the aggregate are considered as a preliminary portion of their education) are, with the rank only they held at the "Ecole," namely that of sous-lieutenant, employed *for two years* as "aide-majors" (assistant-adjutants) in a regiment of cavalry. They then, with the rank of lieutenant, are required to serve for *two years more* as aide-majors in a regiment of infantry;

and afterwards, occasionally but not always, are sent for a year in the same capacity, first to the artillery, and then to the engineers, which completes the course of military education which France deems it advisable to give to its "Corps d'Etat Major," a national nursery for generals whom the country may reasonably deem competent to command under any circumstances the various armies on which the destinies and honour of the nation are supposed to depend. From the education they have received they are also deemed competent to be placed at the disposition of the French minister for foreign affairs, to be attached to embassies, or employed in diplomatic missions.

As I was walking through the garden, I asked the colonel to be so good as to explain to me who had the patronage of appointing to the "Ecole d'Etat Major" the twenty-five students requisite to replace that number who were annually promoted from it to be, with the rank of lieutenants, aide-majors (assistant adjutants) of cavalry. He told me that no such influence was allowed to interfere with the Ecole d'Etat Major; and, accordingly, that by an order of Government, the yearly deficiency, without any patronage whatever, is supplied by three of the most distinguished scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique, and by twenty-two who in like manner have most distinguished themselves in their progress through the military college of St. Cyr.

This sensible arrangement, which, regardless of expense, gives to the brightest talents the country can produce the best professional education it can devise, accords with the whole military system of the French army, which, among other regulations, has ordained that no one can be appointed to the rank of sous-lieutenant until he has either served at least two years as a non-commissioned officer (sous-officier) in some corps of the army, or for two years has been an élève of the Ecole Militaire de St. Cyr or Polytechnique, and has, moreover, passed all the examinations thereof.

As I was walking homewards I could not help comparing the system of military education I had witnessed in the Casernes, and in the Ecoles Polytechnique, Ponts et Chausées, Spéciale Militaire de St. Cyr, and d'Etat Major of France, with the course pursued in my own country; and as this painful subject is of vital importance to every member of our community, it will I trust be deemed not unworthy of a few minutes' patient consideration.

According to the regulations of the British army no young man, whatever interest he may possess, can enter the corps of Royal Engineers, or the Royal Regiment of Artillery, without going through the military academy at Woolwich.

As a school of preparation for the remainder of the army,—the cavalay, infantry, and staff,—there has also existed long ago at Great Marlow, and latterly at Sandhurst, a Royal Military College; and as it and the army have been and are under the same power, it would have been natural to conceive either that the expenses of the college, if useless, would have been abolished, or, if deemed useful, that by a simple regulation every candidate for a commission would, as in the case of the Woolwich academy, have been required to pass through it; by which arrangement, whatever amount of education from time to time might be deemed necessary would be equally imparted to all our young officers, who, on joining their respective regiments, would be known to possess military knowledge up at least to the point prescribed. Instead, however, of issuing any such regulation—strange to say—it has been, and still is, left to the father, mother, guardian, uncle, grandfather, or grandmother of every young man who enters the army, to determine, according to his or her ignorance or prejudices, whether he shall accept this national course of education or not! and accordingly it is an indisputable fact that a large proportion of the ensigns of the British army have joined their respective regiments without having received any military education whatever.

Now, instead of correcting this anomaly by the simple establishment of one general system, there has lately been adopted a medium course, which, by many very faithful admirers of the power from whence it has emanated, is considered to be a very serious mistake; and as I most reluctantly own that I concur in this opinion, I will endeavour to explain the objections urged against the following order, the portions of which that are considered to be very loosely worded, are printed in italics:—

MEMORANDUM of the points upon which Mr. ——— will have to be examined when selected by the Commander-in-Chief for a Commission in the Army.

In order *to have some certainty that the applicants for commissions in her Majesty's service have been educated as gentlemen*, it is directed that each of them shall be examined by *persons* appointed by the Commander-

in-Chief for that purpose, *particularly* on the following points, before they can be recommended for commissions:—

1. The candidate must be able to *read* English *correctly*, and write it from dictation.

2. In arithmetic, he must be acquainted with the first four rules (simple and compound) *and proportion.*

3. In languages, he must be able to construe any part of Cæsar's 'Commentaries' (exclusive of the portion ascribed to Hirtius), and parse; or, *if he should not have received a classical education*, he must translate into English a given passage from *a* French or German author, *as he may himself prefer*, and parse.

4. In history, he must be able to answer *such questions as may be put to him by the examiners.*

5. In geography, he must possess a knowledge of the general divisions of the world; the name of the capital of each nation in Europe; the principal rivers, seaports, and military posts in Great Britain and Ireland; *her Majesty's dominions in every part of the world.*

6. In fortification, he must be able to trace upon *paper*, in presence of the examiners, a front of fortification, according to Vauban's first system. If this is done correctly by the candidate, it will be received *as evidence*, at the same time, of his *having acquired* SOME *knowledge of drawing.*

7. If the candidate be a member of the Church of England, he will have to produce a certificate of having been confirmed. If not a member of the Church of England, he will be required to produce a certificate from a *minister or priest*, stating that he has been well instructed in the principles of the religion in which he has been brought up.

8. A medical examination will take place to ascertain that the candidate is in every point of view fit for military service.

Now, without stopping to notice any of the paragraphs in italics—which (especially in requirement No. 4) are evidently so indefinite that if the "*person*" appointed as examiner should happen to be a little bilious or out of humour on the particular morning, he may make the examination so severe as to reject any candidate he pleases—it may be at once stated that the main objection to the above regulations is, that, without imparting to a candidate for a commission military information of *any* practical value, they materially injure the raw material from which the British army has hitherto been supplied, by forcing every candidate for a commission to leave our great public schools in order to obtain, in what is commonly called a "cramming establishment," on Shooter's Hill, Hammersmith, or some of the purlieus of London, exactly the amount of mathematics, plan-drawing, French, and German, that will enable him to pass the examination, or, as it it is technically termed by the advertisers, "bring him up to the mark."

Let us for a moment fairly weigh what is lost and what is gained by this arrangement. Although in our public schools education is unfortunately almost confined to a well-grounded knowledge of those two ancient dead languages on which our own is founded, yet there can be no doubt they offer to candidates for the army advantages of an inestimable nature. In their play-grounds and in their rooms courage is universally admired, cowardice or meanness universally despised; manly feelings, noble sentiments, and generous conduct are fostered and encouraged; the spoiled child of rank, whose face had formerly always been most obsequiously smoothed *down*wards, by the rough hand of the school is rubbed *up*wards, until his admiration of himself, of his family, and of the extraordinary talents of his maiden aunt, are exchanged for a correcter estimate, which eventually makes him a better, a wiser, and a happier man. In short, the unwritten code of honour, which like a halo shines around the playgrounds of our public schools, ever has done, and ever will do, all that can be performed to make those who have the good fortune to exist under it GENTLEMEN.

Now when a fine, handsome, high-minded young nobleman is torn away from advantages of this nature to be "crammed" at a solitary house, in what position does he find himself? Instead of the delightful society he has enjoyed, he finds himself the guest of a needy man, whose silly wife, and whose three or four plump daughters, are as proud of him as if he had descended among them from the sun. They show him off at church, have him to tea, and afraid to rebuke him, think themselves highly honoured by almost every thing he says or does. His companions are probably half a dozen different shaped lads, from various ranks in life. *They* perhaps also spoil him, and even if they do not, the association is altogether on so small a scale, the education is in its character of so low a caste—one in which the sons of schoolmasters, surveyors, and the lower orders of professions are sure to excel—that, although it may ensure him passing his examination, his young mind becomes unavoidably injured by the three-cornered ideas on all subjects which have been stuffed into it.

And now, if this be true (alas! will any one that has revelled in the playground of an English public school deny

it?), is it not extraordinary to reflect that this alteration in the qualification for a commission from the society and education of a gentleman to that which would be appropriate to a clerk, to a young civil engineer, or to a superior class of mechanic, has been concocted to prevent the very evil it is creating; in short, the young nobleman (*vide* the "Memorandum") is to be transplanted from Eton to Shooter's Hill, "in order to have some certainty that the applicants for commissions in Her Majesty's Service *have been educated as* GENTLEMEN!!"

Again, it is generally considered that the Memorandum, dated Horse Guards, 4th July, 1851, detailing the examination for the rank of captain, is not only far too severe to be required from all officers, but will lead to great hardships and inconveniences. A man may be an excellent officer; may have served for many years with great gallantry and distinction; he may, moreover, possess sound sense, judgment, and zeal; and yet be *quite* unequal—especially if his services have been in remote colonies—to undergo the examination required, and which, after all, has but very little to do with his regimental duties, namely:—

"The first *six* books of Euclid. Geometry; geometry on the ground. Algebra, comprising addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, the extraction of the square root, and the solution of simple equations. Plane trigonometry, comprehending the solutions of plane triangles in the three principal cases, with applications to the determinations of heights and distances; examples to be worked logarithmically. Mensuration, including the determination of the areas of plane figures, rectilinear and circular, with the volumes and surfaces of solids, &c., &c."

And thus, while in France, under a regular and continuous system of military education, *the soldiers, the officers, and the staff* of the army, in the various schools I have described, and afterwards in extensive encampments, are studiously learning grand manœuvres and evolutions, siege-duties, ball-firing, as well as the minutest details of field exercise, the promotion of our officers, to whom no such advantages are allowed, will occasionally be stopped because they are unable to pass through a severe examination in geometry!—just as if, according to Mr. Cobden's theory, disputes between nations were hereafter to be settled by logic instead of by bullets and cold steel.

"*I really can't understand this fifth book of Euclid!*" said many years ago a Woolwich cadet to that celebrated mathematician and philosopher, John Bonnycastle.

"*I don't wonder at it, boy,*" was the reply; "*I can hardly understand it* MYSELF!"

The British nation may pride itself on its wealth, and the British army on its logic, and yet before our faces Mr. Hobbs picks our locks, while Mr. Colt's revolvers, the French musket, and the superior sailing of the yacht "America," undeniably promise to kill and outstrip us by land and by sea.

There certainly seems to be a fatality hanging over the protection of our country which, like a channel fog, renders everything connected with it invisible.

Considering the abject respect which Truth meets with in England from persons of all politics, it is certainly inexplicable that on the single subject of the defences of the whole property of the nation, figures and facts have no specific gravity whatever! On every other question they are not only scrupulously weighed, but in every possible variety of combination they are, by all ranks of people, most ingeniously weighed over and over and over again.

On the subject of the Catholic religion, of corn-laws, game-laws, poor-laws, free-trade, &c. &c. &c., meetings can be convened at almost any notice, at almost any time, and at almost any place; petitions can be plentifully signed; the subject, year after year, can be brought forward in the House of Commons, debated, twisted, turned over in every possible way; and yet no sooner have 650 gentlemen tired themselves and everybody else almost to death by talking about it, than—just as if it rose out of the ground in which it had been buried—it majestically reappears in the House of Lords, where all its "facts and figures" are reweighed, and every argument rediscussed. On the publication of their lordships' speeches the subject is again debated throughout the country, and so on, almost *ad infinitum.*

But besides this unwearied investigation of great subjects, every newspaper in the United Kingdom professes to weigh, with accuracy and impartiality, the minutest transactions, not only of Great Britain but of every other country in the world. The reasons for and against everything that occurs therein are analysed; indeed, whenever a common railway or the

most uninteresting description of private accident occurs, the community are never satisfied, until by a coroner's inquest, or by some other official inquiry, they have been informed of what are popularly called "*the facts* of the case;" and yet, if any one ventures to submit to the people of England,—

1st. *Figures* showing that, in point of numbers, the army of Great Britain is to that of France, in the proportion of *rather less than* an inch to a yard.

2nd. *Facts* showing the superior military education of the army of France as compared with that of the army of Great Britain,—every eye is averted from the figures, every ear is hermetically closed against the facts! And thus, while every item of property within the British dominions is, as it is termed, "*ensured* from loss," the kingdom itself, almost by acclamation, is allowed, day after day, month after month, and year after year, to exist unprotected, save by that Almighty power by which it has hitherto been maintained.

LA GRANDE CHAUMIÈRE.

In Galignani's detailed account of the variety of balls which in every quarter of Paris are to be found suited to all classes of society, I read as follows:—

"Grande Chaumière, No. 96, Boulevart du Mont Parnasse, is the habitual resort of students and *étudiantes*, a title familiarly given to those members of the softer sex who worship Minerva under the garb of her youthful followers of the Quartier Latin. The garden of the Chaumière is laid out in shady walks—

'Time out of mind the favourite haunts of love.'

The dancing here is rather more *lively* than at the place already described, and might possibly elicit an austere shake of the head of a sombre moralist, who might also think the walks above alluded to somewhat too shady."

"Where am I to conduct you?" turning himself round on his box to receive my orders, said the conntenance, but not

the lips, of the driver of a citadine in which I had all of a sudden seated myself at nine o'clock at night.

"A la Grande Chaumière!" I replied.

"Très-bien, Monsieur!" said the man who, suiting, as he thought, his action to the word, gave the poor horse a hard cut with his whip.

We went I hardly knew where, turning and twisting for about half an hour; at last, when close to the Barrière d'Enfer, the carriage stopped, and I was informed we had arrived at the point of my destination.

As soon as I had paid my driver I saw before me, illuminated with lamps, two lodges, at one of which I was required, as usual, to leave my stick, and at the other, before which a sentinel was pacing, to pay a trifle for admission.

These preliminaries having been concluded, I walked slowly along a broad sanded path, lighted by variegated lamps, and bounded on each side by great cubical green wooden boxes, containing very large orange trees. As I proceeded I heard before me a band playing, and occasionally a strange rumbling noise like thunder. On my right I indistinctly saw the figures of several people, principally ladies, joyously whirling in a circle on whirligig horses; at last, after passing under a bower, I came all at once on the grand esplanade, on which, under the canopy of heaven, in an open-air ball-room, beneath a magnificent chandelier of thirty large cut-glass lamps, with fifteen more of the same form round the magic circle, I perceived the heads of about thirty or forty couple of happy people, waltzing in time to a band of fourteen instruments seated on an elevated covered platform, sheltered by a boarded roof through which passed the stems of two large umbrageous trees, besides which, by other trees the remainder of the esplanade was also overshadowed.

Around the railing which enclosed the dancers were seated in chairs a crowd of young people, more or less hot, who had either taken part in the dance or were waiting to do so, also a number of colder and older ones acting the part only of spectators. At each end of the dancing ellipse there stood erect, in uniform, low cocked hat, and a straight sword, pointing like a lightning conductor to the ground, a sergent de ville attentively watching, by order of the police, the movements of the dancers. On the outside of the persons seated

in chairs, sauntering, talking, and listening to the music, was a moving crowd, among whom were conspicuous the white belts, shining sword-handles, and scarlet epaulettes of several soldiers.

Immediately facing the band, and on the left of the entrance, there appeared, surrounded by a border full of pots containing beautiful flowers, an elevated refreshment platform, brilliantly lighted, and full of tables, from which people, luxuriously sipping coffee, punch, lemonade, &c., were looking, over the heads of the walking and sitting company, at the young, dancing beneath lamps and the green branches of horse-chestnut trees in flower. As they sat, the mysterious rumbling sound, occasionally for a moment overpowered, and then dying away, harmoniously blended with the music.

Whenever the dancing, merely to give a short interval of rest to the players, suddenly ceased, everybody appeared instinctively to stroll into a labyrinth of little intricate dark paths, shaded by trees and bounded by perpendicular embankments about two feet high. Here and there, like angels' visits, "few and far between," there twinkled, rather than shone, a little lamp. Here and there was ingeniously carved out of the happy chaos a small dark circular space, containing sometimes two or three plain, unassuming rush-bottomed stools, for people to sit and talk on, and sometimes, in addition to these simple luxuries, a little table. In this chiaroscuro picture there was occasionally a sort of dreamy appearance of waiters, in white aprons, hurrying forwards with white coffee cups in trays.

As I happened not to be wearing a gold-edged cocked hat, gaudy epaulettes, shining buttons, but on the contrary was dressed from hat to foot in dark apparel, I glided through this scene I believe almost unobserved, and yet, as I was not altogether unobserving, I must do it and the Grande Chaumiére the justice to say, that neither in the dancing nor in the labyrinths did I witness anything to complain of. A great many very young people were, with a great deal of animation, emphasis, and gesture, certainly endeavouring to explain to each other a great many things, probably of no very great importance, but I can faithfully declare that I saw no quarrelling nor misconduct of any sort.

As at the last blast and scraping stroke of the band the

rumbling noise I have alluded to invariably began to increase and to recur at shorter intervals, I resolved to worm my way to the point from which it invariably proceeded, and accordingly, returning to the dancing esplanade, I proceeded from it along a broad path, on the right of which I passed an inclined billiard-table, covered with green cloth, lighted by three bright lamps, and surrounded by a crowd of people who were playing for prizes—little china ornaments very alluringly displayed. Proceeding in my course, I soon arrived at the foot of a sort of square scaffolding, containing a small winding staircase, which, on ascending, led me to diminutive platforms one above another, in succession, like a Swiss cottage. On reaching the summit I found myself on a level with a platform surrounded by trellis-work, about thirty feet square, at the edge of which I perceived a sentinel in uniform standing by the side of an old woman seated before a little table, who, as soon as I came up to her, said to me very civilly—

"Cinq sous, Monsieur, s'il vous plaît."*

I had long been yearning to pay something to somebody, and, accordingly, with great pleasure I put into her withered hand the twopence halfpenny she desired. On the little elevated platform, over which the sentinel and this old woman, like Mars and Venus, presided, I perceived, arranged in three lines, eighteen very easy padded arm-chairs each on four iron wheels. In one a young gentleman had just seated a young lady; and he had scarcely taken possession of another chair himself, when, as if I were detaining them, as indeed I unconsciously was, two men in blouses, pointing to a third chair, energetically beckoned to me to advance. I did so; and one of the men had scarcely passed a leather strap across my stomach when we all three were slowly pushed along our respective set of parallel rails to the edge of a Montagne Russe, down which, with an astounding thundering noise, and between lamps that seemed to flash as we passed them, we rushed, until, on reaching the bottom, leaving their rails, the three chairs run over some loose tan, until, eventually, they slightly bumped against a wall padded with a woolsack. The instant this occurred, without allowing me a moment's reflection on what I had been doing, or rather on what I had done, four or five men rushed towards us, unhooked our three straps, handed us out of our chairs, and then, passing through a gate, in less than

* Five sous, Sir, if you please.

two minutes from the time I had been launched from the platform, we were all—just as if nothing had happened—quietly sauntering among the crowd.

On returning to the band I stood for two or three minutes close to one of the sergents de ville (Anglicé, policemen) watching the dancers, which gave me an opportunity of observing that the ladies were waltzing not only in bonnets, but in their cloaks of silk, and occasionally of velvet, which of course made them look hot and clumsy. On the right, at about thirty yards from the circle in which, in the open air, they were enjoying themselves, I found a large, long, low, boarded, unlighted ball-room, with a series of looking-glasses opposite the windows. In it, although it was almost dark, four young, foolish people, were dancing.

There now began to blister up in my mind a desire to know how the chair on which I had so lately been precipitated from the platform was ever to get back to it? and as I felt myself incompetent to determine the problem, I asked one of these young dancers, who at the moment with his partner on his arm was resting from his labour, to be so good as to explain it; and no sooner did he tell me of what the power consisted than I determined I would not leave the gardens until I had searched it out. Accordingly, returning towards the series of platforms by which I had ascended, I looked about me in all directions, until, passing under an arch which supported the summit of the artificial Montagne Russe, I saw on my right a dark-looking cell, containing about a dozen old chairs; beyond it I heard a slight but unceasing noise, and, proceeding towards it, I found, attached firmly by a wooden yolk to the outer extremity of a triangle of beams, one of which was revolving perpendicularly, a thin, powerful horse, with blindfolded eyes, and with his head drawn by a strap sideways. Within a little track hollowed out by his own feet, he was slowly walking round and round a square log-house, just large enough for his circle. As long as the band was playing he enjoyed comparative rest; as soon as it ceased he knew that he would be set to work. The sound of human feet ascending the series of platforms warned him that his labour was approaching. The merry voice of happiness above him told him that he must soon suffer; and whenever the heavy chains rolled like thunder over his head, he knew but too well that he would be obliged by main force to pull them all up again. In short, when

the company were happy, he worked; as the evening advanced, his labour increased; and it was exactly in proportion as the strength and spirits of the visiters flagged, that he enjoyed longer and longer intervals of rest. From the top of a tall post a small lamp shone upon him, but he was blindfolded and could not see it; its flickering light, however, piercing the dark, lofty, mysterious-looking space above him, faintly shone on a variety of beams one over another.

As I was looking at the poor creature his pace gradually slackened till it stopped, "A*i*!" exclaimed a voice above us. The animal did not obey it. "A-i-*i*!"—he continued to stand still. "A-i-i-*e*!"—he immediately leant heavily forwards and put the machinery into motion. "Aiie, *sa*cre!" exclaimed the voice, on which he immediately quickened his pace; and he was working, I thought, very steadily, when suddenly the little lamp feebly illuminated the form of a man who, entering close to where I stood, hastily walked towards the horse. He had no whip, but he went up, walked alongside of, and did something to him—I suppose he pricked him, for the poor jaded creature instantly increased his pace, and for a few steps, straining his hind fetlocks, hurried rapidly round his doom.

I had now been at the Grande Chaumière nearly an hour, and as I had seen all that—and, as regards its horse, rather more than—I desired, I returned to the esplanade, retraced my steps along the illumined path, until, reaching the two lodges, I redeemed my stick and with it walked out.

On coming outside the gate the driver of a citadine asked me where he could conduct me? and as at the moment I was thinking I should much like to see a specimen of the lowest description of the balls of Paris, I desired him to drive to one which, on my naming it to him, he told me was in the immediate neighbourhood. Accordingly, in a few minutes he deposited me close to a very large house, two stories high, with twelve windows in front, all glaring with internal light. On the walls of the uppermost story there appeared in large letters

"\ LA VILLE DE TONNÈRE;"*

* The city of Tonnère.

and beneath, "Salons de 1200 couverts pour noces et banquets."*

On entering I saw on the ground-floor, in different places, the words "Café," "Restaurateur," "Billiards," and at the bottom of a staircase a little bureau, at which I paid for admission a few sous. On reaching its summit I entered a large room, lighted by four chandeliers and sixteen single gas-burners surrounded by upright glass shades, containing seventy little tables, ranged around it, so as to leave in the centre ample space for dancing. Over the windows, which were all open, was a scarlet frame from which hung, waving occasionally in the air, exceedingly clean white muslin curtains. The walls painted in oak were varnished, the floor had been watered. Above, in an orchestra, were, under the command of a thin, intelligent, bald-headed master, with mustachios like a rat, a band of seven musicians, and one dog with a white napkin tied round his body. Around the tables, each of which was covered with a white linen cloth, were ranged a number of people, looking at others dancing. I seated myself at one, and by the utterance of the two words "Garçon, café!" I found no one took the slightest notice of me. Among the spectators who, like myself, were sipping either wine or coffee, I observed two soldiers of the garde républicaine, and two of cavalry; the elegant bright brass helmets, with polished steel fronts, of the latter were lying on the table, their sabres were leaning against the wall. Several of the party were in blouses, three or four in white linen smock-frocks, and the remainder in the dress of the lowest classes of bourgeois.

All the dancers, as well as those seated, had their hats on, excepting one of the two dragoons (he had a horsehoe on his arm), who danced not only without his helmet but without his stock—the reason, I suppose, being that his scarlet trousers, lined all round the bottom, all inside the legs, and also up in front, with stout black leather, made him feel a little warm;—one man wore a tremendous beard. The ladies, many of whom were upwards of forty, were all overladen with clothes which came up to their throats, and which made them get and appear very hot; indeed, it made me feel hot too, even to look at them.

* Accommodation for 1200 persons—for marriages and parties.

"Voulez-vous, Monsieur," said to me a waiter in a white apron, as he passed me with a small tray in his hand, "Voulez-vous, Monsieur, que je vous cherche une dame?"* Pointing to my little oak stick on the table, I shook my head very infirmly and said "Non!"

The dancing was rough, and much more inelegant than I expected to see in France. There was a vast deal of rude joy demonstrated by kicking out violently sideways, sometimes with one leg and then with the other. The improprieties, of which I had heard much, and which I had been assured were such that no Englishwoman of any description could witness them, consisted—

1. Of the gentleman in waltzing not only swinging his partner enough to pull her arms off, but also sometimes actually swinging her legs off—the ground.

2. Of the gentleman in waltzing invariably placing one hand on his partner's thickly wadded shoulders, and the other on her gown at too great a distance below her waist.

3. Of the gentleman occasionally ending waltzing by giving his partner, during a period of about six seconds, a downright, or rather upright, good, jolly, unmistakable hug.

4. After the dance was over, of both ladies and gentlemen sitting together at their tables, refreshing themselves by sipping from soup-plates hot sugared wine; in doing which they occasionally tapped each other's glasses, appearing on the whole to be exceedingly happy, and to pay no attention whatever to the waiter, who, while they were refreshing themselves, was occupied in watering the floor. For every dance each gentleman was required to pay to the chancellor of the exchequer, who collected it from him then and there, the sum of four sous. (N. B. It was to obtain this twopence that the waiter had, apparently so kindly, proposed "de me chercher une dame.") The ladies were allowed to exercise gratis.

Having now, as is common in fashionable life, attended two balls in one night, I bade adieu to the merry dance, at a moment when the young farrier without his stock was particularly distinguishing himself.

On descending the staircase and walking along the passage

* Would you like me, Sir, to get you a partner?

into the avenue, I got into a 'bus that was just starting, and, stopping close to the column on the Place de Vendôme, I got out, without any headache, within twenty yards of my home.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

While I was walking across the Pont de la Concorde, and, indeed, long before I had approached it, I saw at a distance, immediately before me, the magnificent façade of the National Assembly, consisting of a triangular pediment, 100 feet long, supported by twelve Corinthian columns, resting on a broad pavement, approached from the bridge by twenty-nine steps of the whole length of the façade.

The bas-relief is composed of a figure 14 feet high, representing France holding in her right hand the Constitution. Beside her are Force and Justice, with groups of figures, allegorically personifying Peace, Eloquence, Industry, Commerce, Agriculture, the River Seine, the River Marne, the Navy, and the Army. At the foot of the whole is a strong, tall, iron railing, to protect the members of the Assembly from being suddenly, as they were on the 15th May, 1848, ousted from their seats by the mob. As the gates in these railings were closed, and as the long steps and the exalted broad stone platform beneath the pediment were swarming alive with armed soldiers, who, lolling in various attitudes, or moving slowly one among another, presented a confused mixture of greyish-blue and scarlet cloth, glittering brass ornaments, walnut-wood and cold steel, on reaching the Assembly I inquired for the gate of entrance, and, according to the instructions I received, turning to the left, I walked round the building till I came to a lofty gateway on my right, which conducted me into a large court, where I wandered about, till again, finding myself surrounded by soldiers, I was directed by one of them to rather a small door, on entering which I was requested to leave my little stick, in lieu of which I received a ticket. Ascending a small staircase, I found a doorkeeper, who not only conducted me into the "Tribune du Corps Diplomatique," for which I had a ticket, but who within

it sold to me, for a franc, a most valuable plan of the Assembly, showing the particular desk and the name of every one of its members. On taking my seat, I observed to him that he and I were the only persons in the house, which, he explained to me, was from my having come half an hour too soon. I, however, did not regret my mistake, as it gave me an opportunity of quietly looking around me.

The construction and interior arrangements of the building are so simple and so sensibly adapted for its object, that at a single glance it is easily understood. The house is in the horseshoe form. At the heel end, surrounded, in front, by a small empty space, and on each side by two others called the "côté gauche" and "côté droit," is the platform of the President, on which, elevated about six feet above the floor of the house, appear his desk, an ordinary library writing-table, supported in front by four brass legs, and his elbow chair, a size larger than that usual in a library. Behind, on the same platform, but about a foot lower, stand, with their backs against the wall, six common, English-looking mahogany dining-room chairs, with black horse-hair seats; and on the right and left, and about three feet below, a line of eight chairs and desks for secretaries. Beneath, and immediately in front of the President's chair, is the "tribune" or pulpit, from which every member may be required to speak, composed of a very small platform, about three feet above the floor of the house, bounded in front only by a low narrow table, about eight feet long, and about a foot broad, covered with red velvet, which screens and conceals about the lower half of the speaker's person. The remainder of the house, excepting its narrow floor, is composed of eleven tiers of seats, rising, like those of an ancient amphitheatre, one above another, and intersected at right angles by twelve narrow passages, radiating, by twenty steps, upwards from the floor to the hexagonal walls of that portion of the house occupied by members. Each tier, which is two steps higher than that beneath, is subdivided into separate desks, behind each of which is a seat with iron elbows, covered with green cloth, by which arrangement 750 members, whose faces more or less converge upon the tribune, are completely separated one from the other.

The interior of the house, which has plenty of light and air, is exceedingly plain. On the wall, at the back of the President's chair, is inscribed, in gold letters,—

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE,
LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ,
FRATERNITÉ."

Round the walls, which have been painted of a dingy light grey, appear arranged, in various ways, sixty-two tricolor flags. The members' desks are, in front, painted oak-colour; behind, covered with green cloth. The ceiling is very coarsely white-washed; the floor of the house and the President's platform are covered with crimson carpet. The prevailing colours of the whole therefore are oak, green, and crimson.

The upper surface of each of the members' desks, which are about the breadth of an ordinary dining-room chair, and pretty closely packed, are as like those of schoolboys as can well be imagined; that is to say, they are of common wood, well spotted with ink, with a little lid that opens. The stock in trade of each consists of a tiny round inkstand, about an inch and a half in diameter, let into the desk; a steel pen; half a quire of note paper; an upright slit for holding envelopes, and a hole for wafers. On some of the desks were lying quite naturally "blue books," in quarto.

The ventilation of the house appears to have been very carefully attended to. In the ceiling are nine large circular ventilators; and in a sort of entresol, between the upper and lower galleries, which, divided into various compartments for different descriptions of strangers, extend round the walls nearly the whole of the house, there are eighty more. In the upper windows, occupying a space where there exist only one set of galleries, are twenty panes of glass that can be opened; and in the floor of the house I counted six large air-holes. Lastly, in the walls directly opposite to the speaker, as also in the walls on his right and left, are three large clocks constantly ticking to each other.

Before any member had made his appearance there entered at the door on the right of the President's platform six or eight well-dressed, closely-shaved persons,—in white neck-cloths, black coats, black waistcoats, black trousers, black gaiters, shiny shoes, and swords with glittering silver hilts,—who, traversing the chamber in all directions, kept dropping on the tables of the members a pamphlet-copy of the bill for debate. Three of these persons had on the left breasts of their black coats a long piece of bright scarlet ribbon, to which was appended a silver medal.

At five minutes before two, three or four members strolled in, with their hats on; then came in two, then three, then seven or eight; until in a very short time the floor of the house was completely covered; besides which, several members, who had taken possession of their seats, were already opening their desks, and ferreting within them. Most of the legislators were well dressed, in dark coats and waistcoats, with grey trousers. A very few had waistcoats of dark cheque, but none at all fine. Their countenances, generally speaking, were highly intelligent and intellectual.

Of the two tiers of galleries on the right and left, behind the speaker's platform, the front seats were entirely occupied by ladies; among the remaining benches, principally occupied by the softer sex, were here and there a sprinkling of rougher faces. On the left of the clock, in front of the speaker, the galleries were crammed full of soldiers. Immediately on my right was the "Tribune du Président de la République." Before me were the "tribunes" or galleries for the press. On the whole, the coup d'œil of the well-ventilated house was exceedingly plain, grave, compact, and on a plan admirably adapted for its object.

All of a sudden, three or four of the gentlemen in black clothes, scarlet ribbons, medals, and straight swords, entering with hurried pomp, cried out, "Chapeaux bas! s'il vous plaît!"* and after a short pause, there walked in, beardless and closely shaved, the President or Speaker—it was not M. Dupin—dressed in a black stock, black coat, with a small piece of red ribbon peeping out of a button-hole, French-grey trousers, and boots. With the perfect ease of a gentleman, he sat down, smiled, looked up behind, first over his right shoulder, and then over his left, at the gallery full of ladies, rubbed his hands together, and, after a minute or two's most agreeable rumination, he made a little bell with a horizontal handle before him doubly strike its clapper three times. A clerk below him instantly read the head of some paper, which nobody seemed to care about. He then, just as if the work of the day was all over, relapsed into easy enjoyment, and for some time talked to a member, who, with an elbow on his desk, rested his head on his hand. Throughout the chamber was a general good-humoured buzz of conversation.

* Hats off, if you please!

The house was now very full; and I was surprised to perceive that, excepting in the upper rows of benches on the left, occupied by the party Rouge, or radicals, there were fewer beards than, on an average, I had been in the habit of meeting in the streets. In a button-hole in the coats of a great many was a slight appearance, about as broad as a piece of bobbin, of a red ribbon.

Behind the President, on his right and left, on the platform on which he himself sat, and immediately beneath the inscription, Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité, were two tables, occupied by six clerks, one of whom, in black clothes and a long beard, I repeatedly observed intently mending a long white goose-quill pen; another, also in black, wore a bright scarlet ribbon; another a long scarlet one, and also a long yellow one. In front of the President, on his right and left, but below him appeared also dressed in black, and seated in chairs, eight secretaries undecorated.

The buzz of conversation lasted nearly half an hour; the floor of the house was covered with members in groups; and I was admiring the scene, and inwardly wishing its simplicity and sensible arrangements could be copied by the British House of Commons, when three consecutive double rings of the President's little bell were followed by a call, by the black-coated gentlemen with silver-hilted swords, of "En place! en place!"*

The President, totally unsupported by any distinction of dress, struck the table with a ruler, and then rang again. At this moment a man in black, ascending the steps of his platform, brought him, in a white soup-plate, a tumbler full of yellow-looking water, apparently weak lemonade. "En place! en place!" resounded from all parts of the house. The President rang again, struck the table again with his ruler, waved it at an unruly member, shook his head violently in disapprobation, and, to my utter astonishment, all of a sudden, and in one single instant, just as if a wasp had stung him, he addressed the house in a state of extraordinary excitement.

As soon as order was obtained, a member rose from his seat, and said a few words which elicited loud sounds of objection. He instantly fell into an astonishing passion: shaking his right hand at the Rouge party on the upper benches, who answered him furiously, he became most violently excited, until, suddenly stopping, he sat down in a regular rage.

The second speaker, who, from the tribune below the Pre-

* Take your seats!

sident, addressed the house for about ten minutes, spoke with more energy and action than is usual among Englishmen, but with great propriety. As, however, the members throughout the house, leaning towards each other, were all talking—indeed, apparently no one was listening to him—the President, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing with his arms hanging down, and sometimes folding them across his breast, repeatedly tapped hard with his ruler, but in vain. A member, stepping into the tribune, replied for about five minutes; then the first speaker came back and renewed his arguments in favor of inserting in the railway bill (which I now began to understand was the subject of discussion) a clause, insisting on a third-class carriage accompanying every train, as was, he said, the case in England. At this moment M. Thiers, entering at the door near the speaker, slowly walked up the floor of the house to his desk. His gait was plain, quiet, and easy. He was very short, had a brown face, totally devoid of any other colour, and gray, or rather grizzled, hair.

Directly opposite to me were Generals Cavaignac and Lamoricière, who for some time sat talking together. General Cavaignac's form was tall, elegant, and erect; his hair, cut close all over, was a little bald on the top. He was dressed in a light olive-green coat, buttoned close up, so as to show no shirt. With great apparent affability he occasionally conversed with several other members; but whenever he was not talking he continued, without intermission, whirling his eye-glass very rapidly round the forefinger of his right hand, and then immediately whirling it as rapidly back again.

The next speaker, on addressing the house from his seat, was interrupted by murmurs from different parts of the house, of "On n'entend pas!"* A great disturbance and loud cries continued, which forced him to leave his seat and ascend the tribune. The President now appeared to take part in the debate. He called, he ranted, he rang, but no one appeared to hear either him or his bell. At this moment Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador, entered the "Tribune of the President of the Republic," and separated only by a low partition, sat down beside me. I could not help thinking how symbolic the uncontrolled and uncontrollable scene before us was of the extreme difficulties he must occasionally have to encounter.

* We can't hear!

As soon as order was restored, or rather as soon as disorder was satiated, several members—a few from their seats, but principally from the tribune—made short speeches on the various clauses of the bill. On commencing, a glassful of yellow fluid, in a white saucer, was invariably placed at their right hand, on the narrow red velvet table of the tribune, by a servant in a blue coat, red collar, and red waistcoat. Usually just before they began to speak they raised it to their lips; in the middle of the speeches they kept sipping it; and on concluding, as a sort of perquisite, they invariably, on leaving the tribune, swigged off whatever was left, and then gently licking their lips, and sometimes their mustachios, walked quietly towards their seats. Several, in the course of their speeches, drank two glasses full.

A young man now ascended the tribune, and with a superabundance of galvanic-looking action, which really neither explained nor expressed anything, he opposed, in a short speech, one of the sixty clauses of the bill.

The next member began his speech from his place. A number of voices instantly called out, "On n'entend pas!" on which, with the whole energy of his mind, he gave one great convulsive shrug of his entire person, and then with great dignity walked to the tribune.

In merely explaining that the line he advocated would be more direct from Paris to Cherbourg than the one proposed in the bill, he threw away an extraordinary quanty of action, and on reading a long list of cold figures, he gradually became so miraculously excited—he got into such a violent perspiration, and evinced so much activity and gesticulation—that literally I expected to see him jump over the rails of the tribune.

One of the ministers, M. Leon Faucher, now rose, and, in repelling some accusations which had been made against the Government, spoke with more than English energy, but with great dignity, eloquence, and effect. In the course of his speech, starting up from his seat close to the wall on the uppermost line of benches on the left, one of the Red Republican members, with his hair almost cut to the quick, with a beard nearly a foot long, and with his right arm diagonally uplifted, suddenly, furiously, and very loudly exclaimed, twice

over, alluding, I believe, to some statement in the Government newspaper, "*C'est un calomniateur!*"*

On M. Thiers ascending the tribune a marked and very complimentary silence prevailed. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of his voice, which is not only little, but that little squeaky, he spoke with great ability and effect. Occasionally his wit caused from all parts of the house a joyous laugh (described by the reporters by the word "hilarité"). Very frequently, after making an assertion, he interlaced his short arms upon his chest, but almost before the action—"I pause for a reply!"—was completed, he entirely spoiled its dignity by quickly unfolding them. In the course of his speech, which was not long, to my utter astonishment, I saw him drink off, one after another, three tumblers of the light yellow mixture.

Something that he said — I could scarcely comprehend a word of it—seemed suddenly to prick very acutely the feelings of the house, for he was contradicted on all sides. A general conversation took place, and for a few seconds everybody seemed as vigorously employed in making the utmost possible noise as the fiddlers at a London oratorio, piled above each other up to the ceiling, when they come to the word "*Fortissimo.*"

Amidst this scene, or rather at the heel end of it, the President, on his platform, sat ringing,—then arose,—then stood beating the table,—then waved his ruler violently at an unruly member,—then shook his left hand quickly in disapprobation,—and then, with both hands uplifted, appeared as if entreating,—but to no purpose whatever.

Several members now spoke; the House, however, all of a sudden appeared to be tired; and as the black fingers of each of the three clocks pointed to 6h. 5m., the impatience increased. The Speaker, by bell, by ruler, and by actions of dumb entreaty, endeavoured to prevail on the House to allow the speech from the tribune to come to its close. Everybody, however, seemed to object, and their determination reaching its climax, the House, at 6h. 10m., arose, as if by acclamation, and the members, crossing each other in various directions, all walked out.

* He is a calumniator!

On coming into the fresh air I found the conrts of the Assembly—as I had left them—swarming alive with soldiers. In various directions I heard sharp words of command followed by the sound of butts of muskets in masses heavily striking the pavement. On passing beneath the great entrance arch, from the summit of which a tricolor flag was flying, and on each side of which was a dragon with a drawn sword, on horseback, I saw before me a large clock, and beneath it, in long large letters, the words

"LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ."

Lastly, in the square before the entrance-gate, on a pedestal surrounded by iron railings, was seated a colossal statue, holding in her left hand a long staff surmounted by a human hand; her right arm was resting on a shield or tablet, on which was deeply engraved in large letters—

DROITS
DE
L'HOMME. *

LYONS RAILWAY.

ALTHOUGH my rapid inspection of the terminus and workshops of the "Chemin de Fer du Nord" had made me slightly acquainted with the mode of working their line by the principal railway company in France, yet, as I afterwards learned that the Paris and Lyons railway was not only under the management of the French Government, but that every effort had been made by it (the Government) to construct the line on the most scientific principles that could be devised, I obtained from the "Ingénieur en Chef" † an order, stamped and signed, authorising me, without limitation, to enter every portion of the works I might wish to inspect; and as he was further obliging enough to provide me with a very intelligent guide, I proceeded

* The Rights of Man. † Chief Engineer.

to the metropolitan terminus of this important railway, for the purpose not of tediously going over the whole of its details, but merely to make that sort of rapid inspection of them which would enable me to judge whether in the great system of the French there existed any striking new arrangements which might profitably be adopted by our railways in England.

On arriving at the "embarcadère" or metropolitan terminus, situated between the barrières of Bercy and Charenton, close to the Boulevart Mazas, and opposite to the prison of that name, I was conducted by my guide into what appeared to me —who had only read of the exhibition in London—to be a palace of glass, into which, from which, and under which, the various carriages employed in the working of the railway either enter, depart, or repose.

This magnificent and beautifully-constructed receptacle, the two ends and roof of which are principally composed of plate-glass, not only extends 55 feet over six sets of rails, but over a promenade on each side of them, 20 feet broad.

Adjoining to and communicating with each of these promenades are the parallel ranges of offices, waiting-rooms. &c., that respectively belong to them, and which I will very briefly enumerate in the order I entered them.

On the north or departure side the range of buildings connected with the glass roof are composed of,—

1. An uncovered wharf for the embarkation of public and private carriages and horses, allowing plenty of room to embark five at a time.

2. A small room for a "corps de garde," composed of the servants of the company off duty.

3. A refreshment-hall.

4. A magnificent building, 165 feet long by 33 broad; the interior of which, as lofty as a church, is divided into five partitions, namely, one waiting-room for first-class passengers; two for second class, and two for third class. On the end of the wall of the compartment for the latter class of travellers hangs a very clearly-defined railway map of Europe.

The partitions dividing the five waiting-rooms above enumerated are of oak. In the third-class room I observed oak forms; in the second class, benches covered with clean, black, bright, shining horse-hair, well stuffed. In the first class, on a very slippery floor, chairs, sofas, and ottomans, lined with

beautiful green plush, and a table covered with green cloth. The walls are adorned with looking-glasses; and on the chimney-piece stands, steadily ticking, an exceedingly handsome clock.

(On the outside of the above four compartments, communicating with them all, is a magnificent hall or promenade; in a portion of it passengers for departure apply for their tickets through five windows, around each of which there is plenty of elbow-room.)

5. A hall for baggage, containing a table 240 feet long, for the reception and weighing of passengers' luggage.

6, and lastly. A magazine and office for merchandise and parcels not belonging to passengers, to be despatched by trains "à grande vitesse." * Beneath the whole length of the "gare" or establishment I have described are a range of subterranean stores, very valuable and dry, containing a stove or caloriform, for warming the establishment. Beyond, but in line with them, there exists, in the air, a small office supported by upright timbers, between which diligences are lifted from their own wheels, and deposited upon trucks on rails. The length of the office and waiting-room attached to the glass roof is 726 feet; but the whole of what is called the "Cour de Départ," is 1419 feet, or 33 yards more than a quarter of a mile!

On the south, or arrival side, of the six sets of rails, there are, opposite to the series of offices just enumerated, a corresponding range of buildings, containing—

1. Under arches, two small shops.
2. An office for baggage from Lyons.
3. An office for baggage from Troyes.
4. Bureau restante, for the guardianship of passengers' baggage.
5. For the reception of baggage of "grande vitesse," to be delivered in Paris, &c., on its arrival, without delay.
6. A hall, containing two parallel tables, 219 feet in length, and about 10 feet asunder. On the first of these the baggage unopened is delivered by the company's porters to the holders of the tickets corresponding with the numbers on each package; and every passenger having thus secured his own baggage, it is opened and examined in his presence at the second table.

* Fast trains.

7. A hall of departure, communicating with the above, entitled "Sortie des Voyageurs avec bagages." *

8 and 9. Two halls, entitled "Sortie des Voyageurs sans bagages." †

On the outside of the above, and of the other halls enumerated, are arranged, under covered sheds, 'buses, public and private carriages of all descriptions.

Adjoining to the three halls of departure, and in continuation of the same range of buildings, are,—

10. An office—"Bureau de l'Octroi"—for registering the duties that have been paid.

11. An office for the "Commissaire de Police."

12. A room, or "Corps de Garde," for the company's servants off duty.

13. Within the remaining six windows of the concluding portion of the building are a rail and interior platform, especially appropriated for the reception of milk from the country.

Having hastily passed through the series of halls and offices for the departure and for the arrival of the passenger trains, we walked among the six sets of rails basking under the glass roof, which are appropriated as follows:—

One for all trains of arrival. }
One for the return of the engine of ditto. }
One for first-class carriages }
One for second-class do. } in waiting.
One for third-class do. }
One for trains of departure.

For the construction of a train, the requisite number of first, second, and third class carriages are easily transferred to the pair of rails of departure, by means of a large central turntable, communicating with a pair of rails at right angles to those of the line.

The first-class carriages, painted chocolate colour, are lined in the interior with light drab cloth, handsomely padded and stuffed. The roof, in which is a lamp, is an imitation of maple varnished. The carpet drab and scarlet.. The long seats are divided into two compartments: the windows are of plate-glass. In the coupé I observed an ingenious spring-table; and

* Door of departure for travellers with baggage.
† Ditto without baggage.

throughout the whole of the carriage, beneath the carpet, is an arrangement for warming the feet of the passengers with hot water, changed at the principal places of stopping.

The second-class, painted yellow, and lined with blue cloth, have well-stuffed seats and backs; one large and two small plate-glass windows on each side, and a lamp at top. The seat is divided into two compartments.

The third-class, painted green, are completely closed. The interior, which has no stuffing or padding of any sort, is painted oak colour, the windows are of common glass. Four sets of these third-class carriages connected together are divided into compartments 5 feet wide, so as to enable the air to circulate throughout all.

The luggage-waggons, arranged on rails outside the glass covering which shelters the first, second, and third class carriages, are substantial vans, handsomely painted in dark green.

From the above description it will, no doubt, be evident to the reader, as it was on a moment's inspection to me, that even under a monarchy, and much more under a republic, a second-class railway carriage, lined, padded, and stuffed in the way I have described, must necessarily supersede the use of any more costly conveyance; and accordingly, on inquiry at the office, I ascertained that, excepting occasionally a few foolish, purse-proud English, people very rarely travelled in the company's first-class carriages.

Leaving the station, the six sets of rails, and the three classes of carriages to bask within their magnificent glass-case, we came out upon a space of ground belonging to the company, which, including the station, exceeds, by 77 yards, a mile in length, and whose greatest breadth is 66 yards more than a quarter of a mile. When the Paris and Lyons railway was the property, as it originally was, of a private company, only a portion of this vast area belonged to it; but on its being purchased by the Government, the additional ground was secured for purposes I will now briefly detail.

Immediately outside the glass house are nine sets of rails, of which the two on the right are for the disembarkation of carriages, and the other seven for manœuvring, according to circumstances, the arrival and departure trains.

About 100 yards farther on (towards Lyons) are a series of connected buildings (seven in number, 115 yards long by

34 broad, with stone walls and zinc roofs, lighted in the sides, ends, and roof, with very spacious glass windows and skylights), in which were reposing the company's spare carriages; in front of them was an emplacement for the wheels of diligences, after their bodies, lifted from them by a crane and chains, had migrated with the train. I next came to a row of sheds, 130 yards long, for the repair of carriages; then to a little "bureau," or office, for this department; then to a space on my right, containing eight sets of rails for carriages; then to another large open area on my left, containing twenty sets of rails for spare wheels and axles; then to a very spacious building for the reception and repair of locomotives. Close to the latter I entered a magnificent smith's hall, 120 yards in length, by 28 in breadth, teeming with light and fresh air, and full of forges, scientifically covered by iron shades, terminating in chimneys for carrying off the heat. At the end of this establishment was a door communicating with a square, lofty, well lighted hall full of turning lathes, and closely adjoining to it a long and very handsome building full of engines; beyond which I found a large yard for the reception of carriages requiring repairs. I here ascertained a fact worthy, I submit, of very careful investigation. On all our railways in England, the respective companies, as well as the public, very constantly suffer expensive and very troublesome delays from what are professionally called "hot axles," which sufficiently proves that the nice-looking yellow mixture which at almost every stoppage endeavours to prevent the evil, is inadequate for the object for which it has been concocted.

Now, the French Government, invoking the aid of chemistry, have scientifically ordained on the Paris and Lyons Railway the use of three descriptions of anti-attrition ointment, namely, one for hot (pour la chaleur), one for frost (pour la gelée), and one for wet weather (pour l'humidité). I was assured by the engineer that the result has been most successful; and as everybody who travels by rail in England would deprecate the idea of a human being using one sort of dress for every description of weather, so it sounds only reasonable that railway axles should not be ignorantly restricted to one single medicine, to be "taken when shaken," as a cure for the innumerable ills to which under various temperatures they are exposed.

In an adjoining space I stood for a few minutes to admire a magnificent crane (by Cavé, the celebrated mechanic, who has made the French transatlantic steamers, and who was, originally, a simple workman), composed of an enormous lion erect, firmly pressing his upper paws against the axle of the wheel, as if to enable him mechanically to retain between his teeth the extremity of the lower limb of the crane, from the chain of which there was dangling in the air the greater portion of a locomotive engine.

From this point, from which there is a good view, I observed that the immense area I have described as belonging to the company is surrounded by a stone wall 20 feet high.

Continuing my course on the left of the main line of rails, I found close to them a handsome circular building (Rotonde No. 1) full of rails and intervening pits converging to a centre, for the examination and repair, above, around, and beneath, of locomotive engines. From this building three sets of rails a hundred yards long led us to Rotonde No. 2, in the centre of which was a turn-table of 36 feet in diameter, capable of receiving an engine and tender together. Beyond is the field for coke; and as on the left of the rails there now remained nothing to visit, we crossed over to the right, where close to us and to the line we found the company's establishment for merchandise, composed of three covered platforms, each 300 feet long by 30 broad, for the reception and delivery of heavy goods.

Observing to one of the company's officers that, in comparison with the buildings I had just been witnessing, those before us were rudely constructed, with rather inefficient roofs—

"Ah, Monsieur," he replied, "ce n'est que provisoire;" adding, with a good-humoured smile, "comme le gouvernement de France!"* at which we all grinned in silence.

Each of these platforms, which, by a series of upright posts supporting the roof, appeared divided into stations, the names of which were inscribed, had subservient rails on one side, with a road for waggons and carts on the other.

The first was for goods outward bound, "départ de Lyons;" the second for homeward bound, "arrivée de Lyons;" the third, for merchandise to and from "Troyes," belonged to a

* It is only provisional, like the government of France!

separate company. On both sides was an office or "bureau" for enregistering goods of arrival or for departure. Lastly, beyond these sheds were three temporary "corps de garde," for the company's servants to take shelter in and rest when off duty.

The above establishment for the reception and despatch of merchandise, works from six in the morning till eight at night. Whole waggon-loads of goods, each packed and covered with its cloth, leaving their wheels behind them, are despatched on trucks by rail to the nearest point of their destination, where, lifted and deposited upon other wheels, they proceed into the interior. In cases where the communication is partly by rail, partly by road, and then again by rail, spare wheels are carried. The height of these loaded waggons is, if necessary, tested by running them under an iron arch, of the exact height of the lowest bridge on the line.

The merchandise *arrival* warehouse has been purposely placed on a spot which, happening exactly to be beyond the limits of Paris, relieves the government (the directors of the railway) of the botheration of the octroi, which must accordingly be paid by the owners of the goods on their arrival at the Barrières de Bercy or de Charenton, almost immediately adjoining.

Outside the walls of the railway establishment there lay beneath us at a short distance the "Camionage," or establishment for transporting merchandise to and from their three platforms, and I was much interested in observing the ease with which loaded "camions," or vans, each drawn by three horses abreast, were to be seen trotting away in various directions. I happened at the moment to be surrounded by several of the company's servants, and as I was expressing to one of them how much obliged I felt to the "Ingénieur en chef" for the gratification he had afforded me, his comrade, standing beside me, exclaimed, evidently from his heart, "Ah, c'est la crême des hommes!"*

From the very slight survey, which I had now concluded, of the metropolitan terminus of the Paris and Lyons railway, I am of opinion that, although the buildings, viewed separately, have been admirably planned, and in most cases very scientifically devised for their respective purposes, they just at

* Ah, he is the cream of men!

present straddle over too much ground, and, with reference to their existing traffic, would therefore be more valuable, if, like those at Euston and Camden stations, in London, they had been more compact.

It must be remembered, however, that even in England the railway is but an infant of scarcely eighteen years' growth; that during that time its passenger and goods traffic have increased in a ratio infinitely greater than was expected; and that it is beyond the power of the human mind to foresee to what in future ages they will amount. In the meanwhile, the London and North-Western Railway Company, notwithstanding the foresight and admirable arrangements of its chairman, is beginning to feel that its termini in and near London are not big enough for its traffic; and as, in proportion to its success, buildings crowding around in all directions have increased the value of land which was before, from its price, almost unpurchasable, the time may arrive when the Paris and Lyons railway will derive inestimable advantages from the grand scale on which their metropolitan terminus has been purchased, constructed, and arranged. In the mean while, as compared with its trade, it resembles a fine healthy boy strutting about in "papa's boots."

But among the facts and arrangements I had witnessed, there were others which I consider offered to those interested in the success of railways—and who among us is not?—a very important moral.

Although in the establishment belonging to the terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord at "La Chapelle" were lately employed upwards of 2000 workmen, in all the ateliers (workshops) of the Paris and Lyons terminus there were working when I visited it only 120 men!

Now the reason of this appears to be as follows. With the purest desire to work the line in the most scientific and best manner possible, the French Government, like the English or any other government, are no sooner observed to possess the power of enriching any one than, at all points, they are assailed by the most ungenerous applications, so intricately connected with parliamentary interest, that it is really out of human power to unravel them. The only way of not offending all, or rather of giving to each the minimum of offence, is to divide as fairly as possible among all, that which each in-

dividually would wholly engross, either for himself or for his locality.

Accordingly, instead of constructing the undermentioned articles by wholesale, on a space of ground a mile long, walled in and enriched with every description of workshop for the purpose, the French Government—I repeat, as the English or any other Government would, I believe, have done, had it undertaken the management of a great railway—has obtained what is necessary for the working of the line as follows:—

The locomotives are made at Paris and Rouen:

The tenders at St. Etienne and Le Creusôt:

The first-class carriages at the Messageries Nationales de Paris:

The second and third class carriages at Arras, Lille, Alsace, and Munich:

Coke from Valenciennes, Alsace, D'Anzin, &c. &c. &c.

Again, from narrowminded but irresistible political pressure from without, the government railway has been forced, by lining, padding, and stuffing second-class carriages (a luxury which no railway *company* in France has allowed), to make them and the third-class carriages so comfortable, that, by attractions of their own creation, they have actually desolated the first-class carriages.

The comparative receipts, in English money, of all the principal French railways (namely, the Northern, Rouen, Havre, Orleans, Bordeaux, Vierzon, Boulogne, Nantes, Strasburg, Bâle, Montreau, Marseilles, Lyons, Chartres), and the receipts, for the same periods, of the single British London and North-Western Railway, have been as follows:—

For the middle week of May, 1851:—

	Per Week.	Per Day.
Receipts of the French Railways above enumerated,	£66,130	£9,447
Of the British London and North-Western Railway,	48,041	6,863
For the week ending 10th of August, 1851:—		
Receipts of the French Railways above enumerated,	84,325	12,046
Of the British London and North-Western Railway,	70,230	10,032

Just beyond the barrière of Charenton, the limits of Paris, I observed, outside a butcher's shop tied to an iron ring

in the wall, a fat ox, over whose ruminating head was inscribed "Durham."

"Why," said I to his lord and master, who was standing at the door, "have you decked his horns with laurel leaves, coloured ribands, and with those two tricoloured flags?"

"Monsieur," he replied with great gravity and pride, "c'est pour lui faire honneur."

Which, I suppose, said I to myself, in plain English means to turn him into beef.

REVIEW.

UNDER the old-fashioned monarchical institutions of Europe there has long existed, and there still exists, a time-honoured series of forms of invitation, gradually descending by a flight of steps, each very accurately measured, from "I am commanded to invite you," down to "Come along and dine with us!"

In the Republic of France a penultimate step has been adopted, and, accordingly, the printed form of invitation to dine at the palace of the Elysée runs as follows:—

Présidence de la République.

Le Président de la République prie M
de *venir* dîner chez lui
Le à 7 heures.*

N. LEPIC.

Having had the honour to receive a card of this description, on the day and at the hour appointed I drove to the Elysée, where, after having been received in the entrance-hall by the well-appointed arrangements I have previously describ-

* *Presidency of the Republic.*

The President of the Republic requests to
come and dine with him on at 7 o'clock.

N. LEPIC.

ed, I slowly walked through two or three handsome rooms en suite, full of interesting pictures, into a drawing-room, in which I found assembled, in about equal proportions, about fifty well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the latter being principally officers, whose countenances, not less clearly than the decorations on their breasts, announced them to be persons of distinction.

The long sofas and chairs, as if they had only just come out—or rather, as if they had just come up from the country to come out—had arranged themselves so very formally, and altogether behaved so very awkwardly, that it was almost impossible for the company assembled to appear as much at their ease as, from their position, education, and manners, they really were; and accordingly, biassed by the furniture, they kept moving, and bowing, and curtsying, and "sotto-voce" talking, until they got into a parallelogram, in the centre of which stood, distinguished by a broad riband and by a mild, thoughtful, benevolent countenance, Prince Louis Napoleon, whose gentle and gentleman-like bearing to every person who approached him entitled him to that monarchical homage in which the majority evidently delighted, but which it was alike his policy as well as his inclination—at all events to appear—to suppress; and accordingly the parallelogram, which, generally speaking, was at the point of congelation, sometimes and of its own accord froze into the formality of a court, and then all of a sudden appeared to recollect that the "Prince" was the "President," and that the whole party had assembled to enjoy liberté, fraternité, and égalité. As I was observing the various phases that one after another presented themselves to view, the principal officer of the household came up to me, and, in a quiet and appropriate tone of voice, requested me to do two things, one of which appeared to me to be rather easy, and the other—or rather to do both—extremely difficult. By an inclination of his forehead he pointed to two ladies of rank, whose names he mentioned to me, but with whom I was perfectly unacquainted, seated on the sofas at different points of the parallelogram. "When dinner is announced, you will be so good," he said, "as to offer your arm to ——" (the one), "and to seat yourself next to ——" (the other). Of course, I silently bowed assent; but while the officer who had spoken to me was giving similar instructions to other gentlemen, I own I felt a little nervous lest, during the polite

scramble in which I was about to engage, like the dog in the fable, grasping at the shadow of the second lady, I might lose the substance of the first, or vice versâ. However, when the doors were thrown open, I very quickly, with a profound reverence, obtained my prize, and at once confiding to her—for had I deliberated I should have been lost—the remainder of the pleasing duty it had been predestined I was to have the honour to perform, we glided through couples darting in various directions for similar objects, until, finding ourselves in a formal procession sufficiently near to the lady in question, we proceeded, at a funereal pace, towards our doom, which proved to be a most delightful one.

Seated in obedience to the orders I had received, we found ourselves exactly opposite "Le Prince," who had, of course, on his right and left, the two ladies of highest rank. The table was very richly ornamented, and it was quite delightful to observe at a glance what probably in mathematics or even in philosophy it might have been rather troublesome to explain—namely, the extraordinary difference which existed between forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen standing in a parallelogram in a drawing-room and the very same number and the very same faces rectilinearly seated in the very same form in a dining room. It was the difference between sterility and fertility, between health and sickness, between joy and sorrow, between winter and summer; in fact, between countenances frozen into Lapland formality and glowing with tropical animation and delight. Everybody's mouth had apparently something kind to say to its neighbour's eyes; and the only alloy was, that, as each person had *two* neighbours, his lips, under a sort of "embarras des richesses," occasionally found it rather difficult to express all that was polite and pleasing to both.

In a short space of time I had the good fortune to gain—sometimes through my right ear, sometimes through my left, and not unfrequently through both at once—a great deal of pleasing useful knowledge, among which were the names and histories of the guests present, especially of those opposite.

While I was thus delightfully engaged, about every two minutes a fine, strong, manly voice, in a tone which, though heard by no one else, was distinctly audible to me, pronounced, close to the back of my head, a little sentence—every consonant and every vowel beautifully accented—composed of from three

to ten words of vital importance. Unfortunately, I had not the slightest idea of its meaning. On the other hand, as I had no objection whatever to add to the intellectual pleasure I was receiving the honest enjoyment of a good dinner, instead of always shaking my head "à l'Anglaise," as if to say "nong-tong-paw," I very often boldly ran the risk of nodding it; and in the pause that ensued, although I was conversing on various little topics alien to the subject, and had now and then a glass of iced champagne to drink, my mind enjoyed, beyond all power of description, the glorious uncertainty as to the contents of the approaching plate, which in due time, in compliance with my nod, was placed before me. What I rejected I shall probably never know; on the other hand, although I could often hardly discriminate whether I was eating fish, flesh, or fowl, I must say that in my lottery every ticket I drew proved to be a prize. Indeed, as the French are proverbially the best cooks in the world, and as the President is said to have the best cook in the Republic of France, it could not very well have been otherwise.

In England the capacity of a lady and the capacity of a gentleman (I do not offensively allude to their intellects) are, by the statute law of society, decreed to be as different from each other as a pint and a quart, as a peck and a bushel, or, as in wool measure, a tod and a last. In France, however, their capacities are politely considered to be identical; and accordingly, as soon as the ladies had enjoyed as much refreshment as their delicate constitutions required, the whole party, like a covey of partridges, arose at once, and, in the order in which they had departed from it, they amicably returned arm-in-arm in pairs towards the drawing-room. As they were in procession, I observed that one gentleman only had given to his partner his left arm, by which mistake he walked conspicuously among the long line of ladies, while his partner—curls, bare throat, and gown—as incongruously appeared in that of short hair, whiskers, blue and black cloth backs, and scarlet legs of trousers. The error was obvious and amusing to all, and yet, while I pitied it, I could not help feeling that the sinner, poor fellow, was, after all, correct: for unless Fashion has ordained that man belongs to the weaker sex, and consequently that it is the duty of every young woman to protect him, surely the proper place for a lady is—to say nothing of his heart—on his *left* side,

thus granting to his right arm the power as well as the privilege and inclination to defend her.

As fast as the procession came in sight of the formal parallelogram of furniture, from which between two or three hours ago it had been emancipated, its malign influence was strikingly perceptible. Each lady, one after another, the instant she saw it, withdrew her arm, the gentleman made to her a low, cold, reverential bow, and, the innocent and pleasing alliance between them having been thus divorced, the sofas were again to be seen fringed by rows of satin shoes, while the carpet, in all other directions, was subjected to the pressure of boots, that often remained for a short time motionless as before. A general buzz of conversation, however, soon enlivened the room; and the President, gladly availing himself of it, mingled familiarly with the crowd.

In the course of the evening he had more than once expressed to me his wish that I would accompany him to a review which was to take place the following day; and as, after conversing with him a considerable time, he ended by repeating the wish, I told him that, although I had made all my arrangements for returning to England early the following morning, I would defer them to have the honour of attending, as he had desired.

"Will you go?" said he, very kindly to me, "en voiture or on horseback?"

Of course I said I should prefer the latter, on which he was good enough to say he would provide me with a horse, and that I had better call upon him in the morning, a few minutes before half-past eleven, the moment at which he would set out.

As it was my habit to rise at five, I amused myself, as usual, for two or three hours, in walking about the streets; and after returning to breakfast, and writing out a few of my notes, I made the trifling arrangements that were necessary in my toilette for attending the review in plain clothes. Among so many brilliant uniforms, I deemed it would be advisable I should wear a simple star; and as the weather was very fine, the pavement very clean, and the distance to the Elysée very short, I determined to walk there; and accordingly, that I might pass along the streets enjoying the inestimable luxury of being unobserved, I wrapped myself comfortably up in an old

and easy great-coat, which I knew I could discard, if necessary, without regret.

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well!"

I had scarcely from the Rue Castiglione entered the Rue St. Honoré when I heard behind me a loud clatter of horses, and, looking backwards, I saw a mass of upwards of a hundred marshals, generals, aides-de-camp, and other staff officers, in full uniform, riding towards the Elysée, to accompany the President to the review; and as they proceeded faster than I desired to follow, they had not only entered but had filled the great yard of the palace before I had reached the sentinels and body of police, who, to keep off the crowd that were pressing to peep into it, were pacing up and down the street before it.

I had some little difficulties to encounter in getting to the gate, and I was inwardly rejoicing in having overcome them, when, on my entering the yard, I was suddenly stopped by the porter at the lodge, who, placing his long right arm before me, said to me, very properly but very firmly,—

"On n'entre pas, Monsieur!"*

I told him that by request of the President I had come to ride with him to the review.

"Has Monsieur any letter of invitation?"

I replied "No."

"Has Monsieur any card of invitation?"

I replied "No."

"Will Monsieur have the goodness to show me his card?"

I happened not to have one with me, and I accordingly told him so, but I begged he would allow me to write my name in his lodge, and he did so.

On reading it, he seemed—as was always the case—not very clearly to decipher it, and casting, I fancied, a single look of incredulity at me, or rather at my very comfortable, warm, good old English coat, he called to a soldier, and, putting my paper into his hand, he said, rather pompously and loud enough for a number of the officers on horseback to hear him,—

* No one can enter, Sir!

"Vous direz que c'est un monsieur qui est venu monter à cheval avec le Prince!"*

It certainly sounded a little like an imposition; nevertheless, in a very short time the soldier was seen beckoning me to advance. There were, however, so many restless horses in the great court, and so many pairs of spurs making them restless, that I was a little time in worming my way through them all to the foot of the flight of long stone steps, where I found standing—very handsomely caparisoned—the President's horse, held by a groom on foot, and another fine, high-bred looking English horse, with a plain saddle and double bridle, with pink rosettes, held by a second groom on foot.

After ascending the steps, and crossing the spacious stone landing-place, I deposited with one of the numerous servants who, with several officers in waiting, filled the entrance-hall, my great-coat; and as I had reflected that on the President's departure every body and every horse would be in a flutter, I descended to the second horse I have described, and, ascertaining from the groom it was for me, I mounted him, and in a few seconds, after having adjusted my stirrup leathers to the proper length, I returned to the Elysée, where I entered the audience-chamber, in which several officers were assembled. The principal aide-de-camp requested me to advance into the next adjoining room, in which I found standing alone, in uniform, an officer whom I knew to be the "Ministre de la Guerre,"† although I was not personally acquainted with him.

In a few minutes a door opposite to that which I had entered opened, and in walked the President, who, after shaking hands with the minister, introduced me to him in a capacity I own I was totaly unprepared to hear recognized in France—namely, as having served the British nation in North America as —— of ——.

Proceeding immediately to the large room, he walked—bowing on each side to the officers assembled there, and who instantly formed a passage for his departure—to the stone platform, where putting on his hat, he descended the steps to his horse, mounted him, and in a few seconds, followed by the prancing steeds of his brilliant staff, he was, amid the cheers

* You will say that it is a Monsieur who is come to ride with the Prince!

† Minister of War.

of people who had long been waiting on both sides, riding down the handsome "Avenue Marigny." As I found myself the only person in plain clothes, I purposely kept myself in the rear of the procession, when an aide-de-camp, reining back his horse till I reached him, told me that "the Prince wished me to come up to him."

From the unfortunate political position of France in general, and of Paris in particular, the cheers were not either as hearty or as unanimous as in England; indeed, after some little time they subsided altogether. Of the upper classes, most of them, as the President passed, took off their hats; the lowest orders, generally speaking, very properly appeared to think it inconsistent with democracy to do so. "Vive Napoléon!" exclaimed a stentorian voice. The President smiled as, looking upwards, he saw close to him, on the headless shoulders of one of the colossal temporary statues that had been erected for the Fête of the Republic on the Champs Elysées, a fine-looking young workman in a blouse engaged in destroying the statue by a hatchet, with which he had just chopped off its head, and which, as he kept calling "Vive Napoléon!" he vigorously waved over his head. At times—like the swelling notes on an Eolian harp—there arose a strong feeling in his favour; but noises of that description are so utterly valueless, that I really hardly noticed them. At one point I observed, standing with bent backs, bent knees, bent elbows, large round open eyes, and protruding chins—in short, in the attitude of tall, zinc, crooked chimney-pots—a group of about thirty dyers, with faces, bare throats, and hands deeply tinged with black: "VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!" they all shouted at once, at the motion of a darkly begrimed fugleman. Poor fellows! they little knew how closely they resembled what they shouted for!

The shouts of France, which vary like all other factions, at present consist of four degrees of comparison:—

1. Vive l'Empereur!
2. Vive Napoléon!
3. Vive la République.
4. Vive la République Sociale et Démocratique.

Now, strange to say, on something like the Bank of England restriction principle, which says,—

"Sham Abraham you may,
But you must not sham Abraham *Newland*."—

it is considered criminal to shout "Vive la République *Sociale* et *Démocratique!*" and yet, as we rode along, on every public building I saw inscribed "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité!" !!!

When O'Connell—reprimanded in the House of Commons on all sides for having used against it the two words "beastly bellowing"—had, much against his will, retracted the latter, some one, dissatisfied with his apology, urgently complained that the former word remained uncancelled. "And sure!" said O'Connell, turning his burly head suddenly round upon his enemy, "did anybody ever hear of bellowing that was not *bastely?*"

By similar reasoning, I always felt while I was at Paris, and particularly while I was riding with the President, that, as nobody ever heard of a republic that was not "*democratic*," or of a "fraternité" that was not at least supposed to be "*social*," it was alike foolish and tyrannical of the police to continue to imprison people for the cry I have named; however, as the President rode along, I heard no single person use it; and indeed, with the exception of the gang of blue-faced dyers, whom I have no doubt the Red Republicans had paid for the job, I heard nothing but "Vive Napoléon!"

By this time my horse and I were on terms of intimate friendship. When first I mounted him he took me, I suppose, to be a Frenchman, and, accordingly, there were a variety of little nameless things that he was evidently disposed to do, provided I would merely spur him gently and pull rather hard at his curb rein. But when he found I rode him loosely on the snaffle, just as if I had shown him my passport bearing the word "Palmerston," he conducted himself as a high-bred English horse always desires to do, that is to say, he walked in procession quite quietly. As soon, however, as we had passed the bridge of Jena, the President, who proverbially in France is "parfaitement bon cavalier,"* started off in a gallop; and accordingly, between the troops that on each side were drawn up in line, and whose bands successively struck up as we reached them, we had a scurry across the Champ de Mars which was really quite delightful; indeed, my horse seemed so pleased with it, that, had it not been for my curb rein, I believe, very much against my will, he would have, what is commonly called, "come in first."

* A perfect horseman.

After receiving the salute of the general commanding the ground, and going through a few other formalities, the President commenced his inspection of the troops assembled, by slowly riding down the line of infantry, who, with brown faces, scarlet trousers and with presented arms, stood motionless as he passed.

After proceeding about two hundred yards, reining in his horse, he spoke in the kindest possible manner to a fine-looking private, who, without altering a feature of his countenance, or moving a hair of his mustachios, allowed every now and then a monosyllable I could not hear to come out of his mouth, which appeared to address itself to the musket that remained immovably before it.

The colonel of the regiment, lately from Algeria, bowing, said something, and on a slight signal from the President a sergeant on foot opened a despatch-box he was carrying; the President took from it a bright red riband of the Legion of Honour: bending over his horse's neck, he spoke to the soldier with an unmilitary mildness of manner that was really quite affecting; he then presented the riband to the man, who, holding his firelock with his left hand only, received with the other not only it, but before all the assembled staff and troops, a hearty, good old English shake of the hand, which, though it and its accompaniment no doubt went to the man's heart, did not shake the firm gravity of his countenance. The President told me, with evident satisfaction, that when, of his own accord, he stopped to speak to that man, he was not aware his name was on the list of those whose conduct and services had entitled them to be recommended for decoration.

As we were proceeding along the ranks I was altogether astonished to find, standing immediately on the right of every regiment, in line with the troops, and as immovably erect as themselves, one or two very nice-looking young women, dressed in scarlet regimental trousers, little short white aprons, and neatly ornamented blue loose frocks. Under each of their left arms they held, supported by a strap that passed diagonally across their breasts, a small barrel, beautifully painted blue, white, and red, from which there protruded a bright silver cock; on their heads sat a tricolor sort of Scotch bonnet. The dress altogether was wildly picturesque; and

the contrast between the soft smooth chins, slender hands, and small feet of the wearers, compared with the formal uniforms, dark hairy faces, and rough limbs of the troops, was most striking. They were the "cantinières" of the different regiments; and being, as in my description of the "Casernes" I have explained, the only women in the regiment, they are naturally enough petted and adorned in the way I have described.

At about the centre of the line the President again reined in his horse, opposite to an officer whose sword, stretched out in salute, was pointing diagonally to the ground. The sergeant with the blue despatch-box came quickly up; and while the President, with a riband and cross dangling from his right hand, was in his peculiar unassuming manner parentally addressing the officer, an ungovernable joy, a slight flush in his cheeks, and an increased animation in his eyes, sufficiently expressed his sense of the honour that was about to be conferred upon him. On receiving it, with the same hearty shake of the hand which I have described, the President rode on, and, looking behind me, I saw several officers of the staff, as they rode by the recipient, heartily congratulating him by gestures and expressions, which, with his sword still pointing to the ground, he invariably acknowledged by a happy smile.

At nearly the end of the line of infantry one more riband was given to a private, and, on the inspection on that side being concluded, we had another glorious hustling gallop up the Champ de Mars to the right of the cavalry, which in like manner were slowly inspected. As the President approached each regiment its brass band struck up. That of the 9th Hussars played "Partant pour la Syrie" so magnificently, that I could not help expressing to an officer who was near to me a remark on the subject. He replied "it was considered to be the finest band in the French army."

When the inspection of the cavalry was concluded, the President, again riding up the Champ de Mars, took up his position near the grand stone platform on the outside of the Ecole Militaire, beneath the magnificent pediment on which his uncle Napoleon had so often stood, now crowded with a mass of well-dressed spectators in bonnets, shawls, hats, and uniforms.

In the course of about a quarter of an hour, during which

the troops had been moving into their proper positions, the infantry, formed into companies three deep—every regiment was preceded by a detachment of pioneers with long beards and white leather aprons, each carrying his axe horizontally on his right shoulder—marching past in the ordinary "pas accéléré"* of 120 paces per minute. (By regulation it is 100, that of British troops 108). They were exceedingly small men, and their tread, although quicker, was not so heavy as that of British troops. When the regiments of the line had all passed there ensued a short pause, after which I saw approaching us the cavalry, headed by an infanty regiment of "chasseurs à pied," who, I was astonished to observe, were advancing very rapidly.

As it approached, there first of all trotted very proudly by the President, with bodies half shaved and tails entirely shaved, two white poodle-dogs of the regiment. Then came trotting by on foot, waving an ornamented pole, a magnificently-dressed tall tambour-major,† followed by his brass band, all of whom, playing as they advanced, trotted by, and then, suddenly wheeling to their left, formed in front of the President, where they continued, tambour-major and all, dancing up and down, keeping time to the air they played. As each company rapidly advanced their appearance was not only astonishing but truly beautiful. Although, according to French regulations, they had come to the review, not only in heavy marching order (knapsacks and great-coats), but laden with camp kettles and pans for soup, &c. (they are not allowed when reviewed to leave anything behind), they advanced and passed with an ease and lightness of step it is quite impossible to describe, and which I am sensible can scarcely be believed, unless it has been witnessed. In this way they preceded the cavalry, who were at a trot; and as soon as the last company had passed the President, the band and tambour-major, who had never ceased dancing for an instant, accompanied by the two white half-shaved poodle dogs, darted after them, until the whole disappeared from view.

On expressing my astonishment at the pace at which they had passed, I was assured by two or three general officers, as well as by the President himself, that the "chasseurs à pied"

* Quick march. † Drum-major.

in the French service can, in heavy marching, keep up with the cavalry at a trot for two leagues; indeed, they added, if necessary, for a couple of hours;—the effect no doubt of the gymnastic exercises I had witnessed, and which I had been truly told by the French officers superintending them were instituted for the purpose of giving activity and celerity of movement to the troops. The chasseurs à pied are armed with the new internally grooved French carbine, the extraordinary range of which I have described; and as their fire is deadly at a distance more than three times greater than that of the English ordinary musket, their power of speedily advancing, and, if necessary, as speedily running away, all added together, form advantages which, it is submitted, are worthy of the very serious consideration of the British nation.

After a variety of manœuvres of infantry and cavalry, separately and combined, the latter charged up the Champ de Mars in line. The sound of their approaching was like that of distant thunder; but as their pace freshened, their disorder increased, until, on the word "Halt!" being sounded, they were far from forming a compact line. During the charge a horse fell, and the President, riding up to the man, very kindly inquired of him whether he was much hurt. His trousers were rubbed into holes; he had taken his stock off; and was altogether considerably jumbled both in body and mind; however, with a comrade on each side, and a surgeon on foot behind him, he managed, sometimes walking and sometimes reeling a little, to get off the field.

The review was now over, and accordingly the President (after the expression in a very pleasing tone and manner of a few words of approbation to the General commanding and to the principal officers of his staff) returned along the avenue of the Champ de Elysées to his palace, in the yard of which he took leave of the same crowd of officers assembled there in the morning, and who during the day had accompanied him.

PRISON MODÈLE.

From the Elysée, as I was hastening to my lodging, I ordered the Commissionaire standing at the corner of my street to get me a fiacre; during the few moments he was employed in doing so I changed my clothing, and in the course of little more than half an hour found myself, by myself, standing gazing at the lofty loopholed dead walls, 30 feet high, and exterior massive gate of the great Prison commonly called "La Nouvelle Force" or "Prison Modèle," on the outside of which, in grey coats, red epaulettes, and scarlet trousers, were reposing on stone benches a guard, composed of a lieutenant, two sergeants, four corporals, and 51 soldiers, who watch over the building night and day. All looked indolent or half asleep, save a few, who, as if to keep themselves awake, were smoking—smoking—smoking—

"And thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life."

On ringing the bell the gate slowly opened, and, passing across a short space, I was, on the production of my special order of admission, conducted through another gate into the interior of the prison, which during the horrors of the revolution of 1792 was twice in the hands of the infuriated populace, who, in September of that dreadful year, in cold blood massacred within it 160 persons, among whom was the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe.

On arriving at the "Bureau Central du Brigadier,"* I entered a small detached office, containing six windows, from each of which, like a large, fat, black spider looking at once over half of his web, I saw radiating before me six passages, each 264 feet long, separating six sets of buildings, three stories high. Every one of these buildings, or rather narrow slices of a building, was a prison, containing on each of its three floors 70 separate cells, or altogether 210 cells. From the central office my eye consequently glanced along passages below and

* Central Office of the Brigadier.

galleries above, communicating altogether with 1260 separate cells.

On asking the superintendent to be so good as to explain to me the nature of the curious-looking establishment over which he presided, he told me its objects were two-fold—

1st. The prevention of crime;

2nd. The retention of those who were supposed to have committed crime.

He added that it contained only males, the first class beggars and "vagabonds" forwarded by the police to be retained for three or four weeks; the second (who composed by far the greater proportion) robbers and assassins, usually confined three or four months previous to their trial; and having given me this information, he obligingly desired one of his subordinates to take me over the buildings.

At the entrance of each of the six passages, I found on a level with my face three hooks and a little round mouth-piece. The former were bells, communicating with the galleries of the three stories; the latter a speaking-trumpet, or "porte-voix," communicating with each and common to all. By this simple arrangement the superintendent, if he wishes to communicate with the surveillant or keeper of any one of the three galleries of any one of the six prisons which converge upon his office, has only first to call his attention by ringing his bell, and then, through the mouth-piece, to whisper into his ear through the speaking-trumpet whatever he may wish to say; moreover, by putting his own ear to the "porte-voix," he can hear whatever answer the surveillant may have to give to him.

On the ground-floor are constructed, for each of the six prisons, seven cells "de Parloir." On opening one, I saw almost touching the door, which had receded from it, a wooden bench, immediately opposite to which was an open grating or window, secured by three iron bars; beyond, at a distance of three feet, was another grating, similarly barred and secured. The object of this triple arrangement is to enable the prisoners—robbers, assassins, and all—to receive the visits of their friends from eleven to three on Mondays and Fridays: the interview is curiously arranged as follows:—

The prisoner, carefully conducted from his cell, is allowed to enter and sit upon the bench of one of the seven "Parloirs," or speaking cells, the door of which, at his back, is then closed

and locked; between the two gratings in front of him is stationed a keeper, beyond whom the culprit sees, as in a kit-kat picture, the hair, face, throat, body, arms, and hands, of the wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or friend, male or female, who has come to see him. The duty of the keeper, caged between both, is not only to listen to all that is said, but to prevent the transmission between the parties of any substance whatever.

On each of the three galleries of each of the six prisons are constantly patrolling two surveillants, six for each prison. Every cell is ten feet long, six feet broad, and, including its vaulted roof, nine feet high. At the top of the wall, opposite to the door, over which reposes a shelf 15 inches broad, is a small window of four panes of plate glass fluted, so as to admit light and yet completely to disturb the line of vision. On the oak floor lies a palliasse and blanket; also a small table, and in the corner a well-arranged water-closet. The cell, as well as the whole interior of the prison, is maintained at a proper temperature by pipes of hot water.

On a prisoner being led into his cell, he is given by his conductor a black "plaquet," or round ticket, on which is inscribed on one side, in white letters, the numbers of the division, story, and cell, in which he is confined; hung on the outside of his door, it indicates the cell is full. On the other side of the plaquet is inscribed "Au Palais,"* and when by reversing the ticket this notice is made to appear, the inspector, keeper, or any one passing along the gallery, who reads it, is reminded that the tenant of that cell is absent on his trial. Any prisoner, by pulling a sort of bell-handle in his cell, can cause to dart out into the passage an iron blade, "indicateur," indicative to the keeper that he wishes to speak to him.

In each cell is a bee's-wing of gas, which, lighted at dark, is allowed to remain burning till 9 P. M., when, by the turning of a handle, the captives throughout the prison are simultaneously thrown into utter darkness. In the door is a small hole covered, through which the keepers alone—for strangers are not allowed to do so—can peep at the prisoner without his knowledge; below is a small wicket-shutter, a foot long by seven inches broad, for the admission of his food. Every prisoner is allowed a clean shirt once a week, and sheets once a fortnight.

* At the Court of Justice.

We next proceeded to sixteen cells on the ground-floor, each containing a zinc bath, supplied with hot and cold water, in which every prisoner is soaked and scrubbed on his arrival, and afterwards whenever prescribed by "le Médecin." In each of the six prisons are 25 double cells, to enable a nurse or keeper, when necessary, to sleep in the cell of a sick prisoner. My conductor now led me into the "Pharmacie," in which, as the principal medicine, I found boiling four large caldrons full of "tisane," which, in the public charities of Paris, appears to be a specific for all disorders.

To communicate with the upper cells, there appears, outside the doors of all, a narrow gallery, only 2 ft. 10 in. broad, on the exterior rail of which is a contrivance to admit a small train of trays, full of food, for each meal, to run on wheels as on a railway, by which means, and by the additional assistance on the uppermost story of a wheel and axle, provisions can be distributed throughout the whole prison, to all the cells, in twenty minutes. The prisoners have for breakfast, bread and soup; for dinner, vegetables, potatoes, haricos, and three days a week, one-third of a pound of meat; for supper, bread. Those who have money—strange to say—are allowed to purchase from a woman (cantinière), within the prison, whatever diet they like; the only limit being, that these suffering sinners must not—poor fellows—drink more than a bottle of wine per day.

Each of the six divisions, or prisons, has a circular court, called a Promenoir, subdivided by 20 walls, 10 feet high, running in the form of radii from the centre, where, in a small tower, containing a spiral staircase, is posted a surveillant, who, by merely turning on his heel, can look into each of the 20 subdivisions, which are 42 feet in length, three in breadth at the end near the watch-tower, 15 at the far end, and which, encircled by a wall, are bounded by iron railings, also 10 feet high. In each of these 20 wedge-shaped courts, at the broad end of which is a small shed for rainy weather, a prisoner is allowed to enjoy air and exercise for one hour every day, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Concentric with the railings that form the exterior of the circular promenade is a paved space, round which a keeper may walk, looking successively into each court. In following along this narrow space, I observed that the surveillant who was

conducting me apparently purposely avoided even to glance into any of the courts. I, however, looked very directly into one, in which I beheld a human being whose appearance I shall not easily forget. He was a tall thin man, of about 35 years of age, dressed in the prison garb, coarse grey clothes and wooden sabots. His hair, cut quite close, wildly contrasted with his long dishevelled beard and mustachios. Confinement appeared to have inflamed all his wicked passions to a state bordering on madness; and the look he first darted at me, and the ferocity which seemed to be rapidly increasing within him every instant he glared at me, were such that I really almost expected to see him spring like a wild beast against the bars of his cage. After I had passed him, the conductor told me he was an assassin of the worst description.

Returning to the "Bureau Central du Brigadier," from which I had commenced, we ascended a small staircase to an upper story, where I found a little chapel, looking down all the six alleys at once, containing a marble altar 5ft. 6in. long by four feet deep, surmounted by a small white plaster statue of the Virgin, and above that a large gilt one of our Saviour on the Cross: before this altar the priest of the establishment performs mass to the whole of the 1260 prisoners, whose doors, by means of a chain, which allows them to be ajar, are slightly opened in order to allow each to catch a squinting glimpse of the various movements of the holy man, whose prayers I should think could not possibly be wafted to all.

We next entered several magazines, full of materials for such of the prisoners as choose to work, in which case they are paid for what they do. It appears that the inmates, besides enjoying food according to their money, may, according to their inclination, be industrious or idle as they think proper.

My conductor, opening a door, now led me into a library, containing about 1600 volumes, historical and religious, lent to those who desire to read. As soon as I entered, from the opposite end there slowly approached me, just like one of the three cats shut up in the warehouse of lost goods at the railway terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, the poor librarian, who seemed thankful, not only for every word I uttered to him, but even for the sight of the face of a stranger.

In proceeding towards the cooking department I came in a yard to several sets of rails, on which were some little carriages 4½ feet long by three feet broad, containing 12 movable iron shelves or trays, each containing the rations of 18 men. I followed the train for about 100 yards to its terminus, where the carriages all descended from view to a series of subterranean rails, along which they proceeded until they came beneath machinery, by which each was hoisted by pulleys up a square chimney to the gallery to which it was consigned. On entering the kitchen, I found the cookery of the whole department, 1260 prisoners, officers, servants, and all, scientifically performed in six caldrons, over which hung a canopy for carrying away the steam and smoke.

My guide now informed me, in reply to my queries on the subject, that the "personnel" or strength of the establishment is composed as follows:—

1 Director,
4 Clerks,
2 Priests,
1 Médecin ou Pharmacien,
1 Laundry-woman, in charge of the linen washed by contract,
1 Brigadier-en-chef des Surveillants,
4 Sous-Brigadiers,
62 Surveillants (keepers),
4 Cooks, assisted by three of the prisoners.
Total—81.

Besides the Model Prison in which I stood, there are in Paris, under the jurisdiction of the Prefect of Police, eight others, as also a military prison, under the Minister of War. In the whole of France there exist 391 prisons of different descriptions (namely, maisons d'arrêt, maisons centrales, and bagnes), containing 66,091 persons.

As I was about to leave this establishment I was informed I had overlooked 30 cells, 15 on each side of the entrance gate, in which prisoners are received and detained, until certain formalities have been performed, and until the baths are ready for their reception. However, as I had now arrived at the last set of bolts that were to be undrawn to allow me to depart, I had not fortitude enough to return to the interior, and, accordingly, proceeding onwards, I have seldom enjoyed

a more agreeable contrast than when, on coming into the space in front of the great prison from which I had just been released, I beheld close before me the Embarcadère or terminus of the Lyons Railway, the emblem of liberty and locomotion.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

As on the morning previous to the review I had received from my oculist his last prescription, I was exceedingly anxious to take it and my eyes to Old England. On reflection, however, I felt there remained half a day's work for each of them to perform. On the Place de la Bastille I therefore stopped a fiacre that was hobbling by, and having taken my seat, and by means of a handle inside having very carefully fastened the door, I told the coachman's large face, which on looking upwards I found close to my own, where it was to go; and, accordingly, out of the innumerable streets which in all directions radiate from the place from which we were about to start, he selected that which, without turning to the right or left, ran straight to the scene I was desirous to visit, —the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

I had taken so much interest in the various objects I had hitherto visited, that almost habitually as I approached them I had experienced, by anticipation, a portion of the pleasure the realization of my curiosity subsequently afforded me. In the present instance, however, every time the poor horse nodded his jaded head, every time the driver whipped his neck, and every time the carriage jolted over the commonest description of loose stones, I felt that somehow or other I was a loser by the operation; that something pleasurable had been shaken out of me; in fact, that as I approached the mansions of the dead I was infinitesimally becoming less and less cheerful; and what in my sinking condition appeared to me to be anything but consoling was that the Rue de la Roquette at every step of the horse was evidently also becoming more and more gloomy.

The gaiety of Paris appeared not only to be fading away, but to be rapidly dying. At first the houses merely grew poor-looking and a little smaller; then came a dead wall, then an open shop full of tombstones, then a few houses, then a rather long dead wall, then a good many houses, then a shop full of bright round wreaths of yellow immortelles, then a couple of houses, then a shop full of nothing but jet black wreaths and white ones, then one teeming with yellow ones: at last, after passing another dead wall, we came to a climax of woe, made up of shops full, one after another, of monuments, images, statues, and crosses, of all shapes, sizes, and prices.

After gradually ascending for nearly half a mile along the paved gloomy valley of the shadow of death above described, the calèche, after having passed the Barrière d'Aunay, stopped at the lofty iron entrance gates of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and as soon as I had dismissed my driver, I found myself in the centre of a scene which really quite amazed me.

Between the railings of the iron gate, and towering above the dead wall that surrounds the cemetery, I caught a glimpse of a confused variety of the monuments, obelisks, crosses, &c, I had expressly come to visit. But what arrested, and indeed for some minutes entirely engrossed my attention, was a crowd of women seated for a considerable length on each side of the wall, close to different-coloured umbrellas protecting from the sun large piles of bright yellow, snow-white, and rusty black round "forget-me-not" immortelles of various sizes, and yet, not satisfied with such a stock, these women were busily occupied in making sepulchral wreaths faster than one would conceive it could be possible to sell them. Besides which there were tastily arranged and suspended upon the dead wall garlands and crosses of everlasting flowers of all colours—blue, yellow, green, orange, with spotted blue and white. In whatever direction I walked, sometimes before me, sometimes behind me, sometimes on each side, and sometimes from all sides at once, cheerful-looking women in different voices were earnestly advising me to buy either a sepulchral wreath, cross, or garland. The only sister of the lot that did not address me was a very ugly one with an olive-coloured face, black hair, brown comb, and no cap, employed in eating with a stick, out of a dark-coloured earthen pot, grass-green spinach.

On passing through the iron gates, between two lodges, on one of which I observed inscribed in large letters—

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE,"

and on the other

"LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EGALITÉ,"—

my eyes and mind were completely bewildered by the sudden appearance of a forest of monuments, which looked as if the tenants of the innumerable graves before me had, one and all, in the various attitudes of their respective tombs, arisen to declare that even in the republic below ground there exists the same desire for distinction which the soi-disant republicans of Paris, in mockery of their own theory, are everywhere displaying.

Not knowing how to grapple with such a variety of forms, I stopped almost in despair at the very first monument on my left; a little house or chapel about six feet square, and about ten feet high, surmounted by a cross, beneath which was inscribed—

"Sépulture Chevalier-Guyot et de la Famille Gaidon."*

On peeping through the open latticed work which formed the upper half of the door, I saw within, a marble altar, upon which appeared a long plated-silver cross, two lofty plated-silver candlesticks, two opaque glass vases full of flowers, a plated-silver mug for holding holy water, and a silver-handled hair-brush for sprinkling it. In front of the altar and touching it were a pair of china flower-pots, containing artificial flowers, with two ebony-backed Prie-Dieu chairs. On the walls hung a couple of yellow wreaths of immortelles, and ten white ones; on one of the latter was inscribed in black letters.

"A mon Amie." †

The next monument I looked into had been similarly furnished, except that at the back of the altar was a window of stained glass, and on one of four yellow immortelles the words

"Mon Père." ‡

* Tomb of the Chevalier Guyot and of the family Gaidon.
† To my friend. ‡ My father.

For a few moments I stopped before several flat tombstones, surrounded by iron rails supporting an iron trough reversed, under which, protected from rain, hung a quantity of yellow wreaths.

As I was loitering among these stones, I observed a respectable-looking man of about 50 years of age, watching me like a wolf; and as I was quite as much in want of him as he of me, I beckoned to him, and with great pleasure enlisted him in my service. As soon, however, as I began to interrogate my ally (one of the official guides of the cemetery) he began to dispute, and his remonstrances became so loud, he shrugged up his shoulders so violently, and with the palms of his hands upwards, he extended his arms to such an extraordinary length, that, as I did not wish to be seen engaged in a colloquial duel among the tombs, I was obliged very quietly to decline to proceed with him, unless he would consent to be guided by my notions—in short, follow my wishes instead of his own.

The subject of our altercation was briefly as follows:—In the cemeteries of Paris there are three descriptions of graves—

1st. Those occupied in perpetuity;

2nd. Those leased for six years;

3rd. Those in which the dead poor are gratuitously allowed a caravansary or resting-place for five years.

Now what my friend wanted to do was to hurry me straight off to that part of the cemetery occupied by the permanent graves, in order that then and there he might zigzaggedly conduct me to the monuments either of the most celebrated men, or of the finest sculpture. He assured me, and afterwards insisted, that *that* was the usual, regular, best, and only way of procedure; and, with a scoffing movement of his right hand, he added that, if he was to stop where I wanted him to stop, and to continue to give me the trifling information I appeared to desire, I should see nothing, learn nothing, and, lastly, should occupy the whole of his day.

Now, as the sting of all his objections evidently lay not in the head but in the tail or conclusion of his remarks, I considered it unnecessary to wound his feelings by confessing to him my total disregard for the bones, masonry, iron, and silver, which he appeared to venerate. In answer, therefore, to his numerous shrugs and objections, I merely expounded to

him very clearly that, inasmuch as it was my intention to pay him very liberally by the *hour*, the more of his time I wasted the better it would be for him; and as an idea, like lightning, travels infinitely faster than the heavy thundering words by which it is conveyed, so, long before my explanation was concluded, every line of argument had not only relaxed from his countenance, but had vanished from his figure, both of which seemed to say,

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!"

As soon as we had, in perfect good fellowship, sufficiently smiled at each other, I asked him to be so good as to take me to the common pit, "fosse commune." "Bien, Monsieur!" he replied; and suiting his action to the words, off he merrily led me across an open uninteresting space of about sixteen acres, which looked very like a ploughed field, but as we were crossing it I ascertained that its history is much more remarkable than its appearance. Only a few years ago this area, which had been completely filled with "temporary graves," was covered with a beautiful shrubbery of cypresses. At the expiration, however, of the lease the living had granted to the dead, it was deemed advisable to convert the ground from a level to the acclivity which forms the characteristic feature of the cemetery. Instead, therefore, of ejecting the tenants, they were completely covered by an avalanche of new-made earth, that was rolled over all, and thus, at a depth in some places of 30 feet, these sixteen acres of pauper corpses will lie undisturbed beneath the stratum of new graves which in due time will be imposed upon them.

My guide had scarcely given me this information when I saw immediately on my left a hearse driven by a man in a cocked hat, and followed by three persons, of whom two were in mourning; and as the party were evidently proceeding to the "fosse commune," I hurried on, and reached the spot a few seconds before it arrived.

Just at the moment it stopped, my attention was attracted by a deep broad ditch beneath me, in which was a man rather oddly dressed standing beside a long series of coffins, placed together in threes side by side, and I had scarcely glanced on them when, on looking round for the hearse, I saw it trotting away, probably for another poor person's coffin. That which

it had brought was in the hands of four men in rusty black clothes, who, walking rather quickly to the edge of the ditch, lowered it by means of ropes to the labourer beneath, who in a few seconds placed it in its destination. As it lay there I observed that it, the coffin, was made of common white wood, had a semi-hexagonal top, on which there appeared nothing but a few black letters designating the name of the man who had made it, and a little bit of lead, about an inch and a half square, upon which was impressed the number, or "numéro," of the dead.

In front of the hearse I had observed, only for a moment (for he was quite unpleasant to look at), strutting as if he considered himself to be of vast importance, a tall, stout person, or personage, dressed in a cocked hat, black coat of superfine cloth fitting uncomfortably tight, and a fine belt, who, as soon as the four men in dingy black had handed down the coffin, put himself at their head and marched off. In a whisper I asked my guide who he was. "Monsieur," he replied, with a countenance overflowing with respect and astonishment at my ignorance, "c'est l'ordonnateur aux pompes funèbres!"*

Two of the three persons who had followed the hearse also immediately departed; the last remaining friend, walking to the edge of the pit, and then stooping downwards, handed to the man beneath, who had received the coffin, two round bright yellow immortelles, with a paper upon which was written the name of the deceased, and he also then walked quickly away.

When the last spark of affection had been thus extinguished, the gravedigger, whose face and arms were sunburnt and brown, and was dressed in a white shirt, with blue trousers, confined round the waist by an old scarlet and white belt, finally adjusted the coffin, then threw over it with his spade a covering of earth about half an inch thick, then affixed in the perpendicular bank the paper and two yellow immortelles that belonged to it, and then, there being nothing else in the whole world for him to do, leaning on his spade he rested against the bank, evidently waiting for another coffin.

The arrangement appeared so simple and so sensible, that I could not help expressing to my guide, that, however he might admire the infinite variety which characterised the "perpetual graves," it must at least be said of those before us that their inmates found in them a republic in which all are equal. "Non, Monsieur," said my attendant, gradually closing his

* Sir, he is director of the Pompes-Funèbres.

right nostril with the forefinger of his dexter hand; and he then proceeded to explain to me, that, with respect to the description of funeral I had just witnessed, the city of Paris grants only to those who can give proofs of their poverty—

1st. The "convoi," *i. e.* hearse with the ordonnateur des Pompes Funèbres and his attendants;

2nd. The coffin;

3rd. The grave, or resting-place for the dead.

That a corpse failing to give this proof of its poverty has to pay to the city a tax of 20 francs ("de droit"), also seven francs for its coffin; the grave only being given to it gratis. He added, that although in the "fosse commune" the stratum of dead are so closely packed that their coffins, like paving-stones, touch each other all round, yet, in memory of each, even the very poorest, there is invariably erected, either over the coffin or as near it as possible, a little rectangular oak railing, 18 inches high, enclosing a tiny garden, subsequently ornamented according to the circumstances of the deceased, or to those of his friends—generally with cypresses and a small wooden chapel; sometimes only with a cross; indeed, in cases of extreme poverty, some friend of the dead has been known, within the little railing I have described, to erect and leave behind him his walking-stick, as the *sole* bearer of the inscription which, under all circumstances, records, within the railing that commemorates the grave, the name, age, and date of death of the departed. The cost of the little distinctions which in different grades ornament the garden graves of the very poorest inhabitants of that portion of the city (5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th arrondissements) that are buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, of course increases or diminishes according to their value. To give, however, to the reader a general idea of the cheapness with which such work is executed in Paris, I may state that the usual charge for the "entourage" (railing of oak), two cypresses, and flowers for a grave in the "fosse commune," is only 15 francs. At the expiration of about seven years, or of five if deemed necessary, all these slight remembrances are levelled, and a new set of tenants, and a new set of ornaments and distinctions, reign in their stead.—

"Nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay."

Leaving the gravedigger in his trench still leaning against the bank, and without consulting my guide, I walked to a

beautiful grove or shrubbery of young cypresses, which appeared to cover the acclivity of the hill, on the summit of which had been constructed the finest portion of the permanent monuments.

On entering this interesting wilderness I found it composed of the "fosses temporaires," "temporary graves," six feet long and three broad, each of which, surrounded by its little oak railing, was almost concealed by the cypresses and roses that flourished and bloomed above it. Along these graves, which appeared very regularly arranged side by side, were a series of paths, running east and west, with others at right angles: by which arrangement, the cypress labyrinth, that contained them all, could be penetrated in any direction, and thus every grave could easily be visited by whomsoever it might be held dear.

These graves were somewhat larger than those of the "fosse commune;" but with that exception, there was no difference, save that within and beneath the small padlocked space the body it commemorated actually reposed; whereas in the garden graves of the "fosse commune" it unavoidably lay some feet off in a direction unknown.

The expenses of burial in these temporary abodes, taken on a lease for not less than five, and not exceeding ten years, are various. For instance, for a poor man, whose family desire the cheapest possible form, the charges are,

To the church	10	francs.
For the ground	50	„
For the coffin room from	7 to 10	„
Hearse, ordonnateur, &c.	27	„
Total from	94 to 97	„

(For the above the rich pay from 200 to 1000 francs, and for first-class ceremonies there have been charged 7000.) These funeral expenses do not include the decorations of the garden, which can be executed for about 40 francs, as follows:—

An "entourage" (railing) in oak, 2½ feet high	15	francs
Cross in oak and inscription	10	„
Couvre-couronne in zinc	6	„
Four cypress-trees and and a sanded path in form of a cross, and edged with box	10	„
Total	41	

For a tombstone the extra cost is from 10 to 12 francs.	
Engraving any 100 letters at the rate of one franc for every ten letters	10 „
Total	22 „

Although my guide refrained from expressing his opinions, it was evident he took no interest whatever in any portion of the cemetery but that which he conceived to be immortalized by stone, brick, and stout iron railings; and as it was distressing to me to observe how his mind kept yearning and his eyes turning towards the hill before me, I told him I was now at his service, and would follow him wherever he liked. With a bright countenance, a light heart, and a quick step, he of course instantly posted up the hill; at the summit of which I observed that a portion of the beautiful range of "temporary graves" I had been admiring had been lately levelled, in order, I suppose, to replace the subterranean tenantry by permanent landlords of the soil.

The oak railings had completely disappeared; in some places the cypresses I had so much admired were lying brown and dead on the ground; in other parts strong, rich grass was waving in the sunshine, and as I passed through the mass I now and then trod on a round flowerless immortelle showing the straw of which it had been made.

The first monument to which my guide conducted me, perched on the very summit of the hill, consisted of a lofty pyramid with a gilt conical top, the whole large enough, solid enough, and high enough for a lighthouse, which indeed it much resembled. It had been erected by a person of no celebrity, beyond wealth, appropriately called "Monsieur de Beau-jour."*

As I did not much enjoy the taste of this sample, I talked to my guide about himself; and after ascertaining where he lived, and what family he had, I asked him whether the late revolutions in Paris had in any way affected him.

He told me that previous to 1848 he had been very well off, —"j'ai bien gagné ma vie,"†—but since that period he had scarcely earned half of what he used to earn. "For a considerable time," said he, "after the revolution we had no travellers, no English; et enfin," he added with a shrug, "les gens qui

* Mr. Fine-day.

† I gained a good livelihood.

nous cherchent à présent nous donnent peu de chose."* With a countenance full of contempt he added, "Ils ne sont que des Italiens, et des nations bouleversées."†

On reaching the highest part of the cemetery, from which of course there is the finest view, I was much surprised to find the uppermost portion principally occupied by monuments, marked with the usual words, "Concession à perpétuité,"‡ bearing English inscriptions.

On the first that attracted my attention was inscribed—

"Fanny,
Wife of
Henry T. Anderson,
of New York.
January 1, 1844.

A few yards farther I came to a very handsome one in white marble, unmutilated and unsullied even by an observation in pencil, bearing the following inscription, which I copied while two birds close to me were singing, as delightfully as if they had been hatched in England:—

"Sir William Sidney Smith,
Admiral of the Red,
Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and Grand Cross
of several Foreign Orders, &c.
Born 21st of June, 1764,
Died 26th of May, 1840.

Peace to the hero who undaunted stood,
When Acre's streets were red with Turkish blood!
In warlike France, where great Napoleon rose,
The man who check'd his conquests finds repose:
England, who claims his triumphs as her own,
Has raised for him this monumental stone;
This tomb which marks his grave, is now supplied
By friends with whom he lived, midst whom he died—
A tribute to his memory. Here beneath
Lies the bold heart of England's Sidney Smith."

* And after all, the people who now seek for us give us very little.

† They are nothing but Italians, and the inhabitants of overturned nations.

‡ Leased for ever.

Nearly opposite I observed a chaste and simple white marble monument to

"The Right Hon.
Sir William Keppel,
Knight Grand Cross of the Military Order
of the Bath."

For a considerable time I wandered through an immense confusion of sarcophagi, pyramids, obelisks, mausoleums, temples, chapels, columns, urns, cenotaphs, and sepulchral monuments of all heights, shapes, and sizes, most of them surrounded by iron railings, within which sometimes I found beautiful flowers, sometimes weeds, and sometimes nothing but stinging-nettles; in short, one might as well attempt to describe a great battle by writing a history of every soldier that was present at it, as to endeavour to describe the cemetery of Père la Chaise by merely enumerating the herd of constructions that at a cost of upwards of five millions sterling have been erected within it.

In peeping into the sepulchral chapels I perceived on the altar of one a quantity of flowers quite fresh, in water; on another were a large cross, four tall candlesticks, three little images, and a silver-handled brush (*aspersoir*) for sprinkling holy water. "Ah que c'est gentil!"* exclaimed my guide, whose face occupied the square glassless compartment in the window next to that through which I was looking.

The simplest monument within the cemetery is a stone pyramid about six feet high, surrounded by a little neat box border, dedicated to

"E. Volney,
Pair de France."†

As I was wending my way through cenotaphs, obelisks, and temples, many of which must have been exceedingly costly, I perceived about 30 yards distant on my right a very odd-looking chapel, made entirely of zinc, and painted bright blue. I immediately stopped, and, after looking at it for some time, I asked my guide, "Why is the door open?"

"C'est sa femme dedans:" and he then added, "Quand il

* O, how beautiful!

† Peer of France.

fait beau, she"* (the widow of the deceased man to whom this monument had been erected) "visits it sometimes for half a day."

I was so struck with this unusual mark of fidelity and affection, that I not only felt but expressed an irresistible desire to witness it. My guide proposed to accompany me, but, as I thought he might possibly be rather too inquisitive, I begged him to remain where he stood, and to allow me hastily to walk past the open door. I accordingly proceeded to do so, and I was wondering by what description of feelings I should be assailed, and in what attitude I should find the widow, when, to my utter astonishment, I was taken all aback by suddenly seeing close to me, not in the chapel, but seated on a chair just before it, a lady dressed in bright blue of exactly the tint of the zinc chapel.

"Elle aime beaucoup le *bleu!*"† said my guide to me with a smile as soon as I returned to him.

"She does indeed!" was all I could manage to say in reply: however, as my friend perceived I was altogether flabbergasted by what I had seen, he explained to me of his own accord that the lady's mind is slightly disordered, and that, whenever she has "un rêve," or dream of her husband, she writes a letter to him, brings it, and files it within the blue tomb, in which he said there existed a great heap of her correspondence with her departed husband.

After passing an endless variety of tombs I came to a spot where a body of workmen in blouses were employed in constructing a permanent vault for twelve persons, to be deposited in two tiers or strata of six each, separated from each other by iron bars imbedded in the masonry.

The cost of a single permanent grave "emplacement" of one mètre (3 feet 3 1-3 inches English) broad, and two mètres long, is 500 francs. The sum of 1000 are, however, demanded for the very same space so often as it may be required *in addition* to the first allotment; and as the vault before me was 3 mètres broad by two in length, the charges were to be as follows:—

* His wife is inside. When it is fine weather, &c.
† Very fond of *blue*.

	Francs.
The cost of the ground alone had amounted to	2500
The cost of digging, and of the masonry for the 12 graves	720
For fixing a curb stone around the whole .	150
For a handsome iron railing	400
Total	3770
about 150*l.* sterling.	
To sand the little paths of a grave, and keep weeds out costs (per annum)	12
In addition to the above to maintain a succession of flowers (per annum)	20

The city of Paris, foreseeing that the perpetual graves, which already amount in number to 102,000, would ere long take exclusive possession of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, have lately declined to give perpetual titles, in lieu of which they now grant leases for a given period, subject to renewal. The result it is expected will be, that a considerable number of families will decline—or, as it will be fashionably termed, will *forget*—to purchase the renewal, and these monuments, many of which are evidently already totally neglected, will then be quietly removed. And even as regards those that bear the inscription "Concession à Perpétuité," if the certificate, or "Lettre de Propriété,"* should be lost, it is understood the city will resume possession of the ground for what is very properly termed "utilité publique."†

After conversing for some little time with the workmen in blouses, who, beneath the surface of the ground, were constructing the twelve graves before me, I asked one of the most intelligent whether the late political events in France had in any way affected their profits. "We gained," replied the man, leaning his trowel upon the grave he was constructing, and looking upwards full in my face, "a good deal in 1849 by the cholera, but, excepting that, we have not obtained in the last three years as much as in the time of Louis Philippe we got in one!"

I observed that I could not comprehend how that could be, for "Surely," I added, "it is *Death*, and not Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon, who fills for you the cemetery of Père la

* Title-deed. † The public benefit.

Chaise?" "C'est, Monsieur," he replied, "parce que les grandes familles sont expatriées, c'est à dire en leurs campagnes;"* in consequence of which, and of the general unsettled state of the public mind, he explained at some length that everybody now had a cheap grave. My guide, who by various little fidgeting movements of his face and feet evidently disapproved of the time I had been losing at this grave, at last prevailed upon me once again to accompany him. Instead, however, of prosecuting any path, he wormed his way among monuments closely huddled together, and yet his course on the whole was so straight, and his step so quick, that I felt confident he was on a trail of importance, and, as if I had been following a red Indian, I was wondering what description of game we were about to overtake, when my friend, suddenly stopping before a small garden about sixteen feet long and ten broad, surrounded by wired iron railings about five feet high, and which, as a solitary exception to all the tombs I had beheld, contained neither monument nor inscription of any sort, said to me with great solemnity, as, standing bolt upright, he pointed his finger to the little enclosure before us, "*Monsieur, violà le corps du Maréchal Ney!*"†

My guide informed me that during the reign of Louis Philippe, the relations and friends of the General were given to understand that the erection of what they would consider to be an appropriate monument to his memory would not be allowed; that since the establishment of the Republic his corpse had remained unhonoured, under the idea that the nation would erect a magnificent monument. In the mean while, within the narrow precincts of the rails, there slightly waved above his grave eight cypresses, whose height rudely marked the era of his interment. In the middle is a small circular border of China roses, and ranged against the rails are rows of laurels, excepting at the entrance gate, each side of which I observed a lilac-tree in blossom. Close to the border there lay on the ground one circular wreath of white immortelles, bearing in blue letters the word

"Regrets."

* It is, Sir, because our great families are expatriated, that is to say, are living at their country seats.

† Sir, there is the body of Marshal Ney.

I had, for more than an hour, been so bothered by the Babel confusion of tongues of the various monuments which, in every sort of attitude, jostling, crowding, and pushing against each other, were all at once each extolling nothing in creation but the corpse beneath, that, as I stood looking into the little garden before me, I must own I felt it was the most striking monument—the most successful effort—of the lot:—in short, that there was more real eloquence in its silence than in all the laboured panegyrics to which my guide had directed my attention, and which had occasionally made me feel almost seasick to read. "Allons!" I said; upon which my attendant stretched out his hands between the rails, picked a laurel-leaf, and presented it to me. On shaking my head, and saying rather resolutely, "Non! non!" he chucked it somewhat indignantly upon the grave. As I was following him in silence, I passed close to a group of four Frenchmen who had witnessed the trifling occurrence, and who looked rather hard at me as I walked by them. What they saw in me I could not know, nor did I care, but, to avoid misconstruction, I took an early opportunity of explaining to my guide, that in England everybody is instructed under all circumstances "to keep his hands from picking and stealing," and that there is no species of theft more disreputable than for a traveller, in return for the civilities he has received in France, to pilfer from the grave of an old soldier the smallest portion, however trifling, of the honours, whatever they may be, that consecrate his tomb.

My guide now led me to, and for some little distance down, the great paved arterial road that, from the lofty iron entrance gates, meanders in its ascent to, and then along, the whole length of the cemetery, and, although no visitor is allowed, on any pretence whatever, to drive here, the stones were literally, in some places, worn into ruts by the hearses and mourning carriages that had walked over them.

As we proceeded along this broad avenue, I met several ladies and merry children, fashionably dressed, carrying in their hands, gently swinging by their sides, circular wreaths of immortelles of different diameters and colours, which they were about to deposit, as touching marks of their affection, at the graves of their fathers, mothers, or other relations or friends; after which they usually rest themselves, for more or less time, on one of the many seats which, for purposes of this nature, are scattered over the cemetery.

In a few minutes we came to the "Rond Point," where the paved road forms a sort of circle of obeisance round a beautiful statue, resting on a very lofty pedestal, erected in 1832, by public subscription, in honour of Casimir Périer, late Prime Minister of France, and, after visiting several other monuments of less importance, my guide led me downwards to a most beautiful four-fronted chapel, supported by fourteen columns, not only erected to the memory of Heloïsa and Abelard—statues of whom, admirably sculptured, are within—but constructed from the ruins of the celebrated abbey of the Paraclete, founded by the latter, and of which the former was the first abbess, and as we were now within a short distance of the great entrance gate, and as it was about the hour at which strangers usually arrive, I took out my watch, fulfilled my agreement with my guide, and, moreover, heaping up the measure to his heart's content, he left me among the dead, to endeavour to hook, if possible, another "Anglais," which, in the ocean of this world, are everywhere looked upon by guides of all sorts as the best fish that swim.

Close beside me stood a very tall wall—without metaphor, stone dead—which I felt exceedingly anxious to surmount; its height, however, was so forbidding that, after walking close along it for some distance, I was about to leave it in despair, when I observed some poles which had been brought into the cemetery for the repair of a monument, by means of which I managed, without difficulty, to reach and sit upon the thin mural barrier that divides the cemetery of Père la Chaise from a very tiny rectangular piece of ground, entitled the burial-place of the Jews, which, at a single glance, I perceived to be very creditably kept, and to contain several very neat and handsome monuments. In point of dimensions, however, it did not bear the proportion to the great Christian cemetery that the palm of my hand did to my whole body, and as I sat looking from the great cemetery to the little one, and *vice versâ*, I could not help feeling what a striking corroboration was before me of that mysterious dispensation of the Almighty which, in all ages and in all countries, has not only stamped the intellectual countenance of the Jew by distinguishing lines, often of great beauty, which every man can read as he runs, but which has maintained the race as distinct and separate from the rest of the human species as the dark-coloured

little stream from Chippewa, which, without the slightest admixture with the mass of clear green water from Lakes Superior, Huron, and Erie, is eternally rolling with it, side by side, over the Falls of Niagara. And yet, from the very showing of the case, it has been argued that the distinction which Christians call by the fine-sounding name of a "dispensation of the Almighty" is in fact nothing but that unclean human spirit which, in almost every portion of the globe, has induced the larger body to persecute and oppress the little one. But the cemeteries on each side of me unanswerably confuted this human doctrine, for, instead of the large sect having rejected an alliance with the little one, it is the little sect that has refused, and still refuses, to join in any description of partnership with the large one. In the great Christian cemetery a corpse of any politics, of any country, of any religion, or of no religion at all, is freely allowed to be buried in the "fosse commune," in the "fosse temporaire," or in a "concession à perpétuité," with any ceremony, or with no ceremony, just as his executors or his relations may desire. Priests of any church may preach over him, choristers of any creed may chant over him, relations may howl over him, or, without a single follower, he may, if he has so wished it, be buried with no more pomp, ceremony, exclamation, or feeling, than if he were the roughest description of cur.

But although the iron gates of the big Christian cemetery are, most good-humouredly, always wide open for the admission of the Jews, the narrow door of the little Jewish cemetery scorns to admit a Christian corpse. Its opposition is an honest one; it denies the divinity of Jesus Christ. And yet, said the Prime Minister of Queen Victoria in his able speech on the third reading of the Oath of Abjuration (Jew) Bill—

> "So long as Jews are prevented from sitting in the House of Commons, whenever there comes a popular election a premium is actually given to the Jew as against the Christian in that election (hear), because, while the Christian stands on his own merits, the Jew would say—'In me you behold *a persecuted man!* and if you value the principle of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, you will send me to the House of Commons!'"

On the subject of the admission of Jews into the British House of Commons I have hitherto abstained from expressing even in private any opinion whatever; as, however, I sat

astride on the wall separating the two cemeteries, the skeleton *facts* of the case flitted before my mind in the following order.

For nearly a thousand years the British people, under Christian sovereigns, have been governed by a succession of Parliaments exclusively Christian, and accordingly,—

1st. The proceedings of the House of Commons have been, and still are, daily opened by Christian prayers offered up by the Speaker's Chaplain.

2nd. In the House of Lords the practice has been, and is, similar, except that the junior of the bench of Christian Bishops is ex-officio the Chaplain who reads the prayers.

3rd. The Christian character of the Sovereign may be delineated as follows:—

On Thursday the 28th of June, 1838, in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, by the Grace of God Defender of the Faith (vide the printed Form and Order of the Service and Ceremonies observed in the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria), supported by the two Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells; attended by the Dean of Westminster, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal, the Lords who carry the Regalia, &c. &c., and in presence of the people assembled within the church, replied to the Archbishop of Canterbury as follows:—

Archbishop.—Madam, is Your Majesty willing to take the Oath?"

Queen.—I am willing.

Archbishop.—Will You to the utmost of Your Power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel and the Reformed Protestant Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by law established, within England and Ireland and the Territories thereunto belonging? And will You preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland, and to the Churches there committed to their Charge, all such Rights and Privileges as by Law do or shall appertain to Them, or any of Them?

Queen.—All this I promise to do.

Then the Queen arising out of Her Chair, attended by Her Supporters and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before Her, went to the Altar, and there made Her Solemn Oath in the sight of all the People to observe the Premises: Laying Her right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible which had been carried in the

Procession, and was now brought from the Altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to Her as She knelt upon the Steps, she said these words—

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep.

So help me God.

Then the Queen kissed the Book and signed the Oath.

It need hardly be said that the Statute of the 12 and 13 William III., confirming the limitation of the Succession of the Crown "from time to time to such person or persons being Protestants," the oath taken by every member of the House of Commons, "On the true faith of a Christian," the daily prayer of both Houses of Parliament, and the Coronation Oath required from the Sovereign, are not only in accordance with, but in obedience to, the will of the British people, whose aggregate attachment to the Christian Religion, and whose attention—in such degree only as each thinks proper—to Christian worship, need not be described.

Now, the whole of this system of Christian deference to Almighty God, by which the British Empire has hitherto been cemented, from the oath required from the Sovereign down to that taken by every Member of the House of Commons, is very properly abhorred by the Jews, simply because they believe the Redeemer of the Christians to have been an impostor; and firmly impressed with this opinion, which, whenever necessary, they have, as in duty bound, been ready to seal with their blood, they decline to be buried in the same ground with Christians,—to unite themselves in marriage with a Christian; indeed their great charities,—such, for instance, as "The Jews' Free School in Bell Lane, Spitalfields, London," containing 650 boys and 350 girls, total 1000,—have been so exclusive, that to the simple blessings of education no Christian child is admitted. Firm in attachment to their own religion, and in contempt of that which they especially abhor, in many countries they consider the mere touch of a Christian to be pollution; and accordingly, I myself have seen a Jew, with a withering look, as if I had poured a cup of poison into it, throw away a large tub of water from which, out of my hand, I had without the slightest intention of offence, drunk a few drops.

Now, how have the British people resented this conscientious, firm, unflinching, uncompromising bigotry? Why,

with that high-minded generosity that charaterises them, they not only allow Jews to eat from the same sources, drink from the same fountains, and, unmolested, live in whatever localities they like, but, I am proud to add, they have extended to their persons and to their property the same legal protection which the Christian Parliament have enacted for the benefit of the Christian people. Nay, every Jew throughout the British dominions has been made capable of acting as a magistrate, of filling any municipal office, of sitting in judgment upon Christians on matters of life and death. And yet, although on the liberty, and on property of every kind, belonging to Christians, they have the power to adjudicate, from blind zeal and immovable prejudices, as a body, they obdurately refuse, even as corpses, to associate with the Christian community.

As however, the noblest object in exposing error is to avoid it, it is evident that, the more intolerant Jews are to Christians, the more should the latter be disposed to forgive and forget antagonist opinions, which, after all, proceed from consciencious disbelief, and it has therefore liberally, and I think very properly, been decreed that, utterly irrespective of the conduct of Jews towards Christians, every possible indulgence should be granted to them, and every possible restriction upon them removed.

To remove, however, the only restriction that remains, by raising them to be *legislators* for Christians, is surely, almost from the mere showing of the case, not only impolitic, but it is asking Jews to do what morally and religiously it is out of their power to perform.

In fact, it is placing them on the horns of a dilemma; for if in the enactment of Laws for the government of a Christian people they were to endeavour to promote that mild religion which in domestic life regulates, more or less, the great mass of the community, they would be faithless to their own creed; and on the other hand, if, faithful to their creed, by every means in their power they should endeavour, directly as well as indirectly, to eradicate a religion they conscientiously believe to be erroneous, they would be faithless to the people for whom they are required to legislate. In short, it is evident, even grammatically speaking, that a Jew in a Christian Parliament is a confusion of terms, which can only

be reconciled by the expulsion of the Jew, or by the obliteration of the term "Christian;" for what is Jewish cannot be Christian, nor can what is Christian be Jewish.

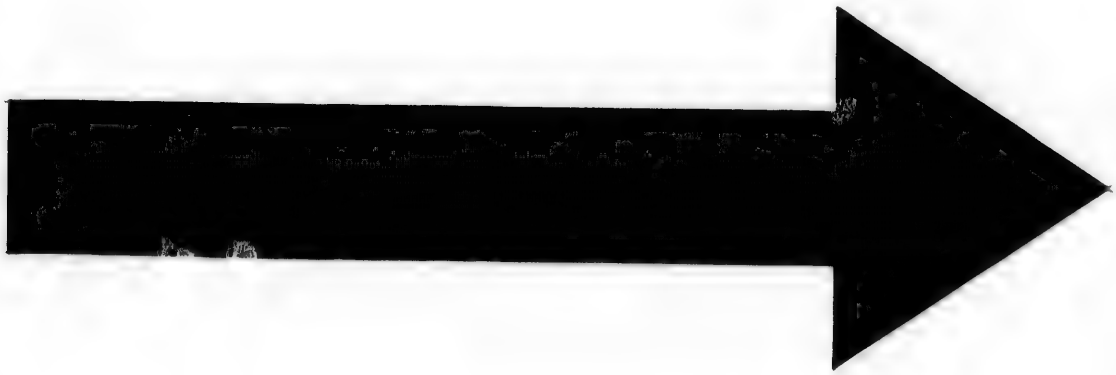
But it has been plausibly enough argued, that of two evils a mere breach of grammar is of less importance than the "illiberality" of excluding a Jew from the House of Commons; which, it is added, if conceded, would "*settle the question*," and thus create throughout the empire harmony, happiness, and content.

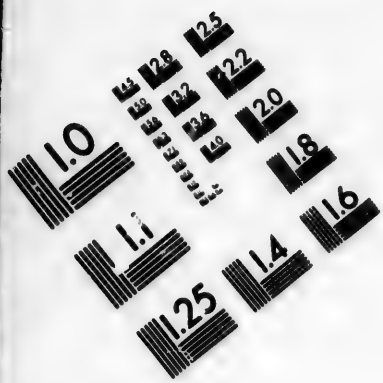
Now, on reflection, it will believe, be evident to every one that that this argum ith irresistible force recoils upon the proposal; for on t octrine, that of two evils a sensible man should ch least, a Jew ought to be excluded from our Christian Parliament, because his admission would create several embarrassments, each greater than the solitary one it is liberally intended to allay.

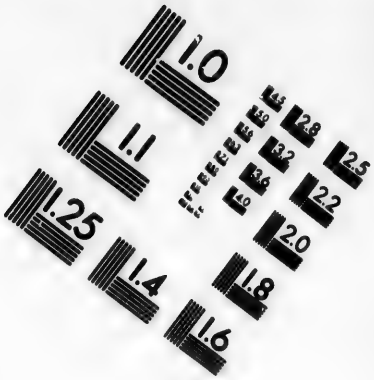
For instance, in the House of Commons, where all men are "Peers"—that is to say, sit together on terms of perfect equality,—it would evidently be unjust to maintain for the majority a form of devotion in which the minority could not, owing to the religion they profess, join. It would therefore be necessary, either to persist in the injustice, or for the House to alter its form of prayer to a joint superstitious supplication—ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ—"To THE UNKNOWN GOD," which St. Paul so truly declared at Athens to be "ignorant worship."

Again, would it be just for the Christian party to possess the power of forcing their "Peer" to abandon either his conscience or a bill in which he was deeply interested, by bringing it up for discussion on a Saturday; and would it be just on that day to force him to attend on a Committee? On the other hand, would it be just to force him to rest from his political labours on Sunday, on Good Friday, and on Christmas-day? Says the Christian, Man's Sabbath is on *Sunday*. Says the Jew, it is no such thing, it is on *Saturday*. The House, therefore, must either openly violate the religious freedom it has vainly attempted to establish, by forcing the Sabbath of the majority on the minority, and, for the convenience of the majority, by depriving the minority of their day of holy rest, or compromise the dispute by amicably (liberally) agreeing together that there shall be no Sabbath at all.

Again, would it be just to allow the Bishops of one faith







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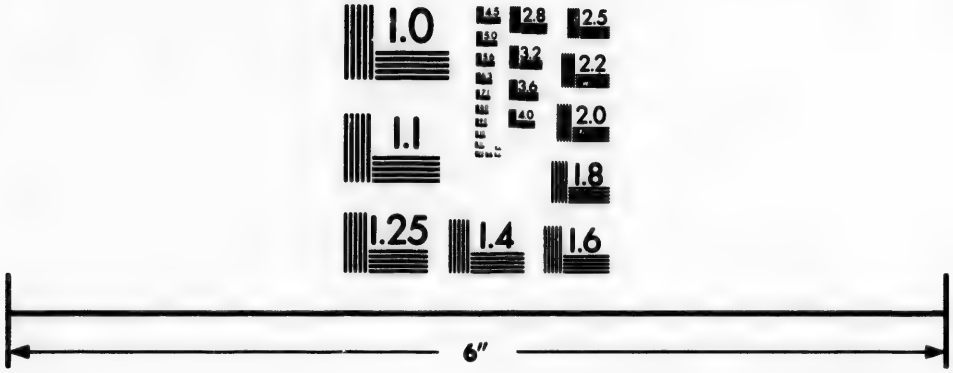

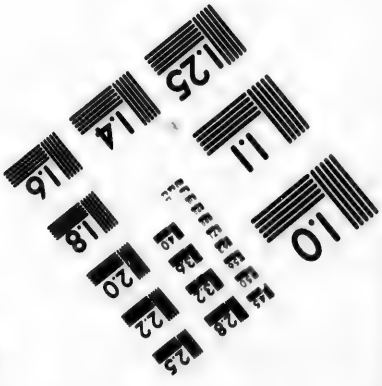

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to form part of a Legislature from which the Rabbis of the other faith are excluded? Certainly not. It would, therefore, be necessary, either that the Christian Bishops should be deprived of their seats in the House of Lords, or that the Jewish Rabbis should, *ex officio*, for the avowed purpose of neutralisation, be invested with the privilege of sitting beside them.

Again, the instant the British Parliament is made Jewish, as well as Christian, the style and title of the Sovereign must be altered; for if, in mockery of the Jews, it continue to be "By the Grace of God Defender of THE Faith," it will justly be asked, of WHAT faith? And unless the answer be, "Of the Jewish-Christian faith!" it is evident that the Sovereign will be the Defender of the wrong faith or, in other words, will be of only *one* Religion, while the House of Commons will be of TWO.

Lastly, it has hitherto been the happy characteristic of the British Kingdom that its Parliament and its People have been, as it were, the reflection of each other, and accordingly the religious sentiments of the one have not only been protected but fostered by the other. If, therefore, for the sake of a few Jews who faithfully avow themselves to belong to a kingdom *limited to the seed of Abraham*, Parliament abjures its religion, that of the people will sympathetically wither; In fact, a Parliament without a religion legislating for a Christian people is an anomaly that can only be got rid of, either by the Legislature, like the prodigal son, returning to its creed, or by the people, for whom they are legislating, for the sake of political unanimity, abandoning theirs.

Without enumerating many other embarrassments that might be detailed, the above are, it is submitted, sufficient to demonstrate, that, even on the dangerous theory, that of a choice of evils the least is to be selected, the proposed alteration should be rejected.

But having shown what the great Christian community would *lose*, let us for a moment endeavour to calculate what the tiny Jewish sect residing "pro tem." among us might be supposed to *gain* by a measure which the most devout of the Hebrew nation honestly declare to be inconsistent with their religious expectations.

In the speeches in favour of the Abrogation Bill, it has been truly stated that a Jew is as deeply interested in every

law enacted by Parliament for the protection of life and property as any Christian member of the community; but, anomalous as it may sound, for that very reason he ought to *desire* to remain excluded from the British Parliament; for does there exist in the United Kingdom a liberal man of sound judgment who is not inwardly convinced that religious principles are the strongest incentives to induce a populous nation not only to do what is right, but to abstain from doing what is wrong? The lives of British people (Jews included) are protected by laws, the just execution of which depends upon evidence on *oath*, jurors on *oath*, judges *sworn* to administer impartial justice. British property is similarly protected. In fact, the credit of the country is based upon those unalterable principles and commandments which the Christian religion fosters and enforces; and yet, so sensitive are moneyed men of any difficulty which in the slightest degree threatens to impair this credit of the country, that very trifling events cause their barometer, the funds, to rise or fall; and if it be true that, for instance, the sudden death of Prince Louis Napoleon would cause the whole of the funded property of England to sink in value, what might be its depreciation in the market of the world when it was announced that the British Parliament, whose word had hitherto been its bond, had—by abjuring its religion—deliberately cut away the mainstay of British credit? Let the Rothschilds, Goldsmids, and other members of the Jewish persuasion, who live in England deservedly respected by us, reflect, and then answer whether the trifling honour of sitting in the House of Commons (where, as an argument in favour of their admission, it is always stated they would form so miserable a minority that in matters of religion, handcuffed and harmless, they could have no influence) would atone, even to them, for the depreciation of their property and for the insecurity of their lives under laws and law-makers that by the proposed new-fangled system are to recognise no religion at all.

When a young colony, like a bird flying from its nest, separates itself from its mother country, it has been usual for it to proclaim to the world the list of "grievances" which have induced it to do so. Now, as regards that allegiance to Almighty God which it is proposed Parliament shall publicly repudiate, let us for a moment consider what are the prominent facts of the case.

1st. It is an historical fact that, in prosperity, as well as in adversity, the Parliament, fleets, armies, and people of the United Kingdom, have, for many centuries, been in the habit of periodically joining together, as a Christian family, in offering up to the Omnipotent Author of the religion they have been taught to venerate, thanksgiving for every signal act of protection, and prayers for the aversion of every great calamity.

2nd. It is a political fact that, co-existent with this habit, the British people have gradually prospered to a degree utterly impracticable to detail. Upon their empire the sun never sets. Upon their wealth it unceasingly shines. Upon their integrity the civilized world relies. In short, while the nations of Europe have all more or less suffered from the storm that has lately assailed them, British liberty and happiness excite not only the admiration but the envy of mankind.

It might reasonably be expected that a people of such cool judgment as the English would, from the above two facts which for ages have been in juxta-position, perceive that the Divine protection the nation has religiously invoked has been rewarded by the blessings it enjoys; and accordingly, from the manner in which throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland the Sabbath is observed,—from the general habit of private devotion,—from the short prayers which in every well-regulated man-of-war are read previous to going into action,—and from the marked public devotion of our most illustrious military and naval Commanders to the ordinances of the Christian religion, it is evident the devout principles of the community remain unaltered. And yet, although no one among us has ever offered a contrary opinion, although the power and goodness of the Almighty are patent to us all, yet for the attainment of an object, comparatively speaking, of no value whatever, it has been virtually proposed in the "Oath of Abjuration (Jew) Bill," that on a certain day the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, surrounded by her brilliant court, shall, after the roar of cannon, the acclamation of the multitude, the flourish of trumpets, and the obeisance of Peers and Peeresses have subsided, formally issue from her throne to mankind in general, and to the Parliament and people of the British Empire in particular, a declaration of independence, severing for evermore that Christian connection which has hitherto existed between the people she governs and the Almighty Power

under whom they live! in fact, the Bill virtually proposes that, in violation of Her Coronation Oath, Her Majesty, Defender of the Faith, shall, by assenting to the same, erase forever from the venerable brow of the Imperial Parliament the word "CHRISTIAN;" and thus, while every subject of the Crown will be allowed unmolested to continue to follow the revered religion of his ancestors, "Religious Liberty" will in future be the new and only Deity acknowledged by the Parliament of Great Britain. In short, while allegiance to an earthly Sovereign is very properly considered by the Imperial Parliament to be in no way incompatible with *civil* Liberty—indeed that the Monarchy under which we live is the Basis of our Freedom—it is proposed that the very same Parliament, in the very same breath, shall, by a joint and public abjuration of its faith, declare that its time-honoured allegiance to the Almighty Ruler of the universe has become incompatible with the enjoyment of *Religious* Liberty! To live under a network of myriads of laws which the Imperial Parliament has spun and is ever spinning, is not considered incompatible with *Civil* Liberty; and yet the endurance of the single religious link which connects us with futurity, is before God and man to be declared an ignominious embarrassment incompatible with the enjoyment of *Religious* Liberty!

What punishments may be inflicted upon us in every quarter of the globe for this awful act—nothing more nor less than Cobbett's "application of the sponge" to the Christian character of the British Empire—it is altogether beyond the power of the human mind to imagine. Before, however, it be committed, let every member of the community who believes in a future state of existence; who acknowledges the protection and distinctions it has pleased Almighty God to bestow upon the British People and upon the British Name, who reflects upon the climates, the hurricanes, the plagues, wars, pestilences, and famine to which in distant regions of the Globe we are more or less exposed; and lastly, who considers *our utterly defenceless condition*, ask himself this plain question. Leaving ingratitude out of the question, is it wise or safe to jeopardize the lives and property, the happiness and future state of the present generation, as well as of countless inhabitants of unborn ages, by exchanging a system that has practically answered, for one which will not only bring upon

us, as renegades, the scorn of every honest nation under the sun, but which, *after all*, will fail even to benefit that small sect who honestly tell us that, far from desiring Gentile privileges, they are only remaining with us until the arrival of their own Messiah; their faithful attachment to whom forms a striking contrast, a bitter sarcasm on the proposed public abandonment by a great Christian nation of *their* REDEEMER?

Lastly, let the High Court of Parliament, which for so many centuries has been invested with Majesty, Rank, Privileges, and Power, for the advancement of the Glory of God, the Good of His Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and Her dominions, before it suicidally destroys its own authority,—before it betrays what it has solemnly sworn to defend,—before it brings darkness upon a happy land by disreputably selling, for the attainment of an object, comparatively speaking, of no importance whatever, the inestimable blessings which a just, a moral, and a religious people are enjoying,—recall to mind, ere it be too late, the following words, which prophetically bear upon its case:—

"Then Judas, which had betrayed him [Jesus], when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself; and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

On descending from the wall on which for some minutes I had been resting, I regained the large paved avenue, and had arrived nearly at the gate, when I saw at a short distance on my right, a poor person's funeral procession, proceeding towards the "fosse commune," and, although the sun was very powerful, and my eyes half roasted, I could not help following it.

In front of the hearse, which, as before, was driven by a coachman in a cocked hat, there stalked, also in a cocked hat, a man dressed in the superfine black cloth coat already described, holding in his hand, like a drum-major, a long black cane, headed with a white ivory knob. Behind the hearse followed two men in black, one of whom, looking on the ground as he walked, held in his right hand a circular wreath of

yellow immortelles. On arriving at the common fosse the procession halted, and, on the poor person's coffin being taken out, it was received by an officer, dressed in light blue uniform, a cocked hat with silver cockade, a silver breast-plate, a sword-belt bound with silver, and a brass-handled sword. In the way I have already described, the semi-hexagonal topped coffin was lowered into the deep chasm beneath, where it was received, and slowly arranged and adjusted by the grave-digger, in the mode previously stated. A simple ceremony of this nature, however often it may be witnessed, naturally creates serious reflections, and I was, to a certain degree, under their influence, when all of a sudden I heard a voice close to, in a loud and impassioned tone, exclaim "*Adieu ma mère!*"* I instantly glanced round, and saw the chief mourner standing on the brink of the long ditch beneath him, with his face directed towards the ground, with his eyes fixed on the coffin, with his hat in his left hand, and in his extended right arm the yellow wreath I had just before observed him carrying. For about six seconds he stood in the attitude described, and, as if choked by his feelings, did not utter a word; at last, in the same loud, fervent tone of voice, proceeding with his address, he enumerated to the corpse beneath him the many marks of affection she had shown him, and concluding with the words "*Acceptez mon dernier devoir!*"† he gently tossed before him the yellow wreath, which, feathering through the air, had no sooner fallen, with a slight noise on the lid of the coffin beneath, than he suddenly turned on his heel, and walked slowly off. On joining the young man in black who had accompanied him in rear of the hearse, they talked together for a few seconds, and then, arm in arm, quietly walked home.

The hearse had long ago been gone,—the officers in light blue were gone,—the ordonnateur and his men were gone,—and I therefore found myself on the edge of the "fosse commune," with, excepting my guide, no other living being but the man with the sunburnt arms, white shirt, blue trousers, and red sash beneath me.

In the earth of the perpendicular bank behind him was affixed a long iron skewer, upon which were hanging a hand-

* Adieu my mother! † Accept my last duty!

ful of pieces of common packthread, each about two feet long. Turning round and selecting one of them, he with it tied the name of the corpse he had just adjusted, and the yellow wreath that belonged to it, to the black cross which had been lowered down with the coffin, and he then stuck the black cross into the ground at its head.

For some moments I stood looking at the extraordinary scene in all directions around me. On my right the ground appropriated for the common graves was seen working its way upwards, towards the green limits of those, who, in temporary graves, were lying on lease for six years. In front there existed, over a surface of 10 or 12 acres of common graves, a scene of confusion it appeared almost impossible for the eye to analyse—indeed it was not until I had steadily looked at it for some minutes, that I perceived it to be a dissolving view, in which nothing but black crosses gradually turned into crosses and rails; rails, crosses, and little chapels; cypresses, chapels, crosses, and rails.

On walking into this mass, which, by means of little narrow rectangular paths, I was enabled to penetrate in all directions, I ascertained the manner in which the system is arranged.

As soon as a certain quantity of the "fosse commune" is filled with coffins, placed three abreast, and sanded over with about half an inch of soil, in the way described, workmen are employed to bury them under 4½ feet of ground, which is then faintly marked out into paths, and tiny graves, 4 feet in length, by 2 in breadth, at the head of each of which is stuck the black cross, the name, and, if any, the wreaths of immortelles that belong to it. The City of Paris having thus very liberally done all that it deems necessary, the friends of each corpse, taking care not to intrude upon the space retained for the common path, surround the little cell allotted as the grave with an oak railing, about 18 inches high, the interior of which they ornament in any way they think proper. In many of those only lately enclosed I perceived nothing but four thin cypress-plants, scarcely a foot high; in others, these four seedling plants and some flowers. As I proceeded I found, at the head of the grave, in addition to the cypresses which everywhere existed, a little wooded black box, about a foot and a half square, enclosed in front with a single common-sized pane

of window-glass. Within this tiny chapel was usually a little doll, and an altar, ornamented with candles about the thickness and length of a common lucifer-match. On the black cross of every grave appeared, in white paint, an inscription, sometimes very long indeed, and sometimes very short; for instance, on the cross of one poor man there was merely written—

"LAPONGE."

At the foot of this latter cross was a white plaster of Paris angel, about six inches high, firmly tied to the black wood by a piece of tarred whipcord round its neck. As I advanced I found in the graves, besides the ornaments I have enumerated China roses and flowers.

One of the little chapels contained, on its altar, a white "forget-me-not" wreath, a child's bonnet, and a child's whistle. In another, the humble tribute of affection, which the poor mother of the deceased had often, no doubt, come to visit, was a white garland, inscribed—

"Mon fils cheri;"*

beneath was the child's toy, a horse drawing a red water-cart on wheels, which must have cost about two sous.

As I was wandering among these little memorials, which I felt to be infinitely more affecting than huge ugly specimens of bad sculpture which usually so inadequately explain what they are intended to represent, fancying I was entirely by myself, I almost trod upon a man dressed in a blouse, on his hands and knees arranging one of the gardens I have described. The creel, or basket, he had carried on his back, and which was resting against the oak railing, had contained all the requirements for a poor man's grave, namely, about half a bushel of garden earth, four little cypresses, box enough to border a path made in the form of a cross, and a stick to drill it in. He had just completed very neatly his job, and seemed much pleased at my admiring it.

As I approached the extremity of the space allotted for common graves, the roses and cypresses became gradually so high that they completely overshadowed their respective territories.

* My beloved child!

On leaving this compartment of the cemetery I walked to the temporary graves, which, at a short distance, appeared to be a beautiful forest of cypresses, elegantly waving in the wind, and which, when closely inspected, were equally interesting. The grass, which, generally speaking, had resumed possession, was very nearly of the height (30 inches) of the little oak fences, within which, although here and there were to be discovered roses in bloom, the "immortelles" were faded and decayed. In short, vegetable life had apparently nearly extinguished human affections—the one had vigorously increased, the other had almost expired. Unhampered by a guide, I wandered about these narrow paths, up hill and down dale, with the greatest pleasure, turning suddenly to the right, then to the left, through paths so narrow that the boughs of the cypresses on each side bent as I passed through them. In several graves I perceived lurking, with sundry little holes in their faces, breasts, wings, and legs, the remains of dilapidated small plaster statues. In one grave was a honey-suckle in bloom, shedding fragrance around it to a considerable distance. On reaching the upper portion of the hill, there lay beneath me, at a distance, in the pays bas of the cemetery, the "fosses communes," surrounded on three sides by the green wilderness of the tenant portion. Among the permanent graves, which looked so grotesque, stiff, and formal, that for some seconds I paused on the threshold of their dominion, unwilling to enter, I observed, in front of an obelisk, and leaning against its iron rails in an attitude of pensive reflection rather than of prayer, a tall lady of an elegant figure, exceedingly well-dressed.

After walking for a considerable distance diagonally through the space allotted to permanent graves, I came, very nearly in the middle of the cemetery, to its chapel, a small, well-constructed, substantial, plain, appropriate building, containing a number of homely chairs, among which were two women very devoutly kneeling, and, as I was unwilling to disturb them, I continued my course until I reached the paved avenue leading to the lofty iron entrance gates, towards which, under a very burning sun and in a glaring light, I was descending, when I observed approaching me a stout and very short well-dressed gentleman, of about forty, who, with blue spectacles resting on rather a small upturned nose, and with his face running down with perspiration, was affectionately puffing up the

hill, with the head of a small snow-white plaster angel in each of his hot hands, leaving the wings, body, and legs not only pendent, but vibrating in the air through which he walked. He had probably just bought them from one of the numberless shops in the Rue de la Roquette leading to the cemetery, and was on his road to deposit them on some grave as a tribute of his affection.

Although in the various little scenes I witnessed, and which I have faithfully described, exactly in the order, or rather disorder, in which they chanced to occur, there were occasionally some which may appear to the reader, as they appeared to me, to be less impressive than they were intended to be, yet in approaching the gate of the cemetery of Père la Chaise I could not but admit that the arrangements I had witnessed are on the whole not only highly creditable to the people of Paris, but that they form a striking contrast to those foul fashions—that horrid and unnatural mixture of the living and the dead—that have hitherto disgraced the metropolis of England.

In Paris, within twenty-four hours of the death of every inhabitant, the corpse, with any pomp or at any cost which its relatives may feel desirous to expend—or, if it be that of a poor person, at no cost at all—is by law delivered to the Ordonnateur des Pompes Funèbres to be carried beyond the barriers of the city, where, under official supervision, it is deposited in a sufficiently deep grave, subsequently ornamented in any way the pride, taste, or affection of survivors may dictate.

In London, under the tyranny of barbarous habits, which it has been deemed a fine thing to support, at exorbitant charges discreditable to the rich and ruinous to the poor, corpses, ornamented with frills, caps, and garments more or less fine, have, by the laws of fashion, been required, usually for a week, and often longer, not only to pollute the atmosphere of the living, but, as if to perpetuate the evil, they have afterwards been interred around almost every place of worship in the metropolis,—nay, even deposited beneath the very pavement on which the living have been congregating for prayer.

The corruption of hundreds of thousands of human bodies has, below ground, polluted the springs of water, while, above, it is a well-known fact that the miasma from the corpses of the inhabitants of London first attaches itself to, and then cor-

rupts, meat suspended in the larders of the neighbourhood; and thus people of fashion and high rank, and in beautiful clothes, every day ghoul-like drink up and eat up a portion of the carcases of their dead!

It is not so in Paris. In addition to the cemetery of Père la Chaise for the eastern district, there are that of Montmartre for the northern, that of Mont Parnasse for the southern, besides a cemetery appropriated for the use of hospitals and for the interment of criminals

CONCLUSION.

In our parting scene my kind landlady had such a revolving series of last words to say to me, that on reaching the Embarcadère of the Great Northern Railway I had only time to take my ticket for Boulogne, and my seat, when the train started; and as a vessel sails out of harbour into open sea, so, on looking out of the windows on either side, I soon found myself flying through that boundless space of little unenclosed fields which of various shapes and colours compose the gay chequered surface of France.

The carriage was full, or, as it is called in French, was "complet." Most of my fellow travellers had, either at their side or beneath their feet, a basket full of eatables, a bottle and a glass. Immediately opposite to me sat a large grave Frenchman of about forty. His omnium-gatherum of provisions lived in a red handkerchief; and after he had undone it, looked them all over, and tied them all up again, he took from his waistcoat-pocket a small short saw of black horn, with which he slowly flattened and reflattened every hair on his head, and then, looking me full in the face all the time he was doing it, he as carefully combed out his mustachios.

I have no doubt whatever that during the journey a variety of other little equally important circumstances occurred; I have, however, no recollection of them, for my truant mind, as if it had escaped out of the open window at my side, flew back to Paris to ruminate on the various subjects that had there oc-

cupied its attention; in short, I felt it impossible to leave the neighbourhood of the metropolis of France without enumerating to myself a series of civilities and kindnesses which, so long as my memory lasts, will form a subject of agreeable reflection: indeed, to be able to add to those for whom one has a lasting regard a whole nation, ought to be considered an acquisition of inestimable value, a blessing to intellectual vision, which, as it cheers in darkness as well as in daylight, is greater even than that in the power of the oculist to bestow.

The political state of France naturally next engrossed my attention, and although my very short residence at Paris did not enable me, and indeed would not entitle me, to presume to enter deeply on the subject, the following vague sketch has the solitary advantage of being drawn at least by a friendly hand.

Whatever may abstractedly be said against a Republic, it is undeniable that that established in France in 1848 was the result of a far-sighted, long-considered, deliberate desire on the part of the French people to exchange Monarchy for Democracy; and accordingly, in spite of every precaution that diplomacy and military science united could devise, in spite of rank, wealth, patronage, fortifications, and an army of enormous force, the power of the Monarchy, at a given moment, was precipitated, as suddenly as an element in chemistry falls in impalpable powder through a liquid, which, from a preferential affinity for something else, refuses any longer to hold it in solution.

Why the French people disliked Monarchy, or *why* they preferred a Republic, no foreigner has any right to inquire; and accordingly feeling it to be my bounden duty not to enter upon this vexed question, on arriving at Paris all I desired was mutely and inoffensively to observe, as carefully as I was able, the movements of a piece of political machinery, which I conceived at all events possessed the inestimable qualification of pleasing the proprietors to whom it belonged. In this desire, people in England, I believe, generally concur, for. although nobody believes that the present state of France will last, many consider it as an interesting political experiment they are desirous of watching carefully but impartially. They are looking at it step by step: but the end they truly say is not yet come, and therefore they do not want to hear a hasty sentence pronounced before the trial has been completed.

With these impressions on my mind I conceived it would be exceedingly difficult to arrive at any correct conclusion on the subject. I expected to find the new system unpalatable to all who had been nourished by the old one; and as those whose rank had elevated them above the condition of their fellow creatures, and who directly or indirectly had profited by expensive government, were very numerous, I fully anticipated *they* would, one and all, exactly as loudly as they dared, disapprove of the changes that had been effected.

I own, however, I was not prepared, nay, that I was altogether what is commonly called "taken aback" at ascertaining, almost at a glance, that with scarcely an exception, *everybody* at Paris not only confesses, but openly declares to any foreigner and utter stranger who will do them the favour to listen to them, that the revolution they themselves have effected has been productive to them of most injurious results, every day becoming more and more intolerable!

The depression of rank, fashion, and folly, has not only, as might be expected, been unpalatable to their respective votaries, but has cut off the supplies from hundreds of thousands of deserving people of no rank, no fashion, and no folly, who directly or indirectly had been subsisting on an artificial system of expenditure profitable to them all. Although, therefore, there was not the slightest fear of any immediate outbreak, and although generally speaking nothing could exceed the friendly bearing of all classes towards each other, yet a period of monetary terror existed, the effects of which depressed all classes of the community; indeed, I can faithfully declare that every shopkeeper I enquired of told me, without reservation, that the Revolution of 1848 was ruining him; and as I found that conversing with them on the subject gave them no offence—on the contrary, that, like people suffering from bodily pain, they *liked* to explain their ailments—I invariably put to them this plain question:

Can you tell me of any ONE set of people who have gained by your revolution? All replied in the negative, excepting one man, who, with a good-humoured smile, said, "Our representatives in the Assembly have gained their wages (25 francs a-day) by it."

So clearly do the most respectable of the labouring classes see the error that has been committed, that in at least twenty

of the great "fabriques" (manufactories) of Paris there hangs, placarded by the workmen themselves, the following "affiche:"

"IL EST DÉFENDU DE PARLER POLITIQUE OU D'INTRODUIRE DES JOURNAUX POLITIQUES DANS L'ATELIER. LA PREMIÈRE FOIS, UNE AMENDE DE 25 CENTIMES. 2DE 50. 3IEME À LA PORTE." *

"It is," however, "an ill wind that blows *no* one any good;" and, accordingly, on ascertaining that the whole of the upper and respectable classes agreed together in deprecating the new system, I own I expected that the very lowest orders must necessarily be the gainers of what the others were the losers: to my astonishment, however, I found them, if possible, more clearly convinced of the error that had been committed, and better able to explain it, than the well-educated classes; and thus, as in preceding chapters I have detailed, commissionnaires, guides, gravediggers, the drivers of fiacres, down to the very scavengers who subsisted on the offal of the streets, all declared, in different attitudes and in different accents, that they had grown leaner under the system which they had expected would have fattened them; in short, the very men who, with extraordinary bravery and with the greatest fury, had fought to obtain—and who triumphantly did obtain—a Republic, hungry, sorrowful, and emaciated, now unite together to substantiate a moral interesting to the whole family of mankind, namely, how little good revolution has done them; on the contrary, how much mischief!

But although I affirm what any person in a few hours can ascertain for himself, that all ranks and conditions of men at Paris are dissatisfied with their present political condition, it must not be inferred that *therefore* all are opposed to a Republic.

That democracy is utterly inconsistent with a Frenchman's ideas of rank, order, grandeur, and glory, is undeniable. Many, however, adhere to the Republic, fearing that a change might produce something worse. A much larger number adhere to it as the partizans of chiefs whom for evident reasons they are desirous to invest with patronage and power. The Red party, who term the present state of order "a Monarchy disguised,"

* It is forbidden to talk politics, or to introduce political newspapers into this workshop. For the 1st offence, a fine of 25 centimes. The 2nd, 50. The third, out with him.

support a Republic, because they believe it favourable for revolutions. They are men who, if they put up an authority to-day, would pull it down to-morrow merely to erect some other power in its stead; in fact, like the American backwoodsmen, as soon as they have effected one clearance they yearn to return to the wilderness for the pure love of encountering fresh difficulties.

In the present Assembly the number of Socialists is about 150. After the next election there will probably not be 50.

Lastly, there are in Paris, in favour of the Republic, 30,000 forçats, or convicted men who only appear at night—who, when they get up in the morning, not knowing where to break fast, live partly by robbery, partly by the support of women, and partly by that of "les cloobs" (political clubs), who fancy they may require them. It was principally by these people that the horrors of the late revolutions were perpetrated. "*Je suis bien vengé!*" exclaimed one of them as he was about to be shot, and who, suiting his action to his words, drew from his pockets, and with savage triumph threw down upon the ground, 15 or 16 human tongues! Another wretch of this description, caught mutilating the bodies of the dead, was torn into quarters by four dragoons, who, attaching a cord to each of his arms and legs and then to their saddles, trotted off in opposite directions.

Of the real Republicans who effected the Revolution, many are dead (it is well known that thirty thousand people were killed in that of July); many are tired of it; many worn out by it.

With respect to *Old* Napoleon, people of all parties delight to dream of the glory of the past, of the battles of Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, and Austerlitz; his popularity however throughout France rests on his restoration, religious, moral, administrative, and political, of society that had been demolished by the Revolutionists,—on his having improved or reorganised the finances of the country,—on his having re-established the administration of justice, and of having created a code of laws which, as they have never been formally abolished, form to this day a sort of arsenal to which the Government, whatever it may be, resorts when necessary.

A majority of the Assembly, of the inhabitants of France, and the army of Algeria, are supposed to be in favour of the restoration of Monarchy.

It is evident, from the mere showing of the case, that these various elements, were they to remain uncontrolled, would very quickly reproduce fermentation.

The overwhelming army of France, however, at an enormous expense, effectually maintains the public peace; and without entering into political discussions, and without interfering with any alterations that may constitutionally be proposed, it laconically, like the schoolboy's dialogue, replies to any one who, impatient of deliberation, would overturn the Republic by force, as follows:—

"Who put it there?
A better man than you,—
Touch it if you dare!"

Under these extraordinary circumstances the French people are now deliberating in what manner they shall constitutionally, and without bloodshed, effect another revolution.

Excepting the Socialists, the interest of all parties is identical—that is to say, all desire tranquillity and commercial prosperity, and yet. with so laudable an object in view, it is distressing to witness the almost insuperable difficulties which a brave, intellectual, amiable, and highly civilized people are suffering from having, by their own act and deed, placed themselves in a predicament in which their judgment is assailed by feelings it is out of the feeble power of human nature to overcome.

It must be clear to them, as it is clear to every calm observer of their position, that they have to settle two plain questions of very unequal importance, namely—

1st. Under what description of Government they would wish to live? And, when *that* great point is determined,

2ndly. Who is the puppet or personage they would wish to place at its head?

Now if it were possible abstractedly to bring before the consideration of the French people the first only of these two questions, a most extraordinary unanimity would prevail in favour of discarding with ignominy—in fact of drumming out of the country—a Republic which has been found to be practically unsuited to the polite, orderly, high-bred notions of the nation; but such is human nature, so cunning is the human mind—so crafty and so cautious where self-interest is concern-

ed—that, do what they will, the consideration of the second question takes precedence of the first; and thus, instead of forming one great dignified assembly, the nation hat split itself into sections—may I, without offence, say factions—each of which, overlooking the main prescription, is now solely occupied in advancing by every possible means their chieftain Prince A, the Duke of B, the Count of C, or General D, to be the head of . . . . *they know not what!!*

"The plan of the Regentist faction," says the latest account from Paris, "is, that in the event of the Prince de Joinville being elected a representative of the people, the Assembly would name *him* its President, and that *he*, in turn, would appoint General Changarnier Commander of the Forces, considered by him (General C.) necessary for the protection of that body."

With these antagonist objects in view, the different parties, violently canvassing, become not only jealous but so mistrustful of each other, that the difficulty of their deliberating together on the main point to be settled daily increases. In the mean while, just as an ancient knight used often to faint from the weight of his armour, their own army of occupation is almost, without metaphor, eating them up; and accordingly the annual deficiency in their exchequer, caused not only by enormous military expenses, but by public works continued by each minister to buy tranquillity for the country and popularity for himself, has to be supplied by successive issues of Bons Royaux, or Exchequer Bills, which the Bank of France take in employment of their large deposits, a febrifuge which will last until the day of payment comes, or until a political crisis shall cause a discredit of Government securities.

BUDGET FOR 1852.

(*Reduced from the Projet de Loi of February* 8, 1851, *at the exchange of* 25 *francs per pound sterling.*)

Receipts.	£
Taxes, direct and indirect . .	52,120,000
Reserve of Sinking Eund . .	3,185,000
	55,305,000

EXPENDITURE.

Public Debt, Annuities, and Interest on Treasury Bonds	15,780,000
National Assembly	312,000
Executive	50,000
Administration of Justice (including 220,000*l.* to the Juges de Paix)	1,065,000
Public Instruction	911,800
Public Worship	1,680,000
Army	12,191,000
Navy	4,122,000
Public Works, Agriculture, &c.	9,603,000
Government Establishments, Collection of Revenue, Drawbacks, &c.	9,206,000
Extraordinary Works	2,964,200
	£57,885,000

A careful analysis of the above published accounts of the receipts and expenditure of France, will show that the country is living beyond its income; in short, that irrespective of political revolutions, it is on the high road to ruin: for the late *apparent* excess of income has been produced by the juggle of excluding about three millions sterling, on the ground of its being *extraordinary* expenditure (though raised and spent within the year), and then taking a sum of more than three millions from the Reserve of the Sinking Fund. But who can say what is the financial state of a Republic that has no check upon its issues of Bons de Trésor (the annual *interest* on the floating debt is more than a million sterling), and that, on the other hand, meddles with everything; interfering, like the Pacha of Egypt, with every object of national industry? For instance, the Government, at an absurd cost, has its manufactory of porcelain at Sèvres; of carpets at the Gobelins; of tobacco called the Regie: its establishment for the breed of horses; for mineral waters; for baths and wash-houses. It gives large sums to encourage the fisheries, to prop up by drawbacks and premiums unproductive branches of industry; and lastly, it expends 180,000*l.* on the theatres and fine arts, and 80,000*l.* in ostentatious gifts on the occasion of fires and storms, the latter of which are sure to rage in the departments whose loyalty it is desirable to secure. The distribution, too, of a sum of 220,000*l.* annually among the Juges

de Paix is a source of patronage on a grand scale. Again, let those who rave about the economy of a Republic look at the National Assembly voting itself a sum six times as large as it doles out to the "Executive!" Let them think of an army, in time of perfect peace, costing more than twelve millions sterling! of the corruption and peculation that may be covered under an expenditure of nearly ten millions on railroads, public works, improvement of Paris, &c. Finally, let them consider the grand total of fifty-eight millions sterling extracted from the French people under this system of Republican economy.

Now, it may justly be asked, What is to be the end of all this?

In reply, it is submitted, that, inasmuch as people of all parties in France agree that the *present* system cannot last, there are three ways in which the inevitable changes they desire may be effected.

1st. By a struggle in the present Assembly, under the present Constitution, between the two great parties—the people remaining quiet.

2nd. By a struggle in the Assembly for a *change* in the existing Constitution, in which capitalists and men of all parties would join.

3rd. By a general revolution, caused by stagnation of trade; loss of public faith and confidence; scarcity of money; want of employment;—in fact, a revolution caused by an armed population, suffering from misery and want; in fact, starving.

Either of the two first of these revolutions could be effected simply by a war of words and ink. If, however, neither succeed in bringing the question to a peaceful issue, it is fearful to reflect that France must inevitably be involved in a civil war—in a war to the knife, which will not only deluge the land with blood; will not only sever property of every description from its lawful proprietors—but, after carnage and plunder have ceased, will leave the real question, to say the least, as unsettled as ever! Now, strange to say, while the whole French nation, grouped into factions, with a hurricane brewing up to windward, are at this moment occupied in searching, as intently as a man looks for a lost needle in a haystack, for the very thing in creation which, on the 21st

January, 1793 (fifty-nine years ago), they cut off and chucked away, namely, the *head* of their Constitution, it has pleased Almighty God to place at the helm of their affairs a pilot possessing very nearly all the qualifications necessary for restoring to France that tranquillity and commercial prosperity she so ardently desires to attain.

From every person whose opinion was worthy of respect I heard, during my short residence in Paris, Prince Louis Napoleon described as "honest, wise, silent and independent." During the severe trial to which he has been subjected, he has firmly defended religion against atheism, the rights of property against plunderers, order against revolutionists. His life, it has quaintly been said, is altogether internal; his words do not indicate his inspiration; his gesture does not show his audacity; his glance does not intimate his ardour; his demeanour does not reveal his resolution. All his moral nature is in a certain manner kept under by his physical nature. He thinks, and does not discuss; he decides, and does not deliberate; he acts, and does not make much movement; he pronounces, and does not assign his reasons. On the whole I am firmly of opinion that, under a mild exterior, with gentle manners and a benevolent heart, Louis Napoleon is an honest, bold, high-minded statesman—whose object is to maintain the peace of Europe and the real glory and honour of France. I believe that no clamour could force him, without necessity, to declare war against any nation on earth; and, on the other hand, that no combination of forces that could be devised, would induce him to submit to any insult offered to his country.

Considering his unassuming demeanour, the high character he has gained throughout France, the name he bears, and, above all, the vital necessity that exists for Frenchmen of all politics to unite together hand-in-hand to save their country before that black cloud, already above the horizon, shall bring terror and desolation to all, it is indeed lamentable to observe them deserting a man practically competent to attain for them all they desire, for the petty object of superseding him by a Prince, a Count, or a General, who, whatever may be their professions, promises, or abilities, have never been tested by that heavy weight of responsibility which no sensible man, speaking even of himself, would say he could bear, until he

had been subjected to it; and the vast misfortune of these miserable contentions is, that, if a new candidate were to be elected to-morrow, every effort he made to serve France would, in like manner, be baffled by the discomfited factions, who would individually and collectively embarass every act of his Government until, by another dismemberment of society, an opening should be made for the election of their own chieftain. The French are not deficient in patriotism, but the sad truth is, that the prize which by the overthrow of their Monarchy has been cast adrift, is too great for the ambition of human beings to resist. In the mean while,—

"Everywhere," says the President, in his late message to the National Assembly, "labour grows slack, poverty augments, interests are alarmed, and anti-social expectations swell high in proportion as the enfeebled powers of the State approach their term."

It would, no doubt, be the desire of M. Louis Napoleon, utterly irrespective of party, to summon to his council men of sound judgment, to listen to their opinions, and to co-operate with them in a plain, simple, straightforward, honest course of policy, which would inevitably restore to France tranquillity, confidence, credit, and commerce. With such assistance his career would be alike glorious to himself, to his colleagues, and to his country. Impeded, however, and opposed by statesmen and men of property who ought to assist him, he has, it appears, with the decision that characterises him, boldly determined to seek from the illiterate end of the community that patriotic support which the upper end, shivered into fragments, is incapable of giving; in short, as a pilot in a gale of wind seeks security from his native shore in the wide rude sea, so has the President of the Republic fled from the intellectual classes to universal suffrage for the purpose of saving the vessel he is commanding from absolutely foundering on its own rocks.

The unfair difficulties to which he is subjected would, under any circumstances, entitle him to the sympathy of every generous mind; but when it is considered that in the prosperity and peace of France are involved the destinies of Europe, the good offices of mankind ought, it is submitted, to be exerted in his support.

Without invidiously mentioning names, it is matter of his

tory that, among the various candidates for the office he now holds, three have not only openly expressed their opinion as to the practicability, but their readiness to invade foreign countries, especially England, to assist their inhabitants in constituting a republic: a procedure which, besides creating mischief and misery that could be of service to no one, would inevitably add to the war expenses, impair the commerce, and increase the embarrassments of that great nation, whose speedy extrication from her present difficulties every liberal Englishman must ardently desire.

With these reflections in my mind, I could not help recollecting how often, during my residence in Paris, people to whom I was an utter stranger, after explaining to me the miserable political condition in which they were placed, ended their lamentations by a generous and unqualified expression of their admiration of the British Constitution. In offering, however, what, no doubt, they considered to be a compliment, they little knew the pain they inflicted upon me.

Although I have throughout my life rigidly abstained from taking any part in *English* politics, have never once attended a political meeting, and have never voted at an election, I have not been insensible of the inestimable blessings we enjoy under institutions which have effectually protected liberty, life, and property. It is, however, lamentable to observe the inexplicable course which the upper classes in England are pursuing.

One would conceive that a loss to our country of ten millions of money by the bad faith of the North American Republic, added to the lamentable results which have arisen from the establishment of a Republic in France, would, when contrasted with our national credit, order, and prosperity, have convinced us of the miserable consequences of transferring the government of the affairs of a great nation from men of education and intelligence—in fact, from men of business—to the illiterate. If, however, the latter class, notwithstanding their utter incapacity to protect property they do not possess, had the will and the power to undertake such difficult duties, it would, of course, be useless to endeavour to withhold it from them. But the truth is, the illiterate classes of the United Kingdom are afflicted with no such desire; they evince no wish to trace

railways, make drawings of lighthouses, plans of harbours, sections and elevations of public buildings, but, leaving conception to those who better understand such troublesome things, all they want is to be employed on these works; in short, to get fair wages for fair work, with a clear understanding that, if the country shall fail to give them fair work, it shall be bound by law to be at the expense of supporting them, in failure of which they will, very naturally, help themselves.

In like manner the illiterate classes have no desire whatever to take into their own hands the management of our relations with foreign countries, the maintenance of our public faith—in short, the trouble and botheration of regulating the foreign and domestic policy of the most intricate empire on the globe. Provided, therefore, they are enabled to obtain an honest livelihood, they are willing enough, under the vigilant supervision of a free press—the safest government under the sun—to leave the management of public affairs to the millions of educated men who, it is well known, settle every question that is debated, not by physical strength, but by dint of facts, figures, and sound reasoning. In short, nothing can be more praiseworthy than the confidence which the English labourer and manufacturer evince to intrust the management of all great state questions to the educated classes of society; and yet these educated people on whom they rely, by endless agitation appear determined not only by an unwise extension of the suffrage to force the illiterate to take part in what they do not understand, but to do so by means which, strange to say, are revolting to the feelings of the British people. For instance, it is known to every man of education that the commercial credit of England rests on the maintenance of her public faith; that as long as she maintains her faith she is the greatest nation on the globe; on the other hand, as soon as she loses it, that not only the whole fabric of her prosperity will fall to pieces, but anarchy, ruin, and bloodshed must ensue.

Protected by these facts, it is evident that our national faith is secure, for the simple reason that it is utterly impossible for a majority of the country to incur the shame of openly advocating the repudiation of the public debt; and yet, if, instead of voting in daylight, the question were to be settled in the dark by the movement of clean and dirty fingers belonging nobody knows to whom, there exists no doubt whatever, first, that the

assassination of our credit would be effected to-morrow; and secondly, that nobody would own to the blame!

Now, if underhand dealing was the characteristic of the English peasant, if, like the owl and the bat, he had a propensity for darkness, it would, of course, be easy to prevail upon him to avoid the daylight; but instead of this being his character, even in fighting with his antagonist he disdains to strike a foul blow. Look at our railways: they have thrown out of employment hundreds of thousands of hard-working men, who honestly gained their subsistence by a system of travelling that has been suddenly superseded. Why have these poor men abstained from revenging themselves by placing at midnight some obstruction on the iron path that has ruined them? Why, simply because as Englishmen it is out of their nature to assassinate even property. Far, therefore, from entertaining any cowardly desire to vote in *secret*, their notion of freedom is to drink strong beer till they can hardly see; then arm-in-arm, with colours streaming from their hats, to walk to the hustings, roaring, with barn-door mouths, all the way they go, "SQUIRE - - - - - AND INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER! A LARGE LOAF, AND NO POPERY!"

Now, instead of encouraging open dealing—the birthright of an Englishman—our uppermost classes, sad to say, are making every endeavour to inculcate in the minds of the illiterate a depraved desire for power to assassinate in the dark not only our Public Faith and the continuance of a Civil List for the support of the Crown, but irresponsibly and with the utmost facility to sweep away every enactment that now prevents them from *socially* dividing among themselves that immense property of the country which industry and intelligence have gradually amassed, and which our institutions have hitherto protected.

For instance, in our leading newspaper there has lately been made, by a member of the House of Commons, the following extraordinary announcement:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES.'

"SIR,

"Observing in the 'Times' of to-day that you describe the success of the question of the ballot during the late session of Parliament as one of the decisive defeats of the present Ministry, I submit to you that such a statement is erroneous. Lord John Russell has always considered the

measure as an open question, and its principal support is derived from members of his Lordship's Government. Thus, in the last division, with its concomitant list of pairs, you will find that the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, a majority of the Lords of the Admiralty, an equal division of the officers of the Ordnance, and a majority of the Queen's Household, SUPPORTED THE BALLOT.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours obediently,

"F. HENRY F. BERKELEY.

"*Victoria Square, Aug. 9th*, 1851."

In what a false position does this announcement place the British nation! How justly may the ruling statesmen and capitalists of Europe say to us, "In the name of common honesty, what does all this mean? Are you Englishmen faithful to your noble institutions, or are you not? If you *are*, why are you hurrying your people towards democracy, which will ruin first you and then them as it is ruining us? Your illiterate classes are not asking for ballot,—have no hankering to be placed under Jewish legislators; why therefore force these changes upon them? And above all, in attempting to do so, how in the face of Christendom can you presume to exert the influence of the British Crown for measures inconsistent with your religion, your monarchy, and, as you well *know*, incompatible with the maintenance of your public faith?

"While we, in our respective countries, are pointing to your Institutions as the legislative model of sound practical Liberty, your people, in the name of their Sovereign, are not only encouraged, but by the Ministers of Her Crown, in both Houses of Parliament, are *invited*, to demand extensions of the suffrage, which the instant it be made universal constitutes a republic; and then—alas! when it is too late—your virtuous Queen, in poverty and retirement, for the remainder of her days, will mourn with us over the irreligion, woe, desolation and destruction of property, that unnecessarily and unnaturally have been effected IN HER NAME!"

* * * * *

Although on arriving at Boulogne we found a smoking steamer awaiting the train, I could hardly shake off the melancholy reflections which, on leaving the Republic of France, had most unwelcomely been occupying my mind. I had, however, scarcely descended about fourteen feet from the pier to the deck of the packet, when the ladder was hauled up, and in

the same instant there was loudly exclaimed in a boy's voice, close to me,

"*Hoave astarn!*"

For upwards of three weeks I had scarcely spoken my own language; and as Johnson's Dictionary does not contain two words that at the moment could have been more acceptable to me, my heart thrilled as I heard them.

* * *

A slight little long grey stain in the sky, about as broad as my thumb-nail, just above the western horizon, gradually became more and more perceptible, until, in the course of rather more than two hours, being converted into white cliffs, I not only gazed upon what did my eyes more good than all the hot and cold lotions to which they had been subjected, but I eventually landed on—never, I hope, to leave it again—my own country.

"ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS, I LOVE THEE STILL!"

THE END.

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